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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE civic revenue of Toronto will in 1910, it is announced, exceed that of Montreal by a trifle over half a million dollars; this, in spite of a difference over one hundred thousand in population in favor of the latter city. The total value of property exempted from taxation in Toronto amounts to $38,000,000, while in Montreal the exempted list figures out a grand total of over $68,000,000.

Toronto's exemptions are higher than they should be by a good many millions, but as an example of tax dodging done to death, Montreal easily holds the record over all places of like population on the continent. Between nunneries, schools, churches, parsonages, presbyteries, and the dozen and one institutions which come under this very broad classification, it is little wonder that Montrealers are unable to collect sufficient taxes to keep the city in good order and properly administer its civic affairs.

If these institutions were poor and unable as a rule to pay their way, there might possibly be some excuse for the tax collector passing them. On the contrary, however, many of these institutions are owned and operated by enormously wealthy corporations. In one instance, at least, the parent corporation is so rich that its invested capital is to be counted by the tens of millions of dollars.

The Seminary of Saint Sulpice owns blocks upon blocks of the finest property in the city of Montreal, and at least half its holdings escape without a cent of taxation, other than the water tax, which in that centre applies on all property, but which at most is a trivial item. On Montreal's finest residential street, Sherbrooke, the Seminary of Saint Sulpice owns lands, which as values go in that section, are worth a good many millions of dollars. In the centre of this vast estate is located a college where young men are educated, mainly for the priesthood. As a matter of fact not one-tenth of the estate is utilized for actual educational purposes, but still the whole of it escapes taxation. The city maintains the roadways in front of these lordly acres, builds and maintains sidewalks, gives fire and police protection, just as is done for the paying citizen, while the Gentlemen of the Seminary contribute not a picayune toward the general expenses.

It may be argued, and with a good deal of justice, that Protestant institutions of like character also come under the general heading of tax exemptions, and benefit as much in proportion as does the Seminary of Saint Sulpice; and that, moreover, the Gentlemen of the Seminary do, both directly and indirectly, a vast amount of good work. It is not by any means my intention to castigate the Seminary for not paying taxes, while all like institutions are on the free list, but it so happens that they are as a body so wealthy, that the glaring faults of the entire system of tax exemptions the country over is well exemplified in this one instance.

The burden of taxation lies heaviest upon small property owners. They pay, whether they will or no, an indirect contribution to institutions in which, perchance, they are not interested and which they may possibly believe are a detriment rather than an aid to the community. To put it quite frankly the average Protestant believes that the more priests introduced into the world the worse for the world; while on the other hand the average Roman Catholic taxpayer is equally firm in the belief that the Protestant clergy, which he is obliged to help support by a larger proportion of taxes, is an institution which the world would be better off without. The Agnostic taxpayer, viewing matters from his standpoint, is very generally of the opinion that both the Protestant and the Catholic institutions should be placed in limbo.

Wherein, then, lies the justice in this system of tax exemptions?

If there is any I frankly own to not being able to grasp the fact.

As a matter of even-handed justice, all public institutions should receive the same general treatment from the tax gatherer as does the residence or the store of the ordinary citizen. Attempt to make exceptions to this general rule—exceptions which would possibly meet with the approval of ninety-nine per cent. of the population—and the door is thrown wide open to abuses. Every community is afflicted, more or less, with this tax-dodging mania, but in the case of Montreal it has grown to be a downright burden, under which the entire community is now suffering.

Inside the greystone walls of many a non-taxable Montreal institution are to-day carried on trades and occupations which come in direct competition with the poor tax-paying workers of the community. Clothes are laundried for all who wish to pay the price. Whitewear is manufactured and sold within those stone walls; fancy work is made and sold—thousands of dollars worth of it every year—and so it goes through a dozen other occupations. Admitting that the funds gathered from these various trades are placed to good uses—which they unquestionably are—does this fact justify the discriminating and unfair advantage enjoyed by them? I think not.

The exemption from taxation of churchly institutions is a survival of the bygone days. It reeks of the time when religions were State institutions, and not a matter of the private conscience. It is a survival of the "believe or be damned" period in the history of the world. It smells of the dark ages, and it is time that it was shelved along with the stake, the wheel and the roadside gallows.

Some day, some man, with the courage of his convictions and alive to the requirements of the community, will nail a non-exemption plank into his platform and fight it out at the polls. He may not win, for at best we are a conservative race, but it will be the means of inaugurating an agitation, which in the long run must be victorious.

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THE last man to drive a nail in the already shattered reputation of Dr. Frederick Cook, the alleged discoverer of the North Pole, is Dr. J. W. Spencer, of the Canadian Geological Survey. Dr. Spencer, whose long experience in geological matters tends to make him an authority of no mean calibre, is especially skeptical of the existence of Bradley land, alleged to have been discovered by Dr. Cook, and named by him after the man who put up the funds for the Cook expedition. Dr. Spencer bases his opinion on the study of the continental shelves and fiords of the Arctic basin. In place of a high bit of land which Dr. Cook describes, this geological expert is of the opinion that no land exists above the surface of the water.

Dr. Spencer points out that Bradley land, of which Dr. Cook gives a somewhat extended description, saying it rises in steep cliffs to a height of about 12,000 feet, must be, according to Dr. Cook, from 170 to 200 miles from Grant Land. Dr. Spencer argues from this that Bradley land must rise out of the polar basin at a point where it is more than a mile, if not two miles, deep, and four times as far from land as is the known edge of the continental shelf.

It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Bradley has been presented with a hole in the sea, in place of 12,000 feet of cliff.

The worst blow to the credibility of Dr. Cook's yarn, however, comes from Captain Loose, master mariner, who alleges that while comfortably tucked away in the Gramatan Inn, New York, he prepared Dr. Cook's scientific observations for him. The testimony of Captain Loose and his fellow conspirator, substantiated as it is by a mass of corroborative evidence, makes the case against Dr. Cook particularly strong. In the interval, the chief figure in the farce remains in hiding, and well he may.

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HERE is cheering news. Finance Minister Fielding announces that we are to have clean government bills. If the Canadian banks could now be prevailed upon to cease re-issuing their dirty disease-breeding bank bills there would be further cause for thankfulness As it stands the condition of our paper currency is a disgrace as well as a menace to health. The banks, with some noteworthy exceptions, keep on passing out their bills just so long as they will hold together. The secret disinclination of banks to substitute new bills for old, lies in the fact that they pay the engraving bills, and this is no mean item in the year's expenses.

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A LADY bearing the name of Catt looms large at the moment in suffrage circles in New York. It might be explained, however, that Carrie Catt, to give the lady her full title, was not born with the name, but acquired it along with a husband.

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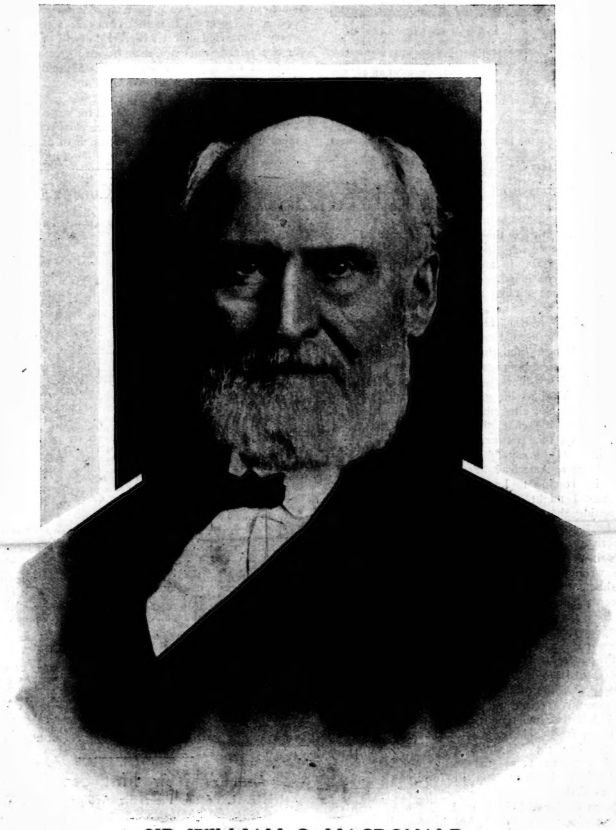
FROM time to time newspapers are sued for saying things about people. Here in Toronto we have reversed the order. A Toronto lawyer recently attempted to sue The World for not mentioning his name. The idea certainly has originality to recommend it. From the evidence it appears that J. B. Mackenzie, barrister-at-law, had received what he describes as "invidious treatment." In other words, The World has refused to print his name in connection with certain law cases where he figured as an attorney. This Mr. Mackenzie took exception to on the grounds that it was in the nature of a conspiracy.

Chief Justice Meredith in ruling that Mr. Mackenzie had no case, intimated that the courts would have some busy half hours if they attempted to edit newspapers and reclaim from the waste baskets all the truck that is thrown there in the course of a day's work. With a decision in favor of Mr. Mackenzie it would mean that hereafter, newspapers would not have any political class of "also rans."

Then, again, think of all the bad poetry a newspaper receives in the course of the year; and all the questionable prose and all the letters—most of which disagree with the editorial opinion expressed on the previous day. Contemplate what would happen to newspapers if they were obliged to print all the commencement essays contributed by the "dear young things," and all the political speeches of the older, but hardly wiser, generation,



SIR WILLIAM C. MACDONALD.

Sir William, who is one of Canada's largest and richest manufacturers, has given millions to McGill University, and millions more to the Macdonald College at Ste. Ann's.

All this, and more, if Chief Justice Meredith had thought well of J. B. Mackenzie's case against The World.

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THE persistent rumor that the Allan Line will be merged into the great Canadian Pacific Railway corporation may or may not be true. Up to the present, at least, the story lacks confirmation. In any event, it is to be hoped that Canada's first steamship company will never lose its unity, for the name of Allan must ever be identified with the history of shipping in Canada. To detail the annals of one without a narration of the other would be impossible.

To begin at the beginning of the Allan firm and its connection with the Atlantic shipping business of Canada, one must go back to the times of Wellington; to the days when Captain Alexander Allan, grandfather of the present generation of Allans, carried supplies to the army of Lord Wellington, then serving in the Peninsular campaign.

It was in 1822, after the close of hostilities on the Peninsula, that Captain Alexander Allan turned his attention to the St. Lawrence route, and in command of the good brig Jean first visited Quebec. This voyage was followed by others the same season, and thus little by little was established a service between the old and the new worlds which has gone on without interruption for considerably upward of three-quarters of a century.

The Allan ships were the first to carry mails direct between Canada and Great Britain, and for many years the staunch old sailing ships owned and operated by the Allan firm remained the only existing link directly connecting Canada with the Motherland.

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IT'S not as bad as anticipated. Mr. Justice Cannon, Royal Commissioner, reports that only twenty-five per cent. of Montreal civic revenue is expended in boodling and like abuses. However, the learned Judge saves himself with a rider, for he further states that the remaining three-quarters has for the most part been employed in work of which the results have very often been ephemeral. The only man who comes out with a clean record and a whole skin appears to be the city treasurer. All other departments were found by Judge Cannon to have been operated in a most irregular fashion, mainly for the benefit of those in charge. Mr. Justice Cannon names over a fine array of Aldermen, fire chiefs and police officials whom he found to be particularly partial to the graft and petty-larceny game, and these, it is expected, will not only be asked to come forward with their proportion of the cost of the inquiry, but will, in all probability, be brought to trial.

One would naturally imagine that such a castigation by the Royal Commissioner would inject some degree of timidity into the blood of this gang of daylight burglars. Not so, however, for they are at it still, doing their utmost to ruin the credit and the reputation of Montreal by pushing forward, while they still retain the breath of life as Aldermen, all sorts of crooked schemes, including a host of contracts, which the city wants no more than it does a tissue paper ulster.

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THE recent action of the Medical Council of Ontario in condemning Dr. William Russell Cook; taking from him his means of livelihood by cancelling his right to practice in his native province, while on the other hand the court before which Dr. Cook was tried found him not guilty of the charges alleged, appears to me to be of questionable legality, leaving aside entirely the ethical points of the question.

In September, 1908, before Judge Winchester and a jury, Dr. Cook was tried on the charge of malpractice. There were two counts against the man. Upon the first he was acquitted, and upon the second the jury stood eleven for acquittal and one for conviction. In the face of this verdict the Medical Council at its meeting last week found Dr. Cook guilty of "unprofessional and disgraceful conduct," which, when put into plain English, means that Dr. Cook must not practice the profession of medicine within the confines of the province of Ontario.

What I would like to know is: Where does the Medical Council obtain its right to override the verdict of the court; and again, if the decision of the court is accepted, wherein lies the "disgraceful and unprofessional conduct" which separates this man from his means of livelihood?

Does the charter of the Medical Council of Ontario allow it to ride rough-shod over the decisions of the court in which Judge Winchester presides? The matter is one in which the commonwealth is vitally interested. It is not a matter of this Dr. Cook or a dozen Dr. Cooks, but it is a question of a corporate body being allowed to usurp the functions of a court of law and justice.

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IF you chance to have married your deceased wife's sister, you may now rest assured that the Church of England will not refuse to recognize you as a member in good standing—provided, of course, that you have a leaning toward the "old establishment." A long controversy on the subject has recently been decided in favor of the plaintiff by a British court of justice. Years ago a Mr. Banister had the good or the bad taste to marry here in Canada his deceased wife's sister. Mr. and Mrs. Banister took themselves to London eventually, and there attended the Church of England, of which church they had for years been members. A clerical busybody, Rev. Canon Thompson by name, discovered, however, the previous marriage connection and refused them Holy Communion. Mr. Banister thereupon brought suit in the British courts and won a victory. The court decided that there was no justification in the action of Canon Thompson, while the counsel for the defendant clergyman argued that the canonical law outranked the civil law. That Canon Thompson had nothing more vital and human before him than the resurrection of this old, moth-eaten canonical law would naturally lead one to the conclusion that the days of the Reverend Canon were not very well occupied.

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J. R. CAHILL, an investigator for the Labor Department of the Board of Trade of England, has discovered during a journey to Chicago that one may buy bread in England at one-third the price that the people of Chicago are obliged to pay. Five cents for a four ounce loaf in Chicago; ten cents for a sixty-four ounce loaf in London. Mr. Cahill wonders why! The answer looks easy, but perhaps it isn't. In England grain enters the country, unrestricted, from all the grain fields of the world, and the price is kept to the minimum through competition. In the United States, thanks to a tariff wall, competition is excluded. It's the old story of high tariffs and high prices. Mr. Cahill could do worse than pass on the object lesson to some of England's tariff reformers.

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MRS. J. ELLIOTT LANGSTAFF, a member of a committee of seven who travelled westward through Canada some months ago in the interests of the "Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire," has written her impression of the Canadian west for the edification of the New York Times' readers. Whether the lady slept throughout her trip, or whether she was loaded up by some practical joker, I am unable to determine, but in any event her impressions of the Canadian west are worth repeating in part if only to indicate how absolutely inaccurate an account of a journey may be.

She begins by telling how they started out from Toronto in the private car of William Mackenzie, president of the Northern Pacific. The trip not only took in the principal cities on the way to the Pacific, but went north beyond Edmonton, in Alberta, which is the present "farthest west" of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which will terminate just south of Alaska. From Edmonton the party went north beyond the line into the "unsettled country," where the chief occupation seems to be breeding buffalo for lap robes. There they saw the black buffalo cow, a cross between the buffalo and the plain domestic bossy which is being raised for its fine black fur.

"Among the most noteworthy things we saw," said Mrs. Langstaff, "were the remarkably fine schools which are being built throughout the country, in the small towns as well as in the large. They are four and five story buildings of gray stone, even in a community of two or three hundred homesteaders.

"The farmers in the Far Northwest are not a brow-beaten lot, living in lonely cabins year in and year out. The customary plan," says Mrs. Langstaff, "is for a man to hold a city 'nine months' commutes out to his ranch

and works his place in the winter. Most of the business houses allow this three months' vacation, for their most responsible men are landholders, and must attend to their farms. In the winter, though, the families make their homes in the towns.

"Day nurseries there are for the rich, and not patronized only by poor scrub-women. A small community is likely to have one, so that whenever a rancher's wife wants to go in to town and do her shopping, she leaves her children there, knowing that when she returns they will have been well taken care of. Money is plentiful, but servants are scarce. At Saskatchewan, in Alberta, seventy-six women served us a formal luncheon which left nothing to be desired. Three of their number had cooked the entire meal for the whole party of eighty.

"The Canadian northwest is drawing the very best people out there. In one small town where we went to church the rector told us that every member of his volunteer choir was a university man from Oxford or Cambridge.

"The paternal policy of the Canadian government," Mrs. Langstaff explains, "is providing schools, banks and hospitals for every group of more than one hundred 'homesteads.' A 'homestead' is a certain quantity of farmed land with a house of logs set in mortar, thus giving fair evidence of permanence. When a hundred of these have grown up in any section, word is sent to the government. A branch of the national bank is sent out, the school is built, and the hospital, all large, fine buildings of gray stone. More than this, the upper stories of each form the dormitories for the clerks, the teachers and the nurses, so that none of them have to trust to the precarious existence of 'boarding round.'"

Mrs. Langstaff further tells us that when any place gets its government buildings, streets have to be made 300 feet wide. The government, which builds the hospitals, does not supply an ambulance and this deficiency is frequently supplied by the woman's organization.

Pray, excuse us, Mrs. Langstaff, but who is William Mackenzie of the Northern Pacific? And where are the black buffalo, crossed with ordinary plain cows being bred for their fur? And those four or five story school buildings of stone? And the day nurseries where the farmers' wives put their children out to board while they hang around town? And the kind government that provides schools and banks and hospitals with every hundred "homesteads?" And where is that Saskatchewan which figures as being in Alberta? And those streets three hundred feet wide? And three months vacations each year by the business houses? And those choirs of Oxford and Cambridge men?

Mrs. Langstaff's account of her journey reminds one of the Frenchman, who called into Canada casual-like for a matter of some two weeks, and returning to the old land wrote an article for the edification of his fellow countrymen. Among the valuable information he imparted was the following:—"Out in Canada they have a national railway; it is called the CIPIARRE, and runs from coast to coast."

Two questions naturally occur to one:—Who put it over Mrs. Langstaff? and, who hypnotized the editor or the desk man in the New York Times office?

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IF the report proves true that the great Hope diamond has at last found a resting place on the ocean's bottom, the superstitious fear that for centuries has surrounded this great bauble will disappear for all time. To the possession of the Hope diamond has been attributed much ill-fortune, and the fantastic tales which have been woven about the gem, have been, for the most part, based upon facts.

Back in the reign of Louis XIV., Andreas Tavornia, who sold it to the great King, was ruined in old age, and died of fever on a journey to the East to recoup his fortunes. Mme. de Montespan, who wore it, was supplanted by her deadly rival. Nicholas Fouquet, who borrowed it, was disgraced and imprisoned. Marie Antoinette wore it and was beheaded. Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by the Paris mob, and Louis XVI., its owner, was beheaded later on. It was bought by Simon Frankel, a jeweler, of Maidenlane, New York, who fell into financial difficulties. Then a Russian Prince secured it, and lent it to Lorens Ladue, at the Folies Bergere. The Prince shot the actress as she wore the diamond, and two days later the Russian Prince was stabbed by Russian revolutionists. Even the broker who sold it to the Prince killed himself within a few days. Then came a great jeweler, who secured the diamond, and was thrown over a precipice and killed. Abdul Hamid owned it, and his favourite, Salma Zubayba, was wearing it on her breast the night that the Young Turks broke into the palace, and she was shot dead. Now, last of all, a Persian dealer of precious stones was carrying it off to the Far East to secure a market there, the ship sank, and the dealer is said to have been drowned with it.

A TREE OVER TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD. Amongst the "sights" offered to the tourist and the devout alike by Damascus is a venerable plane-tree, which, so it is claimed, was planted by the first Mohammedans of the Syrian capital in commemoration of "the praised one's" appearance in their midst. Little wonder, then, that it is famous throughout the world. So far as its age is concerned, it may be well to recall the fact that Mohammed was born in 570, and died in 632. It was in 582 that he accompanied a caravan to Syria; in 595 that he made his second journey to Syria; and in the year of his death that he made his last pilgrimage to Mecca.

To the superstitious this train of disaster will prove conclusive evidence, to the cynical critic it will have proved nothing. But in any event, the stirring adventures of the Hope diamond have given the foundations for more than one stirring romance.

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has given expression to a few criticisms of the United States and, as usual, they are Shawesque and therefore interesting. Charles Frohman, theatrical manager, included Mr. Shaw in a list of distinguished literary men invited to spend Christmas in New York as his guests. The reply forwarded by G. B. S. was not altogether courteous, but amidst fun, sarcasm, irony and chaff there are many truisms concerning life on this continent.

For instance, he says: "Why should any one who is in London go to America? You can understand any one in America coming to London. They all make a rush to do so. I might change my attitude if the stream were setting the other way and it were the dream of every Londoner the moment he had saved money to go to America.

"As it is I am in the right place. Americans are in the wrong place. At least they seem to think so. Why should I move? The Americans may be mistaken. I notice they never know anything about their own country. They are always astounded if you tell them what is going on there.

"How can you call America a free country when you know the poverty of the masses and the frightful condition of child labor in the cotton mills of Carolina, which are worse than the mills of Manchester were a hundred years ago. We found the remedy and the Americans know it but they will not apply it because they do not want to be free. They want to make money and they don't care how they do it.

"I do not want to see the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Even my appetite for irony does not go as far as that.

"To go to America is to go back a century in civilization. The manner of living in America to-day is simply that of two centuries ago, complicated with certain developments of industrial brigandage peculiar to the twentieth century."

Mr. Shaw then proceeds to have a little fun at his own expense. "For instance," he says, again attacking the subject of why he should not visit America, "they are ignorant of the fact that liberty does not exist there. I could be arrested the moment I landed, on the charge of inciting the women of America to immorality by my good looks. I could be imprisoned for suggesting reform of the marriage laws or for questioning the story about Elisha and the bears.

"I should be a public nuisance, and interruption, a ramrod stuck into the national machinery. For America's sake I'll spare her by staying at home."

In one direction, if in no other, Bernard Shaw has pre-eminent talent, and that is in making good "copy" upon the slightest possible provocation. He spares neither his friends nor his enemies, nor is he averse to poking fun at himself. In other words, George Bernard Shaw has what, in the Anglo-Saxon race, is sadly deficient—the gift of humor.

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FROM England comes the cry that there is a dearth of army officers. In other words, the army as a profession is declining in popularity. Young Englishmen are coming to the conclusion that the army, as a career, has not sufficient attractions, and the list of candidates at Woolwich and Sandhurst has so shrunken that the candidates presenting themselves are barely sufficient in numbers to fill the vacancies, and all that without the usual competitive examinations.

It seems that the young Englishman has at last arrived at the conclusion that the army is no place for the poor man; that strive as he will he cannot upon his pay keep up appearances and liquidate his debts. The mess—the tyrannical mess, as an old army officer describes it—has much to do with the present state of affairs. Ancient custom has decreed that there must be a mess, and that every unmarried officer, whether he will or no, whether he can afford it or not, must belong. He must pay his share of the expenses, never a trivial item, whether he desires to take his meals elsewhere or not. A subaltern with pay running from 5s. 3d. to 6s. 6d. per day, and with a prospect of remaining a subaltern for six or eight years, must necessarily cut a sorry figure financially, provided there is no private source upon which to draw.

THE COLONEL.

Snobbery in Canada.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—In a recent issue of Saturday Night is an item referring to snobbery in England. Here is a case that occurred in Canada: A few years ago a certain gentleman had the honor of being elected to the House of Commons at Ottawa. Being anxious to know the rules of the House before he attended the session of Parliament, he wrote to the Clerk, asking for a copy, and started his letter "J. G. Bourinot, Esq." The letter was returned to him with "Esq." scored out by a blue pencil, and the prefix "Sir" added to Mr. Bourinot's name, a note across the bottom of the letter intimating that he was to be so addressed in future.

Yours,
THE PARTY CONCERNED.

Toronto, December 12th, 1909.

The Bread Question.

Editor Toronto Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—I have just been reading the article, re bread question, in your issue of the 4th inst., and feel that I should compliment your paper on being the first that has ever had the courage to treat the question with anything like justice to the producer as well as the consumer. Other papers have published very extensive criticisms of the baker undoubtedly because it is the side popular with the general public; but your placing it on a stand with other foods and wearables, which may be adulterated and changed to any desirable extent without any restriction whatever, brings the bread question out in quite another light.

While it requires an expert to detect deceptions in other manufactures, bread is a product which any housewife is capable of testing thoroughly, and we are assured that she will not accept it if it is not up to her standard of good value, while our strong competition renders it easy for her to get, as you say, her money's worth.

At the convention of bakers at Minneapolis, August 20th, 1909, according to the statistics of both countries, 35 per cent. of the people of the United States bought their bread, while 65 per cent. of the people of Canada bought theirs, which proves the bread question to be quite satisfactory to the people of this country.

Improvements, in the way of machinery, sanitary bakeshops, etc., have also developed very rapidly during the past few years.

I have been a constant reader of the "Saturday Night" for many years, having bought it principally for the financial column, not so much for the investments which it has advised as for the warnings it has had the courage to give against doubtful ones.

I have noticed that you have lately enlarged your paper and wish you every success. Yours very respectfully,

H. F. BORTHWICK.

Toronto, December 10th, 1909.

Britain's New First Sea Lord.

ADMIRAL of the Fleet Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., V.C., is to be first Sea Lord of the Admiralty, in succession to Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., who will retire from office on January 25, 1910.

Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson is sixty-seven, and entered the Navy in 1855. He has a long record of distinguished service—in the Crimea, in China, in Egypt, and in the Sudan. He won the Victoria Cross at El Teb, when the "Fuzzy-wuzzies" broke into the British square. He shattered his sword in meeting the rush, but held his ground magnificently, fighting with his fists, to the admiration and wonder of all who witnessed his gallant deed.

He was promoted rear-admiral in 1895, and thereafter was almost continuously employed afloat in high commands. As second in command of the Reserve Fleet in the manœuvres of 1896 he planned with Admiral Seymour the strategy of a very clever dash through the enemy into Lough Swilly. In 1901 he received command of the old Home Fleet, passing thence to the Channel Fleet. With eight battleships he met and defeated a fleet of twelve battleships in the naval manœuvres of 1901, working his force almost exactly as Togo handled the Japanese fleet at Tsushima. He was selected as Admiralissimo for the chief command of the entire British naval forces in the event of war, after he had given evidence of his consummate skill as a tactician.

In 1907 he terminated his service afloat, handing over the Channel Fleet to Lord Charles Beresford, and early in the present year he was appointed to the Defence Committee.

He is known in the Navy as "Tug" Wilson, or "'Ard 'Eart," because of a certain sternness and austerity of temper. But he is honored and admired by the whole Service for his zeal and energy. He is an officer who never talks; like Moltke, he might be described as the embodiment of silence. He took no part in the unhappy disputes which have caused so much injury to the Navy, and his appointment is therefore calculated to heal all differences and restore the old glorious spirit. He is unmarried, and holds the G.C.B. and G.C.V.O.

The salary of the First Sea Lord is £1,500, with a house, in addition to half-pay. In the case of Admiral Fisher, the rate of half-pay was £2,000, but the normal allowance is only £1,250.

Engineers are figuring on piercing Mont Blanc for a double-track electric railroad. The tunnel would be eight miles long and would shorten the distance between Paris and Genoa thirty miles. The electric railway up Mont Blanc is now open to the public as far as the Col de Voza, 5,495 feet high.

A GERMAN MILLION: FIFTY THOUSAND GOLD TWENTY-MARK PIECES IN A HEAP. It should interest most people to see in how small a space can be placed $250,000 in gold, and in how much smaller a space can be placed the same sum in notes. The coins shown are twenty-mark gold pieces, each of which is about the same size as a sovereign. Just as an American millionaire counts his millions in dollars, and a Frenchman in francs, so a German millionaire reckons his millions in marks. The piled gold illustrated was 7 cm. in height, 117 cm. in length, and 47 cm. in breadth.

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WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration.
Estimates submitted at short notice.

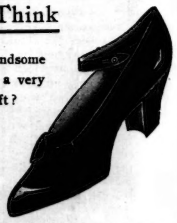
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO

WHETHER THE PLAY IS GOOD OR OTHERWISE

'tis well to end the evening with a little after-theatre Supper. The place to have that Supper is

THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

Don't You Think



A pair of these handsome Shoes would make a very acceptable Xmas Gift?

Not an expensive one, either.

$3.00 a pair up.

BLACHFORD, 114 YONGE STREET

The Busy Man's Present for a Child—Is One of

MICHIE'S CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

Being ready filled with an assortment of toys for girls and boys, the choosing is all done and there is a saving in time and trouble.

Between the kindergarten stocking at 10 cents and a beauty at $2.00 there are five sizes—20c., 40c 60c., 75c. and $1.00.

Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King St. West

BOND BUYERS

We have at all times attractive offerings of Bonds.

Municipals to Yield, 4-5 per cent.

Corporations to Yield, 5-6 per cent.

Individual Requirements carefully considered and suggestions made

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.
INVESTMENT BANKERS
7 King St. East, Toronto.

ASSETS $3,145,488
CAPITAL (Subscribed) $2,500,000
CAPITAL (paid up) $1,500,000
RESERVE FUND $150,000

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$42.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 6000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, LIMITED.
Toronto General Agents.

THE SAFEST INVESTMENT

Is it not true that your first consideration in investing is to place your money where it will be SAFE? The next where it will bring you the best income. You want to KEEP all you HAVE and get as much more as you can.

The history of standard Canadian bonds has been an unusually satisfactory one. It is imperative that every safeguard should be taken by the bond firm when a new issue is made; subsequently that the Company's record be carefully and regularly observed.

This Corporation has brought upon the market a great number of the best known bond issues of Canadian concerns which have been—

—of undoubted safety, giving
—a large interest return.
—Now showing a handsome
—appreciation in value.

Some Railroad bonds to yield 4¾ to 5 per cent.
Some Electric Railway, Light and Power Company bonds to yield 4¾ to 5¼ per cent.

Some bonds of Manufacturing Companies to yield 5½ to 6 per cent.

Consult us with regard to your investments.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST
BRANCHES
MONTREAL—WINNIPEG—LONDON—ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, DEC. 16, 1909.

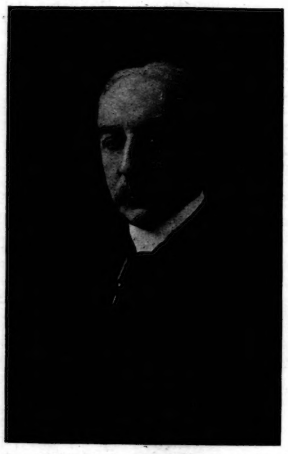
Secretary Returns.

The Secretary of the Montreal Board of Trade was welcomed back to the old surroundings this week, after having spent four months or so wandering to and fro on the face of the earth. The greater portion of the time, perhaps, was spent rather in giddy oscillations upon the salty seas than in the more solid contact with mother earth, but these are unpleasant memories which it were better to leave buried. George Hadrill's mission abroad was not the customary one of converting the heathen Chinee or distributing copies of the Gospel among the inhabitants of darkest Africa, but the representation of the Montreal Board of Trade at the Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, held at Sydney, Australia, last September. Considering that the popular secretary is not particularly enamored of jobs of this nature, he had a good enough time—as indeed why shouldn't he?—and has returned with a small grist of experiences and a large consignment of mementoes of foreign shores.

⁂

The Old-World Mannerisms.

As far back as the younger generation of business men can remember, George Hadrill has been the familiar figure of the Board of Trade. There is no mistaking him, absolutely none. He looks to be well into the fifties. In reality, he is clear through them, and has probably heard the bells ring out once in the sixties, but he's as chirpy, and his step is as quick and springy as it was when you first saw him. And he wears the same kind of clothes—bright silk hat and, generally, a black coat, with something particularly neat in the way of a stick-pin in his tie. There he is, apparently just out of London town; in reality, out of it perhaps thirty-five years, save for visits of moderate frequency. After you have talked with him, you would never mistake him for anything but an Englishman, and he wouldn't be too flattered if you did. He likes the English solidity and respectibility, and understands more about proper forms and customs than you or I would be apt to learn in a twelve-month. One does not begin to understand the importance of proper forms and customs until he has to employ them. After he has been appointed to the Council of the Board of Trade, or otherwise ambushed into some public office, he begins to appreciate what it is to have a man around who takes kindly to these things and knows just about what is the proper thing to do. George Hadrill takes to them like a duck to water, and I have yet to hear of any function which was unreservedly intrusted to him that didn't come off as smooth as an oyster.



George Hadrill, Secretary of the Montreal Board of Trade.

⁂

No Arguments About His Views.

If you really want to know what "sort" is Hadrill, I recommend you to consult his staff on the Board of Trade. It's a pretty hard test, I know, and perhaps it isn't giving the poor man much of a chance, but I'll risk the results. He simply cannot do enough for that staff. If they are ill, or if they need holidays, or if any help of any nature is required, "the chief" is the man they'll go to first, every time. He has some old-world notion about it being his duty and that he ought to do it, or something like that. May the notion multiply. There's no use arguing with Hadrill about things. He doesn't see much use in arguing and he doesn't change his mind very much anyway. Through many years' experience he has found certain ways the best and so follows them. A new influence in the Council of the Board of Trade may have all sorts of things to propose. The secretary knows they won't work out, because he tried that way before when so-and-so was in office. He is generally not far wrong. The secretary has strong likes and indifferences. If he has no use for you, you might be put through the hot-room process designed by the late creator for wicked little boys and girls, for all he'd care. If he likes you, he likes you, that is all, and would go to Gehenna and back for you. Should anyone else not feel the same way about it, well and good, he is inwardly convinced, none the less, that there must be something the matter with that person. If you are ever fortunate enough to be invited to one of those little dinners of his, you will learn something about hospitality that you will not easily forget. As a host he is the—let us fall back upon the classics—*ne plus ultra*. It sounds good and absolutely nothing else will fit the case.

⁂

A Permanent Institution.

Thirty odd years ago George Hadrill came to the Board of Trade. From a junior position he gradually advanced till he became "chief." Presidents and Councils have come and gone, memberships have declined and again increased, the office staff has doubled, revenues have multiplied, buildings have been builded and have gone up in smoke, yet Hadrill, the permanent landmark among all this change, comes down each morning and takes his place and guides his ship of state, and goes home to his game of whist or bridge at night, or to his social functions whatever they may be, the same as he did a score of years ago. Modern glibness and rapid changes have no effect upon him. He does as he used to do. He has been known to take his morning plunge in a mountain lake when the air was full of snow. He had always felt better after his morning bath so, of course, he took it. He is a man with whom sentiment counts for much and upon whom joys and griefs take lasting hold. Now, you wouldn't expect to find a man like that in sympathy with any save the staid, old people of the respectable, conservative type. And that's just where you'd be mistaken. Among the people he takes to most kindly are the most pronounced radicals—men who would make short shrift of his House of Lords and other heriditary and time-honored institutions and ideals, and towards whom he might be expected to be antagonistic. Equally incongruous, is it, to find that they prize Hadrill.

⁂

Quebec, too, Buys A Little Monopoly.

No little attention has been occasioned here by the successful culmination of the efforts put forth for many months past by Rodolphe Forget to consolidate the public utilities of the City of Quebec. The merger of the Quebec Railway, Light and Power Co., the Quebec-Jacques Cartier Electric Co., the Canadian Electric Light Co., the Quebec Gas Co., and the Frontenac Gas Co. has been accomplished, and the new company will be known as the Quebec Railway, Light, Heat and Power Co. The consolidation has been given a capitalization of $10,000,000 common stock, of which all but $500,000 has been issued, the authorized bonds being $10,000,000, and the issued amount $8,654,600. The bonds are five per cents. The public has no occasion to cavil at the capitalization, inasmuch as it is not being asked to subscribe. The underwriting of the bonds was done at the rate of 90, a bonus of 50 per cent. common stock accompanying. The amount of $3,838,000 bonds was taken up by firm subscriptions, the balance of $362,000 being offered to and accepted by the shareholders of the Canadian Electric Light Company in exchange for its securities at 93 and 25 per cent. common. The Board of Directors will be: Mr. W. G. Ross, president; Wm. Price, vice-president; Rodolphe Forget, J. N. Greenshields, K.C., T. B. MacAulay, A. Haig Sims, Hon. Mr. Dubord, Neuville Belleau, Lorne C. Webster, L. C. Pelletier, K.C., S. H. Ewing and J. W. McConnell.

⁂

The Financial Arrangements.—

The merging of the companies will, among other things, be responsible for the opening of a branch of the Royal Bank in Quebec. Hitherto the Royal has not had any branch of its own but, its association, and that of the Montreal Trust, with the new consolidation as its banker, will open the way to a very large business. It is said that the financing of the underwriting eventually became an easy enough undertaking, owing to certain large subscriptions and to other arrangements which provided the necessary money. The purchase by the Sun Life of a large quantity of the bonds, also was of much assistance and was, to some extent, an unexpected though none the less welcome event.

⁂

Wants $1,000,000 of Molsons Bank, Please.

The periodical visit to Montreal of one of her bright and fortunate sons, E. Mackay Edgar by name, is certain to bring with it news of import to Canadians and Canadian institutions. Mackay Edgar is one of the few young men who "got in right" at London. He has now been there for probably four years, as a partner in the banking house of Sperling & Co., which house has probably handled more Canadian securities—including, of course, Canada's South Americans—than most of the other houses put together. When Edgar was here about a year ago there was a stiff and rather unfortunate fight for all who were in it, concerning Mexican Power and Mexican Tramway. Power and Electric railway stocks are among the favorites abroad. This time he has wandered, and, behold, it is bank stock. He tells us that a number of jobbers in London signified their desire for some Canadian bank stock before he came away, so upon his arrival he presented their case to the Molsons Bank. The result was that he had arranged to take 5,000 shares at an approximate cost of one million dollars. It would make you very sore to hear how he talks of a million. I don't mean a million that some other person had to do with, but a million that he, himself, had to do with. There ought to be something in that deal for him, oughtn't there?

⁂

A Triangular Mystery.

That there is something going on between the big people in Shawinigan Power and Montreal Power, and perhaps even Montreal Street seems to be the firm conviction of that great authority, "the street." The stocks of all the companies, particularly Shawinigan, have been very active and strong of late, and the issue of the $500,000 stock in Shawinigan's treasury, we are assured, has nothing to do with the case, being merely to help pay for the large extensions made during the past year. We have only to quietly await developments.

T.C.A.

⁂

TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

THE past week has been marked by the issue of statements for the year on the part of four of the leading banks. In only one instance has an increase been shown in profits over the preceding year. The Canadian Bank of Commerce, which in 1908 earned 16.10 per cent., this year showed only a return of 15.10 per cent. on the paid-up capital. The Bank of Toronto was in a similar position. Its earnings amounted to only 14.25 per cent., whereas last year they totaled 14.45 per cent. The Bank of Ottawa a year ago was credited with earnings at the rate of 14.33 on its capital; this year they were only slightly less, but still on the wrong side of the ledger. The Merchants Bank alone emerged from its twelve months' experience with earnings in excess of those recorded last year, these being 14 per cent. as compared with 12½ per cent. in 1908. As may be imagined, there were exceptional conditions to account for this falling away in earnings on the part of the Canadian banks. For the greater part of

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	359,311.05

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., HON. PRES.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. B. GREENSHIELDS. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD. R. B. ANGUS.
JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
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SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., GENERAL MANAGER.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.

Money can be remitted to any part of the world by

DRAFT OR TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape.

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 6

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the half year ending December 31st, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City, and at all of its Branches, on and after the 3rd day of January next to Shareholders of record of the 15th day of December, 1909.

By order of the Board.

R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

Winnipeg, 23rd Nov., 1909.

A
DOMINION EXPRESS
MONEY ORDER
OR
FOREIGN DRAFT
IS A
MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT

They afford the recipient an opportunity of purchasing that which he or she most desires.

IF TOO LATE TO SEND YOUR GIFT BY MAIL WE WILL BE PLEASED TO PAY THE AMOUNT BY
TELEGRAPH or CABLE

Toronto City Offices
48 Yonge Street 1330 Queen West

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal

Capital Paid-up	$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	$1,277,404.49

The Canadian Express Co.

offers the quickest, safest and most convenient service for the transmission of Christmas Packages.

Shipments carried by fast Passenger Trains and Mail Steamships.

Special attention will be given to deliveries at residences on Christmas Day.

For remitting money by mail, procure Canadian Express Money Orders—which are cheap and afford absolute security against loss.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

See our Patent Convertible Rail Table.

The perfect Combination Table for Private Residences.

OFFICE AND SHOW ROOMS: 67-71 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High-Grade Bonds
42-43 Bank of Ottawa Bldg., Montreal

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued
Available in any part of the World.

Special Attention Given to Collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on Deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

SECURITY AND RETURN

Abundant Security and Abundant Return are two essential features which combine to make the 20 year six per cent. First Mortgage Bonds of the Canada Cement Company, Limited, a sound and attractive investment.

These bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property of the Company, assuring safety of principal. At the price at which we offer them—par and accrued interest—these bonds yield a full six per cent.

Particulars on request.

Royal Securities Corporation, Limited
164 St. James St. - - Montreal

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office: St. West.

Six Branches in Toronto.

The following five branches are open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock, for the transaction of savings account and general banking business.

78 Church St.
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor Bloor West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
1686 Dundas St., West Toronto

"The Cigarette of Distinction"

"Craven"

A blend of high-grade Turkish, other Oriental and American Tobaccos; sufficient of each to give a distinct exquisite flavor obtained in no other cigarette.

Ten for 15 cents

Halifax Shredded Codfish
(JUST A SHADE IN FL.)

With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family

ASK YOUR GROCER.

DOCTORS

find in their practice that PREscRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

the year money was a drug in the market, and several of the banks on this side of the line, notably the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce, had huge sums of money, amounting to perhaps forty or fifty millions of dollars, on call in New York at from 1 to 1½ per cent. It can be readily seen that there is very little profit to a bank doing business on this basis, even supposing that a considerable proportion of the money in question consisted of deposits upon which the banks paid no interest whatever. Higher rates might have been obtained had the money been placed similarly in the Canadian market, but the Bank of Commerce, following the lead of the Bank of Montreal, has made it a rule to lend no money on call locally. The money is held in New York to meet any emergency that may arise.

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Banks Do Well to be Overly Cautious.

There are a great many ways in which the actual earnings of a bank may be kept from the public. While one, on the showing made in the statements published, may say that the Bank of Toronto has experienced a slight falling away in its earnings, and that the Merchants Bank, on the other hand, has developed a considerable increase, no one can have any absolute assurance that such is positively the case. It is not intended to suggest that the figures are wilfully made to misrepresent the facts. But sometimes the officials of the banks are very conservative, and they underestimate securities that afterwards realize much more than they had anticipated. Something of this kind occurred in the experience of the Bank of Commerce the past year. There is an item of $300,000 described as "recovered from over-appropriations in connection with assets now realized"—which, being interpreted, means that the bank had in some former year written off as worthless three hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities which afterwards proved of value. But that is a condition which might arise in the course of any business, and, with recent banking history to afford a warning, those still in receipt of numerous hard-earned shekels do well to err on the side of greatest caution.

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Some Good Points About Outside Inspection.

Fortunately, most Canadian banks do display reasonable zeal for the welfare of their shareholders, but there is one, if rumor is well founded, which should be the subject of that outside inspection which has been so ably advocated by H. C. McLeod, the general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. McLeod does not propose to do away with the present very excellent system of inspection from within—a system that has doubtless in the past largely served its purpose in protecting the interest of those who placed their confidence in banking institutions. But he proposes to have a Government official appointed to act as a supervisor of all banks. The only difficulty is that the shareholders of the banks themselves might in some instance object to Government interference as a species of want of confidence in their officials. The probabilities are that it would be preferable to permit the Bankers' Association to appoint a general inspector, or several of them, if necessary; then there could be no cry of paternal legislation. And, besides, the Government would then be left to mind its own business, which certainly is not banking. No one will deny, however, that there is room for some additional inspection of the banks. Had Mr. McLeod's idea of outside inspection been in force some years ago, the failures of the Ontario and the Sovereign Banks might have been prevented; at least, a great many of the worst phases of these bankruptcies would never have occurred. So soon as the first signs of weakness presented themselves, the Bankers' Association would have been called upon to intervene, with this difference that they would interfere before the affairs of the bank had been muddled beyond hope of extrication.

⁂

Toronto Railway Shareholders Will Get Their Money.

There was on Monday considerable activity on the local Stock Exchange in Toronto Railway—a security whose market movements have of late years been mainly recorded in Montreal. Investors at that centre go in for traction issues much more generally than do those here as a rule. Some years ago the Montrealers took a fancy to Toronto Railway and cleaned up all the floating supply on this Board, with the result that very little of it is now to be had here, no matter what the price offered. On the present movement the stock went to 126¾, within a point of the high record for the year. In this connection it was pointed out that as Montreal Street earned 12½ on its capital and made a ten per cent. return to its shareholders, there was no reason why the Toronto Railway, which earned 13 per cent., should not be in a position to pay more than seven per cent. The gentleman who argued this way was arguing against time. No one doubts the ability of the Toronto Railway to pay as much as the sister corporation in Montreal. The whole trouble lies in the fact that the charter rights of the one are much more liberal than those of the other. Here the company is face to face with the possibility that its rolling stock and rails may be expropriated, not as a going concern, but as so much old junk. In view of that situation, it is only natural that the directors should be disposed to pile up as extensive a reserve as possible against the fatal expiration of the charter. If the present ratio of earnings is kept up for the next twelve years—and they are likely to greatly increase—there will be a sixty per cent. distribution to be made to the shareholders, so that, with the high price that the city is likely to be called upon to pay for the asset of the company, shareholders are likely to get their money back, provided the directors pursue their present policy.

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Steel-Coal Merger a Complex Problem.

Dominion Iron and Dominion Coal issues continue very active both in Toronto and Montreal, and the tendency latterly has been toward higher levels. Dominion Coal has been as high as 93 and Dominion Steel has reached 72. The present trend is not at all a cause for wonderment, for the companies in question are known to have enormous assets, and it is generally supposed that the course in front of them is one of plain sailing. There are those, however, who see that complications may yet arise, and that the merger, which now seems certain, may not materialize after all. There is still much to be done before the happy consummation of one powerful administration is reached. There is first of all to be obtained the report of the expert accountants who have to adjudicate the claim of damages preferred by the Steel Company and to settle all the aftermath of the litigation with the Coal Company. Until that is done neither company will be in a position accurately to gauge its assets. And in order to come at a proper valuation of the stock of the two concerns it is necessary that both companies should have a correct estimate of their assets. For, in proportion to the book value of the stock and the size of the capital, so will the companies pay for the stock in the holding company. If the books should show an exceptional preponderance in favor of the Steel Company, which is improbable, there could be no merger. But if there is a reasonable ratio of value between the two—if the assets of both companies are within range—then there is every likelihood of a happy solution of all difficulties. But don't let anyone run away with the impression that the final chapter in this merger will be reached without the presentation of a very complex problem.

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Will Canada Gain by British Budget?

In certain quarters the idea seems to be prevalent that a lot of easy money will find its way to Canada as a result of what has been termed the penalizing of capital in the Budget now before the electors of the Motherland. It is taken for granted that there will be a big exodus of capital from Britain, and that the Dominion, in common with the United States, South America and Egypt, will largely share in that distribution. There can be little doubt that much apprehension exists in Great Britain with regard to those socialistic tendencies that are supposed to lie dormant in the legislation proposed by the Liberal Government. While that is true, the outflow of capital cannot be said to have started. It is only under contemplation; and whether it materializes depends wholly on the result of the elections now in progress. Capital is supposed to be liquid, but it is only liquid along certain accustomed lines. Your Briton, therefore, will ponder long before he permits himself to be stampeded into parting with his coin. In the meantime, it is difficult for one at this distance to say just what proportion of the present unrest is the result of an actual attack on capital and what the result of the hysteria incident to all elections. History would seem to show that all these changes in modes of taxation are worse in contemplation than in fruition. When Pitt first used the income tax as a means of raising funds to carry on the Napoleonic war, toward the latter part of the eighteenth century, the people didn't like it a little bit, and when the need for that tax had passed, the records were destroyed under the impression that it would never be necessary to make a similar impost again. Once more, when Gladstone, in Peel's administration, was called upon to make a redistribution of duties, many of the new sources of revenue were the subject of violent criticism. Finally, along in 1874 or 1875, the income tax was firmly established amid additional friction. So that it would appear that as successive Budgets have had to be widened out, there has always been a great deal of apprehension as to what would be the actual outcome of the proposals meditated. Though the existing fears may be groundless, one thing is certain: that capital forced abroad as the result of fear does not readily return.

INVESTOR.

Some Points in Cobalts.

THERE are yet lambs to be shorn in the Cobalt market, or, if not, the shorn ones of other days can be shorn again. City of Cobalt and Chambers Ferland appear to be the shears and the shearers, whom you will.

Last Friday a deputation waited on the Provincial Government to ask that the Royalty be reduced on the City of Cobalt, Chambers Ferland, etc., and word was handed out quite freely that the deputation was well received. Then came the tip, in stage whispers, that an answer was to be given on Tuesday, and the answer was to be favorable. Then were the lambs herded to buy stock at 60 cents; an advance of 15 cents in a few days.

On the face of it the Royalty reduction was improbable at such short order. For months the tip has been passed round: "Don't tell anybody, but the City of Cobalt is shut down only till the Royalty has been reduced; the mine is in good shape with lots of ore ready to ship." No doubt these stories have come to the ears of Sir James Whitney, practically the same story has been in the Press. Under the circumstances it would be only reasonable to expect that the Premier would wish a recommendation from his engineers. Mr. J. O'Brien is reported to have said he wants $7,000,000 for his mine. If this mine is worth this amount it would mean that the government's Royalty would be between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 as 25 per cent. of its gross output. How can the government reduce Mr. O'Brien's Royalty under the circumstance, or reduce it on the others and not on the O'Brien, without the recommendation of the engineers?

As said last week, the request may be not unreasonable and the properties excellent, but the lambs should think before they stampede.

News from Cobalt is conspicuous by its absence. A "new strike" has not been reported for weeks with the exception of that on Rochester. It is strange how very opportune strikes are or once were!

Petersin Lake has been stronger. This property has never been systematically prospected. The possibility of a favorable settlement for Petersen Lake in its litigation with the Nova Scotia seems to be gaining ground.

It is said that a heavy loser in one of Cobalt's lately much manipulated stocks is on the war path against the directorate. If the case gets into court it will be watched with much interest and if the suit is successful, no doubt much litigation of like nature will follow. It is understood the basis of the suit is the wrongful payment of dividends, etc.

Gossip has it that some directors of Cobalt mines have been selling the stock of their companies short. This is perfidy of the rankest kind and the exposure of such rascals would justify a Royal Commission. The man who steals candy from a baby is a gentleman in comparison to such a parasite.

Crown Reserve seems to be shaping for another flop. Heretofore every disbursement has been followed by a boom in the stock, but now it looks as if they were more anxious to get rid of what they have than those desiring to buy more. The law of gravitation still operates. The ore shipment returns from Cobalt show that the mine is again shipping heavily so work must have been resumed on the Carson vein.

COBALT.

Cloverley Brutus, a bull pup, which was jointly owned by two well-known London dog fanciers, has just been sold to an American fancier for the record sum for a bull pup of £500. The pup, which is ten months old, weighs 70 pounds.

Minneapolis seems to appreciate Emil Oberhoffer, conductor of the Symphony Orchestra there. A guaranty fund of $50,000 a year for five years has been made up for him, and he will use his best efforts to create an orchestra which shall rank with any in America.

Joseph F. Smith, nephew of the Mormon prophet and present head of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, is seventy-one years old. He drove an ox team in crossing the plains to Salt Lake City in 1848 and has lived to see the city in Gentile hands.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.

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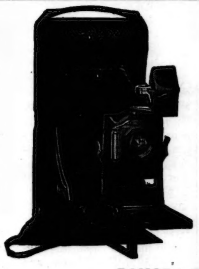
Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

"Tronco" Port
BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY
TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1692)
AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO



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The Brownie Cameras, for the young folks, from $1.00 to $12.00.

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RAMSEY FOR KODAKS
J. G. RAMSEY & CO., Limited
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CÆMENTIUM
On That Broken Ornament You've Discarded

In nearly every house will be found one or more broken ornaments that have been laid aside because broken and because the owner doesn't think they can be mended. It's true that many dainty ornaments were beyond human repair before the invention of CÆMENTIUM, but by the use of this remarkable adhesive all kinds of China, Bric-a-brac, and Bronze Ware can be mended so that they are as strong as when new. Besides, you can actually use Cæmentium to replace missing parts, or put on new handles.

Get it at your dealer's, or send 25c for a sample tin to

DILLON'S, LIMITED, 455 ST. PAUL ST., - MONTREAL

If You Like a Mild Turkish Cigarette, Try Tuckett's "Specials"

Don't listen to the man who tells you Turkish Cigarettes all taste alike—*they don't.*

And you can *prove* it to your own satisfaction by trying TUCKETT'S.

TUCKETT'S "SPECIALS" are a triumph in cigarette-making.

They possess in a wonderful degree, that indefinable delicacy of flavor and aroma that most appeals to the smoker of Turkish tobacco.

Never before has such high quality been offered at such a low price.

Tell the Man Behind the Counter—
"I Want 'Tuckett's Specials'"

Don't Grow Old
Keep Good DIGESTION and an Active Liver with
Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt
SOLD EVERYWHERE. 33

ALLAN LINE
FIRST Modern Steel Construction. 1909 SAFE
Modern Safety Boats. 1909 READY
Modern Turbine Engines. 1909 READY

TO LIVERPOOL

	From St. John.	From Halifax.
Hesperian	Fri., Dec. 17	Sat., Dec. 18
Tunisian	Fri., Dec. 24	Sat., Dec. 25
Corsican	Fri., Dec. 31	Sat., Jan. 1
Grampian	Fri., Jan. 7	Sat., Jan. 8

BOSTON TO GLASGOW
Numidian ..... Dec. 24, 7 a.m.
Ionian ..... Jan. 7, 7 a.m.

SAILINGS TO HAVRE AND LONDON

	From St. John.	From Halifax.
Corinthian	Wed., Dec. 15	Fri., Dec. 17
Sardinian	Wed., Dec. 29	Fri., Dec. 31

RATES OF PASSAGE
According to Steamer
First Class ..... $70.00 and upwards
Second Class .. $40.00, $45.00, $47.50, $50.00
Third Class ..... $27.50 and $26.50
Full particulars as to sailings, rates, etc., on application to
THE ALLAN LINE
General Agency for Ontario
77 Yonge Street, Toronto

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
Christmas and New Year's Rates
Single Fare
Dec. 24, 25, 31, good for return Dec. 27. Also Dec. 31, Jan. 1, good for return Jan. 3, 1910
Fare and One-third
Dec. 21 to 25, and Dec 28 to Jan. 1st, 1910, good for return until Jan 5, '10
Between all Stations in Canada
Tickets at City Ticket Office, southeast corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 6580.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS
Between all Stations in Canada, also to Detroit, Port Huron, Mich.; Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N. Y.,
AT SINGLE FARE
Good going Dec. 24th and 25th, 1909. Returning until Dec. 27th, 1909.
Also good going Dec. 31st, 1909, and Jan. 1st, 1910. Returning until Jan. 3rd, 1910.
AT FARE AND ONE-THIRD
Good going Dec. 21st to Dec. 25th, inclusive. Also good going Dec. 28th, 1909, to Jan. 1st, 1910. Returning until Jan. 5th, 1910.
Secure tickets and further information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

Have You Tried
BREDIN'S FRUIT BREAD
A delicious Lunch and Tea Loaf.
Finest ingredients. Generous lot of Fruit in it.
Tasty, wholesome and nutritious.
Wrapped in air-tight rice paper wrapper.
10 cents.
Phone College 761 and Parkdale 1555

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT

By FORREST HALSEY

"WELL," said the young man, with a dry little laugh, "I think I'll go to bed." He turned up his coat collar, sat down on the park bench, and rammed his hands deep into his pockets. "It's a good thing to have lots of fresh air in one's bedroom," he added.

"Say, young feller," growled a gentleman sheathed in newspapers beside him, "shut yer head. Yer brains may drop out. I wanter sleep."

"I beg your pardon!" replied the young man.

The gentleman in the newspapers did not answer. Conversation bores the professional patron of park benches; but, evidently, from his neat clothes and his air of clean-cut youth, the young man was no professional. He settled back and closed his eyes, with an air of dejection and weariness. He was very tired; but the cold autumn air, the cramped position, and a certain knawing worrying of hunger kept him awake. After a brief struggle for sleep, he opened his eyes.

The little park was chill, silent. Patterned with hard-cut traceries from the arc-lights that shone through the bare trees, the walks stretched empty, grim, silently comfortless. Here and there on the lines of benches the ghostly figure of some homeless sleeper was faintly discernible.

Occasionally an empty, brightly lit electric-car hummed along the distant avenue. Over the black trees a huge white tower, pale, mistlike, mounted against the cold sky.

The first night in the park is always a mile-stone, either upward or downward, on the great road of city life. Beside each figure Failure sits patiently. She may leave him in the morning; but each night spent in her hotel finds her closer and closer to him, until she mounts his shoulders to leave him no more.

Failure had picked up Ben Adams soon after he had come to New York from a little town of the West. At home he had been a college man, an athlete, an honor man, editor of the college organ. In the metropolis he was simply another freshman come to the great city for education; and the city proceeded to haze him thoroughly and cruelly.

When he left his fresh-water college, he took the exalted position of literary, dramatic, and baseball editor of Fort Standard Post; and he and the town waited for the city to discover and send for him. His articles were copied in the Galveston News, to be sure, and once New York accepted a poem of his; but, somehow, the metropolis failed to discover him. So, clipping his best articles, he decided to go and give it a better chance. The city did not discover him; but he discovered it.

To do the boy justice, he learned quickly. Disappointment is a rapid teacher; so is neglect. After the first week he no longer tried to get the editors to read his articles. His impressions of New York for the Fort Standard Post—three dollars a column—became less contemptuous of the "shallow city;" less captious of the "little fellows" who he had formerly assured his readers had captured their metropolitan fame by trickery.

The city's hazing was teaching the boy. But he did not learn fast enough; for luck was not with him. Each week saw his store of money dwindling. He used to count what remained of it with something like fear, as he waited in busy, heedless offices to see heedless, busy men.

"I tell you what you ought to do, young man," said one brusk editor—moved, perhaps, by the expression in the boy's eyes as he turned away from the desk. "Cruise around town until you see something that you think will interest us, and bring it in; but, in the meantime, get a real job, with food attached, even if it's carrying ice. A man will succeed if he's got it in him, no matter what he does meanwhile; but unless he eats, he'll starve to death."

These few words were like wine to the lad. He tramped the streets, looking for things of interest, and found much that would have done for Fort Standard; but here, in the great, heedless city of his dreams, who cared for what interested the far-off country town?

However, he did find a few things which he thought might be salable. With effort and labor he polished and repolished them; then, with an excited closing of the throat, handed them to the one in authority.

"You write well enough," said that personage; "but I don't think you've got the nose for news. Why don't you try the magazines?"

That night he walked up-town. Car fare costs as much as two cups of coffee. Next day he moved into a tenement-room on the East Side, and made his first visit to a pawn-shop. He still looked for literary work; but he began to call at the places mentioned in the "Want" advertisements on his way down-town.

The indifference of the city, its absolute absorption in itself, began to weigh on his spirits, to frighten him. He began to wonder what he would do if he didn't get work. The question of food obtruded itself. It was ridiculous that a man should be alarmed for fear he might go hungry—hungry, here in the richest spot in the world! How they would have laughed, at Fort Standard, at the idea of his going hungry—he himself the loudest of all. But that was three months ago, when he had laughed at a lot of things that now did not seem amusing.

The first real chill of autumn found him still tramping about, looking for work. He had pawned his overcoat. He had thought that he was sure to find a position before the cold came. A crack in the side of his shoe caused him anxiety. Why did the confounded thing wear out on the side where every one could see? Newspaper work was only a memory. A job was what he wanted, and he went patiently searching for it, the crack in his shoe growing more ominous and obvious. He began to contemplate one last visit to the pawn-shop—the final parting with the landmark which had signalized his coming to real manhood—his father's watch.

He had always worshipped that watch. Big, old-fashioned, made of silver, it had hung on a nail beside his mother's bureau ever since he could remember. It had been purchased with the first money earned by the father whom he had never seen. The boy's mother loved it. It had been the proudest day of her life and his when she had given it to him, as a sign that he was now a man, worthy to wear it like his father. The thought of pawning it would have been an unbearable dishonor; but that was long ago, before such things as hunger, or cold, or homelessness existed for him. To-night, as he sat in the park, in all their grimness, they existed—oh, they existed!—and the weight of the watch in his pocket only served to emphasize their reality.

The wind had come from the river, snarling across the park, dancing in cold spirals around the ghostly tower, putting the city's freshman through the third degree of the homeless.

"After all," thought the boy with a shiver, "even if I should put it up, she'd never know. In fact, if she did know, she'd want me to do it." He thought of the patient little mother who had worked so hard for the roof to shelter his boyhood. "She must have had an awful time after father died," mused the boy; "an awful time—yet she kept the watch!" He buried his hands in his pockets. "I guess I can stick it out if she did!"

He hugged the watch against his side, pressing it with his arm, drawing strength and comfort from the mere feel of it. He was obeying one of the mighty little laws that bind us to our traditions and to ourselves. The wind raced away down the wide and silent streets. The boy slept, the watch pressed against his arm.

Suddenly his hand shot out and grasped the fingers whose touch had waked him.

"Hey, lemmo go!" cried the frightened voice.

"What were you doing with your hand in my pocket?" demanded the country boy fiercely.

Then he regarded his captive, a thin little urchin whose face was adorned with wide smutches of boot-blacking.

"I didn't git nothin'," protested the struggling child. "Lemme go! I didn't git nothin'," he repeated, as though the failure excused the attempt.

The boy felt for his watch. Relieved, he turned to the urchin grimly.

"You're a fine kid!" he said in contempt. "Big work, kiddo, robbing fellows that sleep on park benches!"

"I'm awful hungry!" the child sobbed, one sharp little eye glancing round his crooked elbow at his captor's face.

"Well—"

The boy hesitated, frowned and finally released his captive. The brat drew out of arm's reach, but did not run away. Some precocious street instinct seemed to bind him to the place.

"Gimme a cent or two, will yuh, mister?" he said. "Honest, I'm hungry as thunder!"

"Go on—beat it!" said the boy roughly.

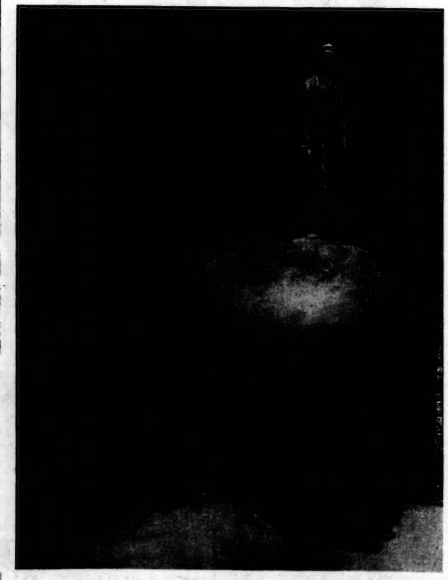
The little figure turned and slowly shambled away. The country boy sat still for a moment; but something in the child's face, wan and pinched in the white arc-light, persisted, pleading with him. How hard the city was! How shocked his mother would be to know that little ones like that wandered hungry at night! How glad she'd be to take him in, and—

"Hey, kid; wait a minute!"

The forlorn little figure waited curiously out of place in the sharp electric light and black midnight shadows. His was the age for dreams, for warm shelter—the mother age.

"Here come with me if you're hungry!" said the country youth in a surly voice.

At this surprising invitation, the hard, pale little face looked up at him curiously, searching for treachery; then small fingers were slipped into his hand, and the two trudged away together toward the distant lights.—December Munsey's.



A PROPOSED MONUMENT TO DANTE.

This remarkable model for a Dante Monument, by the Turin sculptor, Canciani, is on exhibition in Vienna. It is to be hoped that, before long, the work will be seen in its large and finished form in some public place—for preference, of course, in Italy.

Popular Song.

BILLY MALONEY loved Maggie Mahoney,
A squeezable, pleasable pearl;
Maggie was sighable, quite glorifiable,
And a most eyeable girl.
Nightly she'd meet him, and brightly she'd greet him,
And smile in her cute little way.
He'd say: "Shall we go, dear, and take in the show, dear?"
And she'd answer: "No, dear," and say:

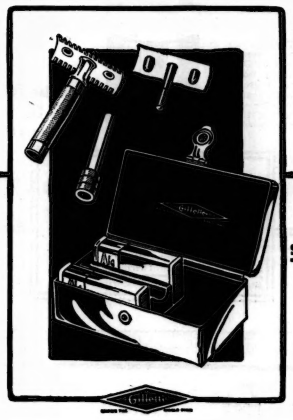
CHORUS.

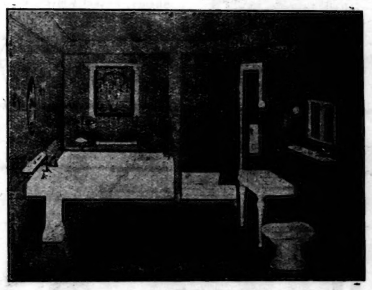
"Give me a spin in your motor, Bill!
My goodness gracious, I can't keep still!
Buzz me along on the boulevard!
Let 'er go, Willie boy, good and hard!
Throw it wide open—I'll hold on tight—
I dont' care a fudge if my hair's a fright!
There's nothing that gives me such keen delight
As a spin in your motor, Bill!"

—Chicago Tribune.

The Honorary Governors who will visit the Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. D. Coulson and Mr. A. E. Kemp.

Apollinaris
"The Queen of Table Waters"


No Honing
No Stropping
IF you are 25 years old or over, you ought *to shave every morning.*
Perhaps your face will not stand an ordinary razor more than twice a week. It will stand the Gillette Safety Razor every day in the year. You will agree that you never knew shaving comfort until you used the "GILLETTE"
The "Gillette"—illustrated above—is the Standard Set in the new pressed metal, nickel plated case. Complete with 12 new process blades—$5. It is easy to find stores which can supply Gillette Razors and Blades—look for the Gillette signs. 96
The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited, Office and Factory, Montreal.


Better Bathroom Fixtures
When you decide to re-fit your bathroom, hesitate long enough to make sure that you get the best there is in the way of fixtures.
Take time to examine and inquire into the various lines—and give particular attention to
"Alexandra" Ware
It is a ware worthy of your serious consideration—both from the standpoint of hygienic superiority and judged from the viewpoint of appearance.
Made of cast iron, covered with heavy porcelain enamel, "ALEXANDRA" Ware cannot crack. It is thus exceptionally durable.
The Standard Ideal Company Ltd
Sales Offices and Show Rooms Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg
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CAMP COFFEE
'Camp' steaming hot gives the maximum of pleasure, vigour and satisfaction at the minimum of cost, time and trouble
Try 'CAMP' to-day!
Simply 'Camp'—boiling water—sugar and milk to taste—you can't go wrong!
Of all Stores.
R. PATERSON & SONS, COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW

A "Thermos" for Xmas

Thermos the Bottle. Keeps things hot 24 hours, no matter how cold the temperature. The same bottle keeps ice-cold liquids cold 72 hours, in the hottest temperature.

No chemicals used—the vacuum does it. Cleaned like an ordinary bottle.

Beneficial at all times; always ready, in the home, the office, when travelling, or indulging in seasonable sports.

Ask for Thermos—the original and genuine Bottle. For sale at Drug, Jewelry, Sporting Goods, or Department Stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send for catalogue. Interiors of Thermos Bottles supplied at stores.

No gift could be more acceptable or more useful than a Thermos Bottle. For Father, Mother, Son or Daughter, or a Friend—a gift that will delight anyone.

Canadian Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd.
12 Sheppard St., Toronto

LOOK FOR THE NAME
Look for the name Thermos.
Stamped plainly on the bottom.

XMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

from TORONTO'S LEADING and most CENTRAL HARDWARE STORE.

BRASS KETTLES in many handsome designs, from $3.50.

CHAFING DISHES, nickel-plated and copper, from $6.00.

CARVERS, in sets and cases, splendid selection, from $1.25.

Dessert and Fish Sets, pearl handles, oak cases, from $15.

CUTLERY CABINETS, made of quarter cut golden oak, satin lined, can be fitted with any number of pieces.

Razors, Safety Razors, Scissors, Shears, Pocket Knives, etc., in great variety.

Aikenhead Hardware Limited
17, 19, 21 Temperance Street

Aikenhead's

Christmas Hampers . .

What more suitable Gift could be given than one of our Christmas Hampers containing six bottles according to choice, from **$5.50** up?

Our Cooking Brandy at **$1.00** per bottle and Cooking Sherry and Cooking Port at **65c.** per bottle we can recommend.

In our extensive vaults we carry a large variety of High Grade Ports and Sherries ranging from **$1.00** to **$4.00** per bottle.

Send for our Wine List.

The Wm. Mara Company

Wine Merchants

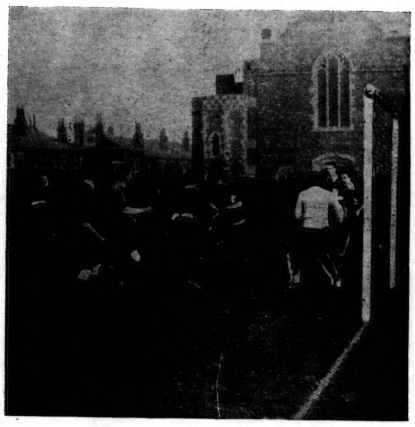
79 YONGE STREET - - - TORONTO

Vaults:
71, 73, 75, 77 & 79 Yonge St.
2, 4, 6, & 8 King Street East

Phones:
Main 1708
Main 1709

SPORTING COMMENT

IT should not occasion much surprise that the exhibition game of Canadian Rugby played at New York between Canadian teams has not caused American football experts to forswear their gods. In fact, if it were not for the suggestion of the I-told-you-so attitude, one might say that it was the only outcome to be expected. A great national game is not built up or destroyed in a day. The present game of football as played in the United States has been the slow growth of many years of hard work and careful thought, and with all its faults it probably represents the tendencies and desires of American athletes. It is, therefore, only natural that they should feel a strong prejudice against any other form of the game offered as a substitute for the one which they have built up and to which they seem to be strongly attached. And it is this prejudice which is largely responsible for the coldly critical or frankly condemnatory attitude of the American football experts towards the Canadian game at New York.



HOCKEY AS PLAYED IN ENGLAND.
Somerset (red and black) passes the ball in front of Kent's goal in the match at Reading recently.

But there are other means, too, which it is just as well for Canadians to admit in all frankness. One of these is that the game was not an exhibition of Canadian Rugby at its best. The teams which played at New York had broken their training; they were playing before spectators who were, for the greater part, entirely ignorant of the fine points of the game; and the contest was merely an exhibition match, with little at stake. All these things contributed to make the playing more loose and careless than it would otherwise have been. But even under the most favorable circumstances, it is doubtful if two Canadian teams could thoroughly satisfy a public which has been accustomed to the gladiatorial contests of American football. The American players are trained with a care which is unknown among our Rugbyites. In fact, it is quite possible that Canadians would not regard such strenuous preparation for a game as an altogether desirable thing. Football is a sport, not a mission in life, and it should hardly be approached with such solemn circumstance. But at the same time this careful preparatory work makes for the accuracy and snap of the game, and improves it as an exhibition, however it may take from its efficacy as a sport. And Americans are accustomed to demand this accuracy, so that the fumbles made by the Canadian players were given an unpleasant prominence.

But while the American football experts have shown a somewhat hostile attitude to the Canadian game, it is more than likely that the exhibition will bear some fruit. The movement for the reform of American football is a very strong one and is bound to cause changes. And when the experts get together to revise the rules, there is good reason for thinking that what they saw in New York will suggest to them certain changes which might be made in their own game. Canadians, too, might learn something from the match and the comments which it called forth. Our teams are certainly somewhat too large and unweildy, and the suggestions of American critics might bear fruit in a smaller and more compact line-up. But even if no such benefits were derived on either side, these exhibition matches have at least the merit of strengthening the "entente cordiale" which should exist between neighbors even in the matter of sport.

* * *

Very rarely does a distance runner of 40 years of age or thereabout show around 4.25 for the mile, yet George B. Tincler, the Irish professional, did this in a match race recently at Durban, South Africa. Tincler's opponent was E. Hefferon, who ran so well in the English Marathon and who joined the professional ranks some months ago. Hefferon did well until entering the home stretch, when Tincler shot past him and won easing up. The time was 4 minutes 25 3-5 seconds. Some years ago when Tincler was over here he did 4.15 1-5 for the mile in a match against Tommy Conneff.

* * *

JEFFRIES and Johnson will fight for a record breaking money prize. It is also a sure thing that several millions of dollars will change hands on the result. Since the fight was first broached Jeffries has made nearly $75,000 out of vaudeville engagements, while Johnson has picked up $30,000 in the same way, in addition to about $30,000 accruing from his victories over Kaufman and Ketchel, and a bunch of coin from the Johnson-Ketchel pictures.

The winner of the coming mill will have a chance to clean up an enormous sum of money. It is safe to say that he can draw down $2,000 a week for an unlimited engagement on the stage, while the loser will also be in a position to pick up some soft money with which to soothe his injured feelings.

In New York under the Horton law Corbett and Sharkey drew $48,000 at the Lenox A. C. Fitzsimmons and Ruhlin fought for $45,000 in Madison Square Garden. Sharkey and Ruhlin proved a magnet for $40,000 at Coney Island, while Sharkey and McCoy drew $37,600 at the Lenox A. C. The Jeffries-Corbett battle at the Island netted $35,000 and the McGovern-Erne bout in the Garden produced $32,000. Sharkey and Fitzsimmons attracted $25,000; McGovern and Dixon got $24,000 and Choynski and McCoy split up $20,000.

Gans and Herman battled for $30,705 at Tonopah, Nev., and when Nelson and McGovern hooked up for six rounds in Philadelphia there was almost $25,000 in the house. Ketchel and O'Brien drew $20,000 for ten rounds in New York last winter and about the same amount for six rounds in Philadelphia. The O'Brien-Johnson six round bout in Quakerville netted about $17,000 and the Driscoll-Attell ten round bout in New York $18,000.

Corbett and Fitzsimmons, together with the late Dan A. Stuart, who managed their fight at Carson City, cut up $22,000 after all expenses had been paid. The Corbett-Sullivan fight at New Orleans in 1892 was for a $25,000 purse and a $10,000 side bet, which was considered big money in those days.

* * *

The first instalment of international football across the Atlantic occurred recently when the amateur soccer teams of England and Ireland met at Leeds, England. The game resulted in a draw, both sides scoring four goals. It was a wonderful showing on the part of the Irish, for they never shot so many goals against England. In the encounter between England and Ireland at Sunderland last year, Ireland made three goals in the first half but was finally beaten by a score of 6 to 3. It is the fifth draw in the history of this class of football, the former occasions being 1882, 1894, 1896 and 1905.

PLAYFAIR.

He (at the first rendezvous appointed through an advertisement)—Excuse me, madam, but are you the lady for whom life has no value without the companionship of a noble man of strong character? — Fliegende Blatter.

MEERSCHAUM
an absolutely pure
plug cut tobacco
Tin foil packages
and pouches

Those who know give the preference to the Champagne of the Century

MOET & CHANDON

WHITE SEAL, BRUT IMPERIAL & IMPERIAL CROWN BRUT
The Pre-eminent Cuvees of Champagne

Sole Canadian Agents:
JOHN ROBERTSON & SON LTD., - MONTREAL

THE "ALBANY" Cigarette

F. L. Smith, Regd., London.

Special Xmas and New Year Presentation Box of 500 "ALBANY" Cigarettes

Order through your dealer, or send us attached Coupon, and we will put on your own or friend's crest, monogram or initials, and deliver at any address at date required entirely free of charge.

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AGENTS
CORISTINE BUILDING, MONTREAL

MOTOR and MOTORING

THE place where a motor-car is dangerous to a pedestrian, is not so much on the straightaway stretches of road where the man who walks can see it coming a hundred yards away, but on the corners of streets where cars are apt to bob up in the most unexpected fashion. Everyone who walks about the streets has had the experience—enlivening but somewhat irritating—of having a motor-car suddenly swing around a corner on him. Then it is a case of jump or get hurt. The result is an angry man or woman who goes about with a grudge against automobiles for a month.

In view of this it is interesting and reassuring to see that the Ontario Motor League has co-operated with the police authorities in the publication of the rules of the road, which if carefully followed out will go far to remove this objection in the mind of the public. On the conviction that a thing of this kind cannot be too often repeated, for it is never sufficiently learned, the rules are here given. They are as follows:—

All moving vehicles will keep to the right, and near the curb, so that faster moving vehicles may pass between them and the centre of the roadway.

Vehicles turning to the right into an intersecting street will keep close to the right curb.

When turning to the left into an intersecting street vehicles will cross the centre line of the intersecting street before turning to the left.

Vehicles in coming to a stand-still should always have the right side to the curb.

When desiring to stop on the left side of the street, make a complete circle, bringing the right side of the vehicle to the curb, facing in the direction of the traffic.

At the request of the Motor League the rules have been printed on handy cards, which the secretary of the organization is having distributed to motorists and chauffeurs in this city for their guidance.

* * *

CONSIDERABLE interest is being manifested by local motorists—especially those connected in any way with the trade—in the forthcoming automobile show in Madison Square Garden, New York. The press agent is already active in sending forth illuminating comments on the outlook. He declares that this exhibition will present to the public new ideas in construction "which will astonish those who are aware of the progress being made toward standardization." A feature of the show will be a display of duplicate models of such stock cars as competed successfully in the various sporting events of the year 1909. In most models will be found something new, notably in axles, transmission and lubricating systems. The cars shown "will range from the costliest on the market to the little runabout that is cheap enough for the baker's boy—almost." A large and interesting display is expected of accessories, including the newest designs in wearing-apparel.

The decorations promise to be of a more elaborate kind than in former years. For some weeks carpenters, sign-makers, and painters have been at work on the skeletons. The appropriation for these purposes is said to exceed $30,000. The managers have realized how this show each year becomes more important in a social sense. The colors used will be largely white and gold, with crimson and green employed to a lesser extent. Statues and other staff creations set up in former years will not be features of this show. Attempts will be made to produce "a feeling of distance, breadth, and general roominess." Instead of the mammoth piece of statuary which in earlier shows confronted the visitor on entering the garden, there will be shown a Roman seat with fountain sufficiently low to permit the visitor to see into the garden. This fountain will comprise a low abutment of grey stone, curving away from the centre. A trough will be constructed at its base. Water will issue from the mouths of griffins and gargoyles, and be made iridescent by means of concealed lights. Gold-fish will play in a pool and pond lillies will be planted.

* * *

A BANQUET was recently held in the Hotel Cecil, London, which may well be regarded as historic. Five hundred business men—Englishmen, Canadians, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans—were assembled to celebrate the coming of age of the pneumatic tire. It is twenty-one years since the invention of what one of the speakers called an "inflated rubber band." But in that time this simple "rubber band" has worked a revolution in the industrial world. It has encircled the globe. The capital sunk in the industries it has brought into being is estimated at tens of millions of dollars. The people, too, who are employed in connection with it—the men in the steel, cycle, and motor trades, and the natives who gather the rubber—may be counted in millions also. All these owe their livelihood to the idea which flashed through an inventor's brain. The inventor himself, Mr. J. B. Dunlop—a grey-bearded man of nearly seventy—was present at the banquet, and sat beside the chairman, Prince Francis of Teck.

Of course the pneumatic tire was originally invented for the cycle, but its greatest usefulness has probably been in making possible the modern automobile, which in its early days was fitted with iron and solid rubber tires. The jolting with these was so fearful that there was always danger, when any speed was attempted, of the frame or engine shaking itself to pieces. With the pneumatic tire to overcome shocks, the motor-car advanced by leaps and bounds. The petrol engine was improved and perfected, as the result of the enormous demand for vehicles in which great distances could be covered with perfect comfort. And this development of the petrol engine, again, paved the way for the new art of aviation.

CAR WITH KITCHEN TENDER.
In the tender are a three-burner gasoline stove, a cooking outfit, a thirteen-drawer cabinet for groceries, linen and cutlery, and a refrigerator. The tender weighs 475 pounds.

The dirigible balloon and the aeroplane did not become practically successful till extremely light engines were at the disposal of their designers, and but for the progress of the petrol engine between 1896 and 1906 would have remained mere dreams. Thus, the pneumatic tire, that unpretending invention of 1888, may be said to have revolutionized the art of locomotion and to have influenced social habits and human life more deeply, perhaps, than any mechanical contrivance of the nineteenth century, with a single exception of the steam locomotive. It has created gigantic industries, given employment to thousands, and opened new pleasures in life for the poor and the rich.

* * *

IN an article in December Outing there are a number of very useful hints given the amateur as to the buying of an automobile. The author points out that cost is the first thing he must decide. "How much do you want to put into a car?" is the first question that an automobile salesman asks you. He means how much money of course, but he will also want to know how much weight. If you make the average reply, "four passengers," and if he is conscientious, he will tell you that you must reach about the thousand-dollar mark before you will find an assortment from which to choose at all.

There are more medium weight cars costing from $1,200 to $3,000 and rated at from twenty-four to forty horse power, sold in this country to-day than any other type. That, of course, is no reason why you should buy one until you have convinced yourself that it is what you want. You may be content with a $300 single-cylinder runabout, but if you have not carefully considered where you want to use it, you will not be content.

That is why, next to your pocket-book, you must carefully scrutinize the character of your automobile ambitions and ask yourself unequivocally what you want an automobile for. That is not so foolish as it sounds. You will probably think in approaching the subject of choice of a car, that you ought to know all about types of motors, transmission systems, and structural materials. Such knowledge, if you take the trouble to familiarize yourself with the text-books, will be useful when you come to care for your own car, but it is not essential in making a wise selection of it.

The vitally significant fact for you to remember is that the development of the automobile industry, especially in recent years, has been toward a standard type of medium-weight gasolene car, the ever-increasing demand for which is the secret of its prevalence.

Manufacturers have practically ceased to vie with each other in turning out surprises, "something absolutely unique in motor-car construction." Their effort is now confined to perfecting, even by the smallest increment, the details of mechanisms of practically standard excellence.

Furthermore, most of the parts of cars of standard types are now interchangeable between different makes, a fact that will save the owner time and trouble in obtaining quick repairs from any machinist. The freak car may be out of commission for extended periods, while parts are being obtained from some remote factory.

With regard to the body of the car, after describing some of the new designs, such as the "close-coupled" and the "torpedo-body," the author points out that you may consider the advantages of these and many other special designs, but remember that when you depart from the type of body in average use it will cost you more for some special advantage and proportionately reduce the range of uses to which a car may be put, provided it has a good average relation between chassis, body, and possible passengers.

* * *

ALL motors are designed to operate at a certain temperature of the cylinder walls, depending upon the size of the water jackets, the rapidity of the circulation, and the area of the cooling surface in the radiator. Although overheating is bad for the motor, its highest efficiency will not be obtained if the temperature at which it operates falls below a certain point. It is evident that on cold days the motor runs at a much lower temperature than in summer, and to obtain the conditions for which it was designed, many drivers place a sheet of cardboard, canvas, leather, tin, or rubber over a part of the front of the radiator. This reduces the area over which the cold air passes and naturally raises the temperature at which the motor operates, thus giving the same conditions as though warm weather prevailed.

CHAUFFEUR.

TO BANK SHAREHOLDERS:

Since 1865 shareholders in Canadian banks have lost approximately $40,000,000 through bank failures. To proprietors of banks this must be a startling fact, apart from the consideration of the double liability attaching to the ownership of bank shares. Ordinarily these investments are not temporary; bank shares are often bequeathed, and sometimes instead of being a legacy they represent a call for the double liability. Banks should be stable; they should exist indefinitely; and failure through speculation and fraud should be made to practically cease. The accompanying pamphlet shows that external supervision has been successfully adopted as a remedy in countries transacting more than three-fourths of the business of the world. The reader may be fortunate in his selection of banks in the shares of which he has invested, and consequently he may not take much interest in the subject. But, in the course of human events, the management of each bank must change, and, as the capacity for successful bank management is rare, safeguards for banks are not only desirable for the present, but their importance for the future cannot be overstated. I suggest your personal investigation of the subject, in the hope that you will use your influence towards legislation, following the course taken by other countries; and I do so with the utmost confidence in the result of that investigation.

H. C. McLEOD.
Toronto, 26th November, 1909.

If you have ceased to be in love, they call you inconstant.

If you don't know whom you love, or whether you love at all, they call you fickle.

If you don't choose to love at all, they call you indifferent.

If you love anyone else but the one they want you to love, they call you false, and only when you give yourself to him whom they think you ought to love are you called loyal.

Yours is a hard lot indeed, oh, woman.

It is not necessary nowadays for a brainy woman to advertise her cleverness by wearing her belt badly.

Above everything else in the world a woman admires moral courage in a man, but her knowledge of anatomy is so hazy that she thinks broad shoulders or big biceps may be the seat of the moral virtues.

When a woman turns over the leaves of the book of love she never places a bookmark in it, but rather enjoys beginning anew each time.

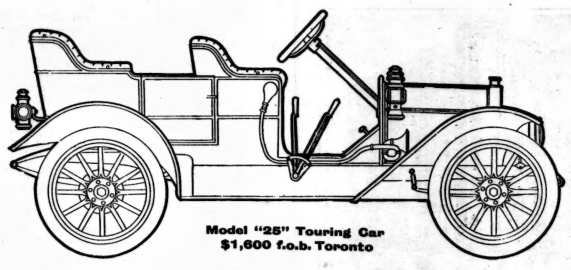
A woman can manage to keep her love a secret, but never her hate.

Nothing is more painful to a woman than when she reaches the conclusion that she is no longer dangerous.

Men continually study women, and know nothing about them; women never study men, and know them all. —Satanello, in November Smart Set.

Kind Old Lady (talking to a tramp)—"Have you ever made an effort to get work?"

Tramp—"Yes, ma'am. Last month I got work for two members of my family; but neither of them would take it."—Human Life.



Model "25" Touring Car
$1,600 f.o.b. Toronto

At Last! A Really Satisfactory Car that comes within reach of the man with a moderate sized bank account . . .

In the *"OAKLAND,"* Model 25, we offer you a car—at the moderate price of $1,600—that will satisfy your every motoring need—

A car that contains the kind of materials that ensure the highest degree of endurance—

A car into which has been put the kind of mechanical skill that makes for elimination of all motor-car troubles—

A car that has speed, graceful lines, and power to climb the stiffest hills—

All this is not just accident. It's the attainment of an ideal—

An ideal toward which the *"OAKLAND"* manufacturers have been striving for years.

And when you see it, you'll admit that truly it is an "ideal" car.

There's nothing experimental about it—the experimenting is all over—and here you have the result of years of planning.

All of the tried principles of *"OAKLAND"* construction are incorporated—features that have made the *"OAKLAND"* reputation what it is in the motor world to-day.

Beyond doubt, *"OAKLAND"* Cars deserve the fullest investigation by those contemplating the purchase of a moderate-priced car.

There is one of the 1910 *"OAKLANDS"* on view right now in our garage, but it can only remain here a few days—so we ask you to hurry and see it.

Send for Descriptive Literature

Model "K" and Model "M"
OAKLAND
Four-Cylinder Touring Car or Roadster.
Forty horsepower.
Wheel Base, 112 inches.
Tires, 4 in. by 34 in.
Price f.o.b. Toronto, magneto included,
$2,175.00

Model "25"
OAKLAND
Four-Cylinder Touring Car.
Thirty horsepower.
Wheel Base, 100 inches.
Tires, 3½ in. by 32 in.
Price, f.o.b. Toronto, magneto included,
$1,600.00

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OAKLAND
Four-Cylinder Runabout.
Thirty horsepower.
Tires, 3½ in. by 32 in.
Wheel Base, 100 inches.
Price, f.o.b. Toronto, magneto included,
$1,300.00

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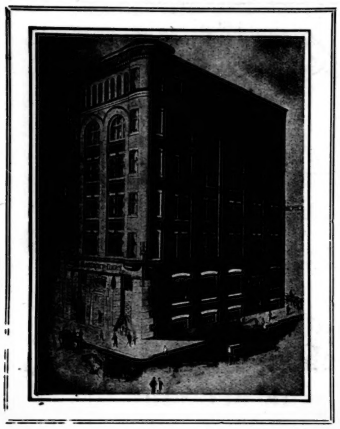

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 18, 1909. No. 10.

!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

Dour Jamie Stephen.

INSPECTOR JAMES STEPHEN, who has voluntarily retired from the general staff of the Toronto police force, was an officer of a type seldom developed in the service, and one whose qualities were perhaps appreciated only by those who knew him best. His grim visage has been familiar to the public for many years, but comparatively few realized the kindly heart and the dry Scottish humor that lurked behind it. While on the force he has made a sense of duty almost a fetich, and was practically invaluable as a trainer of young recruits, with whom, despite his severity as a disciplinarian, he was very popular. For years he served as a division inspector; first, in "number one," which covers the down-town districts south of Queen street, and then in "number two," which covers the "Ward," where most of the foreign population is located. As a division inspector he made it his business to personally see and talk with every policeman in his division, at least, once every twenty-four hours; which meant that he had to cover a network of down-town streets, very considerable in area. He accompanied this with his silent steed, the bicycle, and many a man has wondered at seeing him turn into some dark by-way on a quiet night, unaware that he was simply ascertaining whether the men on the beat and the patrol sergeants were doing their duty. A police reporter, whose delight in life it used to be to torment "Jimmy" Stephen, once wrote that when the inspector really wanted to hurry he used to dismount and lead the bicycle. Certainly he respected in an almost exaggerated degree the regulations as to speeding just as he did all other regulations. Woe betide the patrol sergeant who came in and reported that he had failed to connect with any one man on the beat. No matter how dreary and stormy the night, he had to go out and find him.

"Station duty," under some inspectors, is coveted by policemen. All the officer has to do is to read the newspapers and answer the telephone. But it was otherwise under "Jimmy"; there was always a chore at carpentering or at white-washing the cells to keep the man from growing soft with idleness. The new recruit also found that the rule book given him for study on his enlistment was no joke. He was expected to know it by heart, and "Jimmy" had a way of surprising the young officer at most inopportune moments with questions from it. The Inspector himself when he was put in charge of the foreign districts set himself seriously to the study of Italian, and picked up as much Yiddish as he could glean from prisoners and complainants.

It was his severe interpretation of the letter of the law that led him to order the Army and Navy Veterans away from Queen Victoria's monument when they went up in procession to lay flowers on it, having failed to obtain a police permit. On that occasion the reporter who was the gad-fly of "Jimmy's" existence wrote a series of fake cablegrams between the late John Nunn, then the general factotum of the Veterans, to King Edward, relating to the occurrence, and the last cablegram read:

"John Nunn,
Toronto.
Tell Stephen I am sending Lord Roberts to investigate. EDWARD REX."

On only one occasion is it reported that Inspector Stephen indulged in profanity while on duty. One dark night two police reporters recognized the form of Inspector Archibald walking to No. 2 station ahead of them. They pulled down their caps and turned up their collars and accosted him with a demand for money. The Inspector hurried on and entered the station. He told Inspector Stephen and the sergeant on duty to arrest the vagrants who were coming along the street. The arrest was made, and when the two youths were brought into the light of the station, Stephen's eyes snapped:

"You think you're very smart," he said. Only, instead of "very" he used an adjective somewhat stronger.

THE BRITISH BUDGET CRISIS.
Austen Chamberlain, son of Joseph Chamberlain, on his way to the Commons.

Outwore Their Welcome.

RURAL hospitality is proverbial, and the son in the city is far too forgetful of how a visit from him brightens up the old folks at home, especially in the weary winter days, when the old people are not so busy as in summer time, when visits of city folk are usually paid. But sometimes there is such a thing as overdoing it, if the remarks of an old man in Huron county may be believed. He has a son out in Wisconsin who has married out there. Some months ago he brought his bride home for the old folks to see. They made a long visit, and apparently the old folks were happy, but at last the sad parting arrived. The old man drove them to the station at Goderich, and as they stood on the platform just before the train pulled out, there were mutual embraces and farewells.

"Oh, it's done my old heart good to see you both," exclaimed the father heartily. "And it's done mother good, too. I hope you won't forget us out there in Wisconsin, and I hope you'll both come back again—but not for such a darn long stay as you made this time!"

Alas, Poor Freshie!

PRINCIPAL HUTTON, of Toronto University, is a man of very quiet and reserved manners; but that he is rather a dangerous person to try to take a fall out of, is evidenced by a story going the rounds just now.

It seems that just before Principal Hutton left for Europe a few months ago, he was reading a roll-call at the University. His accent and manner are decidedly English, and the evil genius of one of the "freshies" suggested to him to make game of it. Therefore, when his name was called, he rose in his place, and with a quadruple-plate English accent answered:

"Heah!"

There was a general snicker, but it rose into a roar when Principal Hutton, gazing intently at the ingenious youth, inquired blandly: "Wheah?"

When the Winter Fair is On.

A VISIT to the Guelph Winter Fair is one of the best methods possible of getting in touch with rural humanity in the mass. Though no doubt a large assemblage of farmers attends the Canadian National Exhibition, they are so mingled with other classes that they do not create so great an impression. But at Guelph the fifty thousand folk from the farm own the town and show to the city man, one of the vast motive forces of Canada's national life. This is a high sounding introduction to an account of an actual occurence two or three years ago.

A Toronto gentleman went to Guelph on business connected with the fair and was unfortunate enough to have taken the advice of a friend and booked a room at one of the leading hotels beforehand. He arrived at night and was shown a room at the end of a long corridor by an obliging porter. While that official was setting down his bag and seeing whether there were clean towels on the washstand the city visitor noticed a very strong smell of gas.

"Here," he said, "I can't sleep in this room, you know. The gas pipe must have burst."

"Oh! that's all right," said the porter. "I'll open the window, and it will soon pass off."

"What's wrong?" asked the guest.

"Oh! nothing much," said the porter, "the man in the next room blew out the gas."

"Is he dead?" questioned the guest.

"Oh no! I happened to pass by about half an hour after he went to bed and noticed the smell. He'll be all right in the morning. They often do that up here. Good night, sir. Hope you'll sleep well."

A Clean Controller.

CONTROLLER REGINALD GEARY, who is in the public eye at present as a Mayoralty candidate, has the politician's faculty for turning to his own advantage the words of others. At a recent public meeting at which the Controllers were delivering speeches, Mr. Geary was preceded by Controller Harrison, who described at length the new civic baths, just opened on Stephanie Place.

THE BRITISH BUDGET CRISIS.
John Burns, the Labor member of the Asquith Government.

These baths have been a pet project of Controller Harrison, and he naturally waxed eloquent in their praise. This gave Controller Geary an opening of which he was quick to take advantage, for, on arising, he expressed his complete concurrence in what Controller Harrison had said of the baths.

"And," he added, "I am proud to say that I was the first, and, I am informed, the only, member of the City Council to take a plunge in the new baths. I think you will agree with me that this circumstance entitles me to claim that I am the only clean politician in the city."

The crowd saw the point and roared its appreciation.

A Reporter's Little Error.

MR. GEORGE H. LOCKE, Public Librarian, had a rather amusing experience not many months ago, after he had come to Toronto to assume his duties. A meeting of the Library Association was held in his office, and one of the newspapers assigned to it a reporter who had also a number of other assignments to cover. The reporter in question had been formerly a resident of Toronto, but had been away from the city for some time working on an American newspaper. The assignment to the Library Association was one of the first given to him on his return, and he was quite unaware that during his absence Dr. James Bain, long the revered head of the institution, and the good friend of all newspaper men, had passed away. He was detained so long on his other assignments that before he realized it, it was too late to get over to the Library to cover the meeting. He bethought himself of Dr. Bain, who had always been willing to help the boys out in such a case. He sought a telephone and called up the chief librarian's office. Mr. Locke responded, and the reporter said:

"Hello, I'd like to speak to Dr. Bain, please!"

"You cannot speak to Dr. Bain," said Mr. Locke, who likes a little joke.

The reporter became a little nettled and asked:

"Why can't I speak to Dr. Bain? Isn't he there?"

"He is not," replied Mr. Locke.

"Well, can you tell me where he is?" insisted the newspaper.

"I don't know that anyone can tell you that," said Mr. Locke. "Dr. Bain died some months ago."

A Travelling Man's Complaint.

IT was in a little Western Ontario town, the other evening, after supper, when the travelling men gathered around for a quiet smoke, that one of their number started the ball rolling with the following:

"When on the road I don't like to sleep in a hotel where the railroad trains sound as if they were shaking the chimneys down and the building rocks as if one were sleeping in a hammock or where the porter comes around in the morning with a knock like a sledge hammer. Why I know a hotel man not very far from here who always taps on the door with a lead pencil, and it is quite enough to get an answer. If he doesn't get it the first time he taps again. I was in a hotel down near the Falls last week and felt pretty seedy when I landed there, about half past eight in the evening, and thought I would retire early; so I asked the proprietor for a nice quiet room as I wanted to get a good night's rest."

"Certainly, sir," said he.

"So he showed me up to a room at the back of the house, and I had no sooner got into bed than a fellow in the next room began hammering away on a piano, and kept it up until eleven o'clock and to make matters worse a bowling alley got busy directly below me and rumbled away until twelve. About half-past five next morning the proprietor bellowed down the hallway to get the girls up to get breakfast, and shortly after that a kitchen mechanic came out doors just outside my window and dumped some ice in a tin can and began breaking it up there. Well, about seven thirty, a chamber maid put a key into the lock of my door, and you know how some of those locks are built. The key goes clean through causing a great old rattle to get it out again. When I bellowed out to know who was there, she said it was time to get up as she wanted to make the room up. As the business man I had come to call on would not be around before nine o'clock I had an hour to stump around town, feeling as though I had been through a threshing machine.

In a Montreal Police Court.

HON. JACQUES BUREAU, Solicitor-General, and one of the best-liked men in the Canadian House of Commons, is a capital story teller. The following is one of his latest:

"In Montreal police circles when an arrest is made, it is the custom to ask, among other things, the religious faith of the prisoner. One night a typical wharf lounger was caught in the police net and brought to Number 5 station. The captain took his pedigree while the constable at the desk entered it in the blotter. The enquiry went thus:

"'What is your name?'

"'John Brown.'

"'Where were you born?'

"'Liverpool.'

"'How old are you?'

"'Forty-five.'

"'What is your religion?'

"The prisoner shook his head.

"'What do you believe in?'

"'Nothin'.'

"Captain (triumphantly): 'Write him down a Protestant.'"

—AND MRS. MYRTLEBERRY'S IDEA OF AVIATION.
"What I says, Mrs. Jones, is—it ain't right. If we was meant to fly we should 'ave bin give wings."

WHAT THE SPARROWS THINK OF IT.
"The human race is still in its infancy."
"Yes; it's just learning to use its wings."
—From New York Judge.

Life.

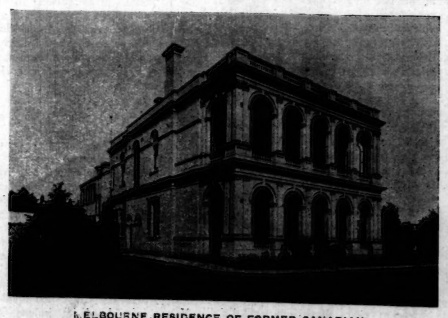
A shadow here, a shadow there,
A little sunshine everywhere;
To-day, great joy; to-morrow, care.

A throb of love, a thrill of hate:
A long, long waiting at the gate
For dawns that break an hour too late.

And yet a splendid round; a strife
That man may win who dares the knife
And plays the game—the game of life.

—C. M. Garrett.

Robert T. Lincoln, now sixty-six years old, is the eldest and the only one now surviving of Abraham Lincoln's three sons. He is at present president of the Pullman Company. Excepting four years as Secretary of War and four years as ambassador to England, Mr. Lincoln has devoted his life to business interests in Chicago.



A MELBOURNE RESIDENCE OF FORMER CANADIAN.
Thomas Tait, formerly of Toronto and Montreal, and now in charge of the Government railways of Australia, resides in the above palatial residence in Melbourne.

The Mysteries.

THREE mysteries there will always be:
The changeless soul of the changing sea,
The riddle of God in flower and thorn
And the mind of a child that is newly born.

And the greatest of these is the smallest still,
For the sea can be plumbed to its depths at will;
And God can be found in the loneliest wild—
But who shall fathom the mind of a child?

—Louis Untermeyer, in The Smart Set.

"I want one of the new spotted face-veils, please." "Yes, madam. Specked, spattered, or splotched?"

Tourists I Have Met

The Perennial Afflictions of the Canadian West

By W. LACEY AMY

WEBSTER says a tourist is one who makes a tour; but then Webster lived eighty years ago. In the light of modern experience a tourist is more remarkable as one who makes a fuss. A tourist to the Canadian West is one who buys a yard of ticket at departmental store prices. When he gives his presence to the West he should be expected to give little else. One of them went West with a ticket and $10, and returned with $8.35 and a keen resentment against the host who let him pay his own trunk cartage. He is trying to find out if he could not collect a dollar from the C.P.R. for meals on delayed trains. Where the other fifteen cents was squandered has never been divulged. While good English would decree that a tourist is a tourist only while he is touring, English "as she is spoke" creates a tourist as soon as the trip is contemplated, even though he may get no further than a review of the timetables. But that style of thing is going on all the time.

When the tourist reaches the West he has developed a language that qualifies him for patronizing the oldest timer. He can tell the native so much about the country that the latter looks anxiously around to see if the old landmarks are still there. He can describe a cowboy from his spurs to his Stetson, so graphically, that the poor "puncher" immediately gives himself up to justice. He buds forth with a fund of stories that would shame a promoter, and finds himself entertaining the smoker with yarns he thought he had forgotten when he joined the choir.

There are several kinds of tourists as there are of snakes and measles. Each class has its marks as distinct as the rouge and powder on the face of the girl you shouldn't know any better.

THE YOUNG OPTIMIST.

Somehow one feels out West as though it should have run, "the Englishman always ye have with you." Perhaps statistics would show that he does not come in overwhelming numbers, but wherever he goes he is as unforgettable as toothache. A little of him goes a long way. Sometimes he brings along his wife and another valet. An Englishman under any other covering than a peaked cap would not look as sweet, or as national. He doesn't sponge—he is too proud for that. He doesn't say much, but every sentence is pregnant with education. Give him the keys of the city and he recognizes your gratitude; ignore him and he pities your ignorance; entertain him and he will bud forth as a desirable friend.

THE MARRIAGEABLE MAIDEN.

The Englishman is the elder son returned on a visit; the American is the city visitor who wants cream on his porridge and the use of the family horse. The former takes his pleasures sadly, the latter with an overabundance of enthusiasm that leaves you in doubt as to its spontaniety. A party of Americans can put a good-sized city on the sick list for a month. You feel Union Jack when you look at the Englishman; you see nothing but Stars and Stripes when you look at anything of the American's that would hold still long enough to fasten one on. That flag is his passport. An American undertook one day to inspect a herd of prairie cattle on foot. When the cowboys caught a glimpse of the inevitable result, the inquisitive one was the leader in a sprint for a few trees that grew in a nearby coulee, but he believes to this day that if he could have waved a Stars and Stripes he could have milked the cows on the open prairie.

Anything from pinning a flag on the porter's back to throwing a switch is an experience to him. One of them caught for two days on the prairie in a blizzard merely remarked to his rescuers that it hadn't lasted nearly as long as some he had read of.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

If you have a home of your own, you are some day invited by postcard to meet the next train to unload a friend of an aunt you never saw. You swear—and do as you are told. Your aunt's friend is travelling "tourist," of course, and has brought along a husband, two boys and a girl, three lunch baskets, four telescope valises, and a general air of bread crumbs, tousled hair and helplessness. They proceed to camp on you. Frankly you are asked to provide a rig at eight per so that they can see everything within driving distance. Everybody in your family is too busy with them to enjoy his meals, and an air of depression settles over the house. They go to bed when everything has stopped happening and get breakfast while lunch is cooking. After a couple of weeks whenever you look at your guests you have to go out and swear at the hens until you think you can stand another look. Then, when all the laundry is fresh for another instalment of the trip, they regretfully move on, while you hold your grocer off until your finances recuperate.

THE GAY OLD SPARK.

He is really an elderly man, but a frisky, frivolous, kittenish colt in his own opinion. He sniffs loudly at the air as he alights from the train, cuts a caper or two in which purple and white silk socks form a conspicuous part, and remarks: "My, what an air you have here! I feel like a two-year old." And you can't help wishing he was, for a couple of minutes, with a bed slat at hand. He sports a thirty-five dollar bag, although his wife is at home doing her own washing and living on sausages. He possesses a wink with either eye that would make the most sophisticated girl think his grey hair premature, and you get heart disease trying to keep an eye on him. Although a deacon at home, he doesn't tire himself working at it at your place, but rouses more scandal during his stay than you can live down in six months.

THE SPONGER.

All the visitor to the West has to do is to flourish a newspaper card and the fatted calf must bid its mamma a fond adieu. As a rule the correspondent's time is confined to a study of the ceiling of the clubroom through filmy smoke, as he stores away impromptu or re-galvanized Western yarns and liquid refreshments. Any Westerner worthy of the name can invent enough as he goes along to raise the scribe's pay after the second letter. For local color visits are made to nearby landmarks. That is why Winnipeg extends around the Royal Alexandra, Moose Jaw around an elevator, Medicine Hat around a gas well, Lethbridge around the C.P.R. bridge, Calgary around the irrigation office, and Edmonton around the new university. No further demands should be made on any correspondent.

I have the most vivid recollections of a visit paid to the West in 1908 by a party of magazine writers under the guidance of my old friend, Vanderhoof, of Canada-West Magazine. Vanderhoof did his best, and the distinguished journalists thought so much of it that they had to drink to it every few minutes. They had a bully time—some of them were quite hilarious over it, and some were more so. When they returned to their flat-topped desks they took a map of Canada, the route book, literature of the railways and all their ability as short-story writers and presented descriptions of Western Canada and treatises on great Western problems that were worth more to them than the trip cost them, to say the least, since their late host and the railways attended to the expense. So excellent were some of the articles that they were reproduced by Western papers—as jokes.

Another great body of pen-wielders, the National Association of Editors of the United States, brought a special train and a route-book as long as the President's address. Everybody broke his automobile entertaining them, and the editors went back full of experiences. A week afterwards the glowing tributes to the West began to come in; I collected them as a schoolboy collects stamps and bugs. After I had 899, or one less than six times the number of editors, I found that they covered these incidents: (1) The Northwest Mounted Police are a fine lot of fellows, (2) a boy was found in jail at Fort Saskatchewan with grown-up criminals, (3) a Lethbridge hotelkeeper swore at the editors, (4) Medicine Hat weather isn't all it's cracked up to be, (5) the travellers used 9,864 towels on the train during the trip, and (6) sang the "Star Spangled Banner" as they recrossed the border at North Portal. Every one of the 150 editors had written a special article on each one of these subjects, and considered he had covered the West in a way that would go down in history.

Then there is the memory of the female correspondent of a New York magazine, who prepared a sixteen-page "special" from a two day's flirtation with the Publicity Commissioner and the President of the Board of Trade. These two gentlemen receive no remuneration for that kind of work. Too much credit cannot be given them for their labor of love.

THE SCREAMING EAGLE.

A girl can stay East and take her chances or go West and get married. Naturally her relations prefer the cinch. At least one hundred per cent. of the girls who go West do so with the firm conviction that the return halves of their tickets are merely bluffs. The West is made up of widowers and a few others who have other reasons for getting married. Some shallow thinkers argue that the predominance of first offence men out there proves the unhealthiness of the country for women, but they're wrong. A widower down East has to select an unappreciated blessing or a second-hand bargain, but in the West the sweet young things throw themselves at him in a manner that does not remind him of his first conviction.

Boys, old bachelors and widowers are all waiting for her. The men need only an introduction as the foundation for a proposal—it is one of their methods of entertaining the girl. She has rehearsed acceptances only, so everyone is happy. After that it is only a matter of bookkeeping. To each account all future information is added, and a balance struck before heart is allowed to interfere with head. The young fellows keep only a day-book in order to decide bets at the end of the season, and to prevent covering the same ground twice from an overdose of duty. When a girl's name does not appear on the man's list of acceptances it proves that he has not met her.

The great crops in the West are wheat, babies and proposals. There is no such thing as damages for breach of promise, for any judge or jury knows that there is no damage.

THE UNION JACK.

He varies in age from seventeen to fifty. Nothing short of death will make him lose faith, although he loses considerable money. Every place is better than the last, and you pat his back encouragingly—and try to sell him a ten-dollar impossibility at the twenty-five-dollar price which has figured in all his mental transactions. Money grows on trees to him, and you endeavor to look like the tree-shaker. It is impossible to estimate the $4.95 in his pocket from the jingle it makes. Lots of people are not as well off as their jingle.

SUNDRIES.

There are at least a dozen other kinds of tourists, including the bore who is handed along from friend to friend until he has worn out his welcome by examining all the big propositions without money enough to buy his own drinks; the scapegrace whose wild oats are cropping back East and who is looking for more land to sow; the sport who comes West for the same reason that he takes his week-end trips—so that his wife will not know his capacity; the embarrassing one who winks glibly at your neighbors and gives the impression that you had to change your name when you came West; the health-seeker who does his best to be under obligation to none and to make himself so agreeable as to receive from the West what the East refuses him.

Kipling and Lord Charles were not types, but they were welcome reliefs in 1908 in the round of types. The most interesting thing the author of "Kim" did in "The Town That Was Born Lucky" was to lie on the bank and kick his heels in the air when the auto he was in broke down. Lord Charles's little gold tooth is vivid yet in my mind as his bright Irish face lit up during our talks. Thank goodness! they were not types.

A GRAND OLD MAN OF LITERATURE: BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON, THE GREAT NORWEGIAN POET, DRAMATIST, AND NOVELIST.

M. Bjornson, who was taken seriously ill a short time ago in Paris, may be called the Grand Old Man of Norwegian literature and drama. Among his works that have been translated into English are two novels of Norwegian peasant life, "A Happy Boy" and "The Fisher Lass," and among others "The Heritage of the Kurts," "Paul Lange," and "Laboremus." His latest dramatic work has only recently been in rehearsal at Dresden. He is the author of numerous plays, including "Leonardo" and "Mary Stuart in Scotland," and an epic poem called "Arnljot Gelline." M. Bjornson was born in 1832. In 1857 he became Director of the Theatre at Bergen. From 1860 to 1862 he lived in Denmark, Italy and Germany. During the ten years from 1862-1872 he was Director of the Christiania Theatre and editor of the "Norske Folkeblad." In 1874 he bought a farm in the heart of Norway, where he has since generally spent the summer, at other seasons living much in Paris, Rome, and the Tyrol.

John A. and Blake.

SIR LOUIS DAVIES, of the Supreme Court Bench, and an enthusiastic Prince Edward Islander, was the guest of honor at a real old-fashioned oyster supper tendered by the four representatives of that little province by the sea, to their fellow members in the Parliamentary restaurant at Ottawa recently. Sir Louis, who is a capital after-dinner speaker, told an excellent story of the way in which Sir John A. Macdonald used to win the devotion of his followers.

"I well remember," said Sir Louis, "the stirring fights we had in the House during the early eighties. Mr. Edward Blake was the Opposition leader, and a feature of his leadership was the tremendously long speeches in which he used to indulge. On the night in question, Edward Blake made a four hour attack on the Government and lashed old Sir John vigorously with the whip of his invictive. It was well into the morning when Mr. Blake finished, and everyone waited anxiously for the reply of the premier. Sir John rose quietly and in a few words thanked the Liberal leader for his well-chosen and brief references to himself. Then, without deigning to treat the arguments advanced against his government, the veteran deliberately turned and facing his supporters exclaimed:

"'Well, boys, it is just this: Who is to rule this country—old John A. or Edward Blake?'

"Then he sat down and the roar of cheers which went up shook the chamber, and a four hour speech had been triumphantly answered in as many minutes."

An Able Government Official.

MR. ROBERT E. YOUNG, who is acting as the representative of Canada at the conference at the Foreign Office, London, to discuss the standardization of the world's map, was for many years a Dominion land surveyor in Western Canada in the early days. He has been described as the type of man who would start on a week's strenuous work with a can of biscuits for provisions. His skill as a surveyor and geographer was such that when difficulties arose in the survey of the City of Winnipeg, involving millions of dollars' worth of property, he was chosen to make a special survey of the city, and his survey was legalized by the Manitoba Legislature. The Dominion Government subsequently offered him an appointment in the Department of the Interior as Superintendent of Railway Lands, a position which, on account of the continuous method of selection adopted by those interested, required the services of one specially skilled in geographical and survey work.

No one has been more active or influential in making known the potentialities of the far Northwest of Canada than Mr. Young. He has been indefatigable in this work. To the newspapers he is a veritable mine of information on the subject of the climate and natural conditions of the Peace River and MacKenzie districts and the Yukon Territory. He, indeed, possesses the combination of qualities somewhat rarely found among permanent government officials—enthusiasm, courtesy, enterprise, and talent. Mr. R. E. Young and Mr. "Charley" Young, the popular proprietor of The Cornwall Freeholder are brothers.

"The Hereditary Principle."

The following lines were written some twenty years ago in England, and are now revived owing to the recent action of the Lords in throwing out the Lloyd-George Budget:

"There was an ocean pilot, and his eldest son was blind
And deaf and dumb from childhood, likewise vacant in his mind;
But, of course, he was a pilot when his daddy's course was run,
And he navigated vessels as his father's eldest son.

"There was a clever surgeon, who could cut off legs and arms,
And invest an operation with a thousand nameless charms;
He'd an eldest boy who'd never seen an operation done,
But succeeded to the practice as his father's eldest son."

THE SCENE OF ENGLAND'S GREAT POLITICAL BATTLES

In the foreground are the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Asquith, British Premier, is seen addressing the House of Commons on the Lloyd-George Budget.

PRINCESS
XMAS WEEK MATINEES WED. & SAT.
JOSEPH M. WEBER
PRESENTS
THE LASTING MODERN COMEDY
WITH MUSIC
THE CLIMAX
BY EDWARD LOCKE
Music by JOSEPH CARL BREIL

Heralded by the New York press and public as the purest play of the day.

FOR MOTHER, FATHER, WIFE AND DAUGHTER

An offering that pulls at your heartstrings

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Matinee Daily 25c | Week of Dec. 20 | Evenings 25 & 50

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NAT WILLS
New Songs—New Monologue—New Stories
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Comedy Jugglers.
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All New Pictures.
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"At the News Stand."

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HIGH CLASS
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Presenting
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The Laird o' Laughter
The Bobbie Burns of Singers
HARRY LAUDER
and a notable Company
Massey Hall | WEEK OF December 20
Six afternoons at 2.30. Six evenings at 8.15
Prices:
Aft. 25, 50, 75. Evg. 25, 50, 75, $1
Mail orders from out of town should be addressed: Manager Massey Hall, Toronto.
Reduced Railway Rates begin Dec. 21st

$54.25 — JACKSONVILLE, FLA., AND RETURN—$54.25.
VIA CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

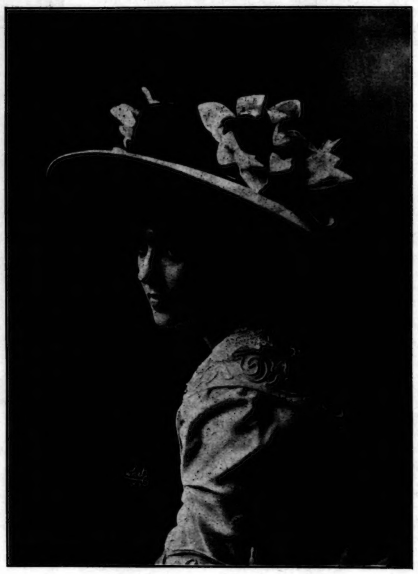
The new enjoyable part-rail and part-ocean trip to Jacksonville and return is via Canadian Pacific to Buffalo, thence rail to Baltimore, and boat to Jacksonville, touching at Savannah, Ga. Tickets are good between Buffalo and Baltimore via Philadelphia.

To reserve berths, get time tables and all information, apply at Canadian Pacific ticket office, south-east corner King and Yonge Streets, or send card and representative will call.

Returned Explorer—Yes, the cold was so intense at the pole we had to be very careful not to pet our dogs. Miss Youngthing—Indeed! Why was that? Returned Explorer—You see, their tails were frozen stiff, and if they wagged them they would break off.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing is too much trouble for the right woman to do for the right man, or for the right man to do for the right woman—after he has had his dinner and smoke.—Smart Set.

THE DRAMA



MARGUERITE CLARKE,
In "King of Cadonia," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

THIS has been a musical comedy week in Toronto, with the two leading theatres devoted to that form of entertainment. And the public has shown that age cannot wither nor custom stale the interest of these irresponsible hodge-podges. They have turned out in large numbers to both theatres, and have shown their enthusiastic appreciation by much laughter and many encores.

G. P. Huntley—that delightfully silly ass, y' know—has been the great attraction in "Kitty Grey" at the Princess. Of course, there are quite a number of people in the show, but he is most of them. And the Lord only knows how it happens. For, to be quite frank, he is a bally, inane idiot—my word! He talks the most utter and unalloyed drivel that ever occurred to a human being in or out of the harmless ward. And his actions are on a similarly high intellectual plane. But he is funny—funny as only a heaven-inspired idiot could be. And he is on the stage nearly all the time. In fact he is the life of the production, and he carries it safely past some dangerous places. But the threatened yawn never gets a chance to develope.

Outside of Huntley, "Kitty Grey" is a good ordinary type of English musical comedy, with lots of bright lines and catchy music and a general spirit of rollicking fun. It is well staged. The scenery, animated and otherwise, is quite good—particularly the animated kind. For there is a good-looking chorus of the sort which may be described as "fine and bouncing." They sing as well as a musical-comedy audience requires and they dance to the entire satisfaction of the bald-headed gentlemen down in front, who have told their wives they were going to spend an evening at the club.

The women of the company are not particularly strong. This is especially the case with Eva Kelly, who plays the part of the puritanical wife—played in New York by Valli Valli. Her work was distinctly disappointing in some of the scenes, and was largely responsible for the quite noticeable drag in the first scene of the second act. But some of the male members of the supporting cast were excellent—particularly Charles Angelo as the King of Illyria, and James M. Elhern as Joseph the waiter. All in all, the show is an excellent one, and quite one of the best seen in this city this season.

* * *

"THE Rose of Algeria," at the Royal Alexandra, is a well staged and fairly well played musical comedy, with some pretty music and a very handsome setting. But it labors under the difficulty of a poor "book." Glen Macdonough is well known as a writer for the stage, but he has to his credit a great deal of rather perfunctory work—productions which make one feel they were ground out in conscious effort, unrelieved by a flash of genuine inspiration. And the book for the present production is one of them. The dialogue is poor, many of the situations—such as that with the toy soldiers—are simply tiresome, and there is a general absence of the irresponsible humor and vivacious folly which form so large a part of the charm of musical comedy. Victor Herbert has done what he could with the production, but it was beyond even him to put much life into it, though he has contributed some charming songs.

As for the company, it contains some very capable performers. Lillian Herlein has a beautiful voice and fine stage presence, and Eugene Cowles is always worth hearing. Ethel Green also does some clever work. She dances well and has a very sweet voice, which she uses to good purpose. William Gaston and James Diamond, the comedians, evidently tried to emulate Montgomery and Stone. The endeavor, however, was more energetic than successful. The chorus was very large and also well trained and pleasing to watch. With the really beautiful scenery they helped greatly to make the entertainment a pleasant one.

THE latter half of last week at the Royal Alexandra was devoted to "The Return of Eve," described as a "dramatic idyll." The description fits well enough, though there was perhaps rather more of idyll than of drama. The idea of the play is excellent, and in the hands of James Matthew Barrie might be made a delightful piece of fantasy full of deep and subtle meanings, and yet vivified and made human by delicate humor. Even as it is, the piece contains some pretty situations and many effective lines. But the author was not able to sustain the proper tone of fanciful lightness, and he often falls into the obvious and conventional. Part of this blame, however, is perhaps to be laid on the shoulders of the company. Even Bertha Galland, herself, must take a share of the responsibility. She is a very clever actress, but she is not well cast in such a role—for physical reasons as well as temperamental. She has a fine stage presence, but her figure is perhaps rather too obstrusively fine for the part of a woodland nymph of eighteen. Nor has she the proper lightness of touch for the role. Maude Adams might, perhaps, be able to invest the role with some of the whimsical charm of Peter Pan, but it is certainly beyond the art of Bertha Galland. The same objection is to be alleged against the company generally. While they are all capable actors and do work which would be entirely adequate and satisfactory in an ordinary part and an ordinary play, they all fail to get the peculiar atmosphere and tone which are alone suited to such a piece as "The Return of Eve." The result was that the play, while quite pretty in many places, failed on the whole, to attain the effect it evidently aimed at.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—"King of Cadonia."
Princess—"The Climax."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"Bowery Burlesquers."
Massey Hall—Harry Lauder.

THE Christmas week attraction at the Royal Alexandra theatre will be the appearance of Marguerite Clarke in the latest musical English comedy success, "King of Cadonia." For two years at the Prince of Wales' theatre, London, it held attention and enjoyed much popularity. The book of the "King of Cadonia," which is said to combine dramatic action, clever dialogue, and a consistent plot, is by Frederic Lonsdale, the lyrics are by Adrian Ross and the music by Sidney Jones. If this well-known composer of "San Toy," "The Geisha," "An Artist's Model," "The Gayety Girl,' and "The Greek Slave," has followed in the "King of Cadonia" with a score in any way approaching those other delightful works, theatre-goers may be encouraged to look forward to much pleasure in this engagement.

The story of "King of Cadonia" relates the experience which comes to King Alexis who, becoming tired of ruling, abdicates his throne and, to all appearances, is lost. The populace acclaims the Duke of Alasia its king. This act greatly pleases the anarchist element, which thirsts for his blood. The efforts of that nobleman to escape the throne furnish much of the fun. The real king incognito, meanwhile falls in with the conspirators, and on one of his journeys meets and wins the hand of Princess Marie. Failing to induce the Duke to ascend the throne, the people suddenly discover a promising stranger, who is offered the sceptre. He accepts. At this time the anarchists, who are on hand to put the king to death, recognize in the new king their bosom friend of the past few days.

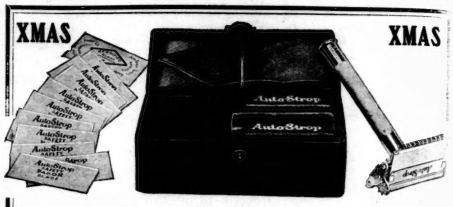
Dainty Marguerite Clarke, who is at the head of the excellent company engaged for this musical play, is well known to play-goers here, through her long service in the support of De Wolf Hopper. The supporting company contains many clever players in William Norris, Clara Palmer, William Danforth, Robert Dempster, Zelda Sears, Melville Stewart and others. Of course there will be any number of pretty show and dancing girls to give beauty and action to the different scenes.

* * *

There is no villain in "The Climax," a three-act "comedy-drama," by Edward Locke, nor is there a hero. There are contending forces however; otherwise it would be lacking in the elements that entertain. A doctor-lover wills that his fiancee a young woman gifted with a splendid voice, and an ambition for the operatic stage, should forsake her prospective stage career. At a c

THE WHOLE CAST OF "THE CLIMAX," AT THE PRINCESS NEXT WEEK.
From left to right the names are: Robert Taber, Florence Weber, Clyde Benson, and Raphael Newman.

XMAS XMAS



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SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION—Matinees on Thursday and CHRISTMAS DAY
SAM S. and LEE SCHUBERT (Inc.) present
MARGUERITE CLARK
with WILLIAM NORRIS
In the English Musical Comedy from the Prince of Wales Theatre, London,
KING OF CADONIA
Book by Frederic Lonsdale. Lyrics by Adrian Rose.
Music by Sydney Jones, Composer of "The Geisha," "San Toy," "The Gaiety Girl," "The Greek Slave," etc. Added Musical Numbers by Jerome D. Kern.
The Supporting Company includes Clara Palmer, William Danforth, Robert Dempster, Lilda Sears, Melville Stewart and others, with
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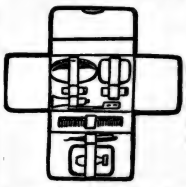
Third—No misrepresentation as to the quality of leather used.

Prices, $1.00 to $35.00

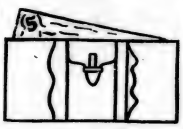


Dressing Cases

You likely know by experience that the ordinary Dressing Case contains toilet articles that are useless and of poor quality. That is where the "Julian Sale" case differs from others. We use only the best toilet articles and always good brushes.

$2.50 to $25.00.

Combination Bill Folds and Card Cases



The most practical Pocketbook ever made for men,

$1.25 to $5.00

Bill Books, 75c. to $7.00.
Bill Folds, 50c. to $2.00.

Writing Cases

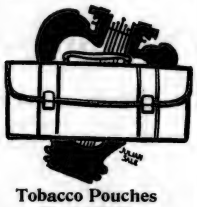
There is nothing quite so handy as the Writing Case for the woman that travels.

$1.00 to $10.00

Desk Blotters, with leather corners,

$1.25 to $2.00

Music Holders



Easy to make a choice because we carry the best assortment shown anywhere.

$1.00 to $10.00

Tobacco Pouches
75c. to $2.50
Cigar Cases
75c. to $10.00
Brass Ash Trays
25c. to $2.00

Collar Bags
Note the Stud Pocket. This is on all Bags from $1.00 to $4.00.

Flat Cuff Cases
$1.25 to $2.00

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$3.00

Real Ebony Military Brushes

Because we are the largest brush buyers in Canada we are able to give specially low prices.

$1.00 to $4.00 a pair.
Cases $1.00 to $3.00 extra

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The famous "Julian Sale" double handled. Noted all over America for the handsome style and perfect leather.

$9.00 to $28.00

Dressing Bags

Consider a Dressing Bag from a purely comfort standpoint—everybody should have one. As a gift, what could be as handsome?

$15.00 to $75.00

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

THE DRAMA

FLORENCE WEBER,
In "The Climax," at the Princess next week.

tical time in the development of this young woman's voice it becomes necessary that an operation be performed upon her throat. The doctor-lover calls in the assistance of a surgeon for the operation. The young woman is told that there is one chance in a thousand of her losing her voice by reason of the surgical operation. This fact, the doctor impresses upon her mind so forcefully that upon trying to use her singing voice the fiancee imagines she is unable to sing a note. However, her voice has not been injured a whit. The doctor-lover "wills" that she forsake her stage ideas, and constantly he dins in her ears the fact that there is a chance she may lose her voice. That one chance looms up bigger than the other 999, and her imagination succumbs to his will. The doctor-lover is opposed to the stage and things theatrical, and by the exercise of his will power over the imagination of the girl and by mental suggestion he gradually weans her from her stage ambitions towards his way of thinking.

Of course, the girl finally comes to find out the truth, and the play tells what happens then. Altogether it is an unusual motive, and is worked out in an entirely novel manner. The great success of the piece in New York was one of the features of the past theatrical season. The play will be seen at the Princess next week.

* * *

Nat Wills, the famous "happy tramp," is billed as the headliner at Shea's next week. His act is said to be an extremely funny one, and certainly his work along those

CLARA PALMER,
In "King of Cadonia," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

lines has earned him an almost unique position among popular entertainers. Adelaide Hermann and Company, "The Queen of Magic," in puzzling feats; Pat Rooney and Marion Bent in their new act, "At the News Stand"; Pederson Brothers, aerialists; Jas. Devlin and Mae Ellwood, presenting "The Girl from Yonkers"; Geiger and Walters, "In the Streets of Italy," and Levine and Leonard are strong features of next week's programme.

* * *

The "Bowery Burlesquers," which comes to the Gayety next week, have a great press-agent. Concerning the musical review, "Too Much Isaacs," he says that "the many irresistibly funny scenes are founded to create tumultuous outbursts of hilarity." He also states that the "Bowery Burlesquers" are carrying "a chorus of enchanting little girlies and shapely young women." We'll let it go at that.

* * *

Bernstein's famous play, "The Thief," which is now in its third season in this country, will come to the Princess for New Year's week. Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon play the principal roles.

* * *

At Massey Hall during the whole of next week, Harry Lauder—for whom no introduction is necessary to Toronto audiences—will be the attraction. Performances will be given every afternoon and evening. The famous music-hall artist will give his usual programme of Scotch songs and monologues. His performance has been imitated oftener than that of any other famous entertainer; but in spite of the efforts of even such clever mimics as Cissy Loftus and Elsie Janis, it still remains unique and unapproachable.

ARRIVING in London from his flying trip to New York, Mr. A. B. Walkely writes in the London Times: "After seeing a few typical specimens of the ordinary American drama I can quite understand why New York has determined to have a New Theatre, and all that is involved in a New Theatre, for a change. Not that ordinary American drama is vastly inferior to ordinary English drama. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, when asked to decide as to the merits of two rival poetasters, 'I cannot pretend to distinguish between a louse and a flea.' Ordinary American and ordinary English drama are both—ordinary. Yet there does seem to me to be this discernible distinction: that the American sort is a little more sentimental, more romantic, more melodramatic—in a word, more unsophisticated—than ours. Thus is has, as we should say, a certain 'old-fashioned' air. It is to-day more or less what ours was the day before yesterday. There is that slight difference. There are also slight differences in point of view, in local color, and in local idiom. But the subject-matter on both stages is very much the same." FIRST NIGHTER.

Mr. Timid (hearing noise at 2 a.m.)—I th—think, dear, that there is a m—man in the house. His Wife (scornfully)—Not in this room.—Boston Transcript.

The social, like the musical scale, begins and ends with "dough."—November Smart Set.

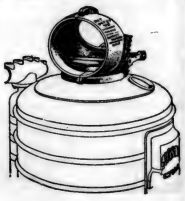
Think About the Coal You'll Save

Listen to this, you people who dread extravagant coal bills. When you heat your home with hot water, why not have economy with efficiency? Use the Gurney-Oxford Boiler and Radiator, Experience has proven their efficiency beyond a doubt. Then as to economy that remains unquestioned, The

Oxford Hot Water Boiler

possesses many exclusive features, all of which have made it pre-eminently the best from every view point. We'll send you the evidence to prove our statements. Write for "Heating the Home," a beautifully illustrated booklet. You cannot afford to be without it if you are interested in the question of how best to heat the home.

The Oxford "Economizer"



"One damper controls the fire"—a marvellous fuel saver. The principle is just this: During mild weather, with the handle on the "Economizer" drawn down, more of the cold draft comes into the smoke pipe and less through the fire, the lid inside the "Economizer" (see illustration) closing one opening as it opens another. When the handle is down just a knife edge of draft is drawn through the fire—keeps fire enough to warm the water—coal is saved—gas fumes avoided. The handle can have chain attached and "Economizer" operated from upstairs. This "Economizer" is fitted to every Gurney-Oxford Boiler and is licensed for use only on same.

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited

TORONTO, HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER

A Fascinating Problem for Those Who Love Pretty Baskets

WE have so many dainty, quaint, handsome, useful and curious baskets in the Fancy Basket show on the main floor, James Street, that you won't know whether to buy baskets to keep for yourself or to use as Christmas presents. However, that's your problem, not ours. We have secured the best baskets made this season. It is your pleasure now to decide what to do with them.

On sale in a specially arranged section in the new store near the City Hall corner of the store.

Baskets of all kinds—10c. to $10.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
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UP-TO-DATE SHOES

Exclusive styles in the famous J. & M. custom shoes, of which we are sole agents in Toronto. Cut illustrates a stylish line patent leather, gun metal buttons, nobby and tasty. Our regular $5.00 line unequalled.

King Edward Hotel Shoe Store

Guaranteed Unshrinkable

The WOLSEY Pure Wool Underwear

Feel its silky texture. Notice the absence of harshness and roughness and see how well it is made.

At all Leading Dealers

SWORD MAKE

..NECKWEAR..

Look for this label on the tie you buy

BEST BY TEST

A POSTAL TO

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or phone message to Main 2611, will bring you our

Jaeger Christmas Gift Suggestions

Come and see us, and we will show you something GOOD ---BOTH IN QUALITY AND TASTE---for each member of the family.

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OPEN EVENINGS

After the Theater

At your little supper party nothing is more appreciated than a glass of sparkling

COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

Used continuously for half a century by particular people

LARGE

FAMILY WASHINGS

Special Rates and Careful Work

Yorkville Laundry

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Phone Main 1580

Men's Wear

JUST at this season of the year women are almost as much interested in men's wear as are the men themselves. And the reason is not far to seek. This is the time of Christmas shopping, and thousands of women are devoting a lot of anxious thought to the subject of what they can present their male relatives or friends. In spite of the fact that the shops are full of innumerable articles of every description, of which suitable presents might be made, still on every side is heard the old question, "What in the world can I give him?"

The wardrobe—using the word to cover all the requirements of dress—presents a wide field of selection. But Mother Grundy steps in to say that great care is to be exercised in this respect, where there is a question of presents from a woman to men outside her family. In this case about the only gifts that may be made in the line of strict apparel are embroidered handkerchiefs, mufflers and gloves, or possibly a crocheted tie or muffler she has worked herself. But where there is no restriction by convention, the range is practically unlimited, and includes sweaters, knit waistcoats, house-coats, room-robes, fur-lined driving or motoring gloves, walking sticks, umbrellas, and a thousand and one other articles of wear.

Among the strictly practical things suitable for gifts to intimates are dressing stands, clothes cabinets, hat and shoe boxes, boot trees, trouser-hangers and stretchers, closet rods, and other wardrobe conveniences.

Requirements for travelling also present wide possibilities for the giving of gifts, ranging from such things as suit-cases and bags to shawl-straps and medicine cases and tags for trunks or bags.

In the way of jewelry one may find a large assortment of scarf pins in pretty designs; small tie clasps—a most convenient article—in gold or silver; watch-chains of every sort and price, from expensive pieces in gold to moderately-priced leather guards mounted in gold or silver; evening-dress studs of small pearls set in little gold claws; cuff links of a thousand designs for day or evening wear; little pearl clasps to keep evening dress ties from slipping up on the collar; sets of waistcoat buttons; key chains, and other little things, such as key rings, gold pencils, and the like.

Before closing this subject of Christmas gifts in the way of dress, it might be well to point out that some little care is to be exercised in the matter of such gifts—entirely aside from the question of convention. Every year at this season comic writers call attention to the humorous and pitiful plight of the unfortunate man who is literally bombarded with a mass of articles of wear which he would hate to be found dead in. There are ties of shades which shout with a baritone voice, and socks called "passionate," and lounging jackets which pain every sense, artistic and otherwise. And yet out of consideration to the givers of these ill-chosen gifts, he is more or less under an obligation to wear them at least a few times, before he bribes the janitor to give them to his son-in-law. And there is more than a slight basis of fact for this view of the funny men. Therefore it is well to be pretty sure as to a man's tastes in dress before venturing to present him with articles of wear.

* * *

IT is a fortunate thing for the man of moderate means that there are so many standard articles of dress, which change but little, and which are suitable for a wide range of different occasions. One of these useful articles is the black Derby hat. Another is the Chesterfield overcoat. Styles may come and styles may go, but this garment seems to go on forever. And deservedly so, for it is one of the handsomest of overcoats, and also one which is very generally becoming.

A NEW WARDROBE TRUNK FOR MEN

The hanging space is ample for six suits and an overcoat. The chiffonier section has a compartment for a dozen or more shirts, a box for a silk hat, one for shoes, and several drawers for small articles.

Just now, there is question of the winter Chesterfields, as the time has passed for the lighter models suited to autumn weather. Some of these winter models are in rough worsted, which is made somewhat more formal by the addition of a velvet collar. More serviceable, however, are the coats made of black beaver or vicuna, which serve for any kind of dress, and are thus more useful for the man who buys only one overcoat. Careful dressers are accustomed to maintain that a Chesterfield of gray or brown, even with the velvet trimmings, is not sufficiently formal to be worn with a silk hat—the final test of the fitness of a coat for formal wear. But there are many good dressers who do not hesitate to wear rough worsted Chesterfields for the most formal occasions.

Whatever the material, the winter Chesterfields nearly all agree in having the shoulder almost entirely free from padding, and the shoulder seam high, so as to avoid any appearance of an attempt to broaden the natural measurements of the shoulders. The back fits rather snugly, and as usual has three seams, with a vent in the centre one. The coat should fall about two inches below the knee.

* * *

AMONG the new overcoats which have come over from London this year, is a short Newmarket, which is intended almost exclusively for young men, and which can be worn for either formal or informal occasions. But it is rather a conspicuous style, and is adapted only for very slight figures. The waist of these coats is cut closely into the figure, the skirts are made with a decided bell effect, and the shoulders are without padding. These coats in light gray worsted are very stylish, but rather too conspicuous for any but occasional wear.

One of the new styles of Derby for the present season.

There is to be a renaissance of the Inverness coat, which was always the most convenient of coats for evening wear and possessed of a certain smartness. These coats are not, of course, warm enough for the severest winter weather. They can be worn in the fall and spring only, although in London they are made to serve all through the cold weather. They are longer than they were made ten or fifteen years ago when this decidedly London style was first put on the market. The great usefulness of these coats makes them especially popular for wear at the theatre or opera. They drop easily into the seat and need not therefore be checked. With an Inverness coat and opera hat much of the inconvenience of the evening dress in theatres is obviated, since you are not dependent on the dressing-room. The Inverness coat is coming into style again, for which there may be cause for gratitude.

* * *

THE shirt style of the present season must distinctly include stripes, not only in accordance with the opinion of the experts but from the point of view of the public as well. There never was a time when there was less demand on the part of men who follow the fashions for anything different. This was proved by the experience of one of the large shirt dealers who tried putting on the market a pattern containing a small design. So well settled is the public preference that it makes no particular difference what sort the stripes may be. They may be of any color or almost any width. That they must be vertical is the only requisite.

Materials for even the shirt for everyday wear have increased so much during recent years that there is a large variety for the wearer to select from. This increase in the supply of available materials is due of course to the fact that nine shirts out of ten for everyday wear are of the kind described as unstarched, which means they have so little starch in them as to be what the man in the street calls a soft or negligee shirt.

The most popular materials are still declared to be madras, batiste, linen plain and corded linen in which the stripe is nearly always raised from the background. There are also flannel, silk and linen, silk, silk and cotton and cheviot. When men wore stiff bosomed shirts always there was no such variety to choose from. Percale and linen made about the only two kinds of materials from which they could select their samples. That this variety is likely to continue for several years has been shown by the failure of the attempt to revive the stiff bosomed shirt for everyday wear. In order to make the revival of this style conform to the ideas of comfort entertained by a generation accustomed to the ease of soft shirts winter and summer the stiff bosom was made so small as to do little more than cover the space exhibited by the waiscoat opening.

Yet this has proved too formal for a generation that refuses to be anything but comfortable in its own way, whatever the fashion dictators may decree.

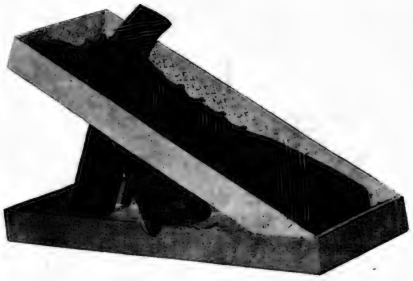
TUXEDO.

A wide Ascot cravat for formal dress.

PLAZA

"THE FITTEST OF THE FIT"

A snug but comfortable collar that fits close enough to give the desired "well-groomed" effect but not so tight as to cause discomfort. The purchasing of the PLAZA goods means the surest way out of your "linen" troubles.



"The Gentleman's Choice"

GIVE HIM WHAT HE'D CHOOSE HIMSELF

The distinctive line of Cravats that we have had made for our exclusive trade this Christmas cannot help but appeal to men of good taste.

Fashioned to slide easily in the prevailing close-fitting collar—made in thirty of the season's newest and most stunning shades, and composed of the finest silks—these splendid Cravats would make a pleasing and acceptable gift to the most particular dresser.

"Bilton's" Knitted Neckwear has ever been the standard of excellence and our new Christmas importations—in splendid "gift boxes"—afford a splendid way out of the usual "What will I get him?" perplexity.

Special attention is directed to the LIDFORD CRAVAT — a distinctive flowing-end four-in hand—made especially for us—an exceptionally beautiful cravat.

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SUSPENDERS

MADE BY THE JAS. HALL COMPANY, - BROCKVILLE, ONT.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S LATE Boyd's Larola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING after Cycling, Motoring, Skating, Dancing, etc.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

Ask your Chemist for it and accept no substitute

It Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, CHAPS, ETC. INVALUABLE for Preserving THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION from the effects of the FROST, COLD WINDS and HARD WATER

PURE RICH
AN IMPERIAL BEVERAGE
SYMINGTON'S
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LARGE AND SMALL BOTTLES
OF ALL GROCERS.

FEARMAN'S
HAMILTON
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BACON
is the Best Bacon

Is that the pleasure of the house?
IT'S A VOTE
It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.
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BY ROYAL WARRANT
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
G·H·MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY
The most exquisite Dry Champagne imported.
SELECTED BRUT
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.
There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.
Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by
His Majesty King Edward VII.
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His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
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His Majesty The Kingof Spain.

A SEASONABLE GIFT
to an invalid friend or relative is a 1 lb. bottle of BOVRIL.
BOVRIL possesses the full flavor of prime roast beef and contains all the goodness of the meat in a form which is instantly assimilated. That is, it is at once converted into force and vitality without imposing any tax on the digestive system.
BOVRIL
is a tonic to the nerves, it renews the blood and gives vigor to the whole frame.
1-12-09

HALIFAX FISH CAKE
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)
Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb Cartons.

DO YOU DANCE?
Then don't make any mistake, but engage MEYER'S BALLROOM at SUNNYSIDE.
IT IS THE VERY BEST

ANECDOTAL

AT a Highland gathering one Donald McLean had entered for a number of events. The first of these was the quarter-mile. Donald certainly didn't distinguish himself in the quarter-mile. Of eight runners he was last.

"Donald, Donald," cried a partisan, "why did ye no run faster?"

Donald sneered.

"Run faster!" he said, contemptuously. "And me reservin' myself for the bagpipe competition!"

* * *

THERE was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class which we call Society. Gaining riches, the young publisher retired and was seen less and less in his old haunts.

"Where's Lawrence?" some one asked of "Mr. Dooley."

Dooley answered, "Oh, he's uptown now, warming his hands at the Social Register."

* * *

WHISTLER once undertook to get a fellow painter's work into the autumn salon. He succeeded and the picture was hung. But the painter, going to see his masterpiece with Whistler on varnishing day, uttered a terrible oath when he beheld it.

"Good gracious," he groaned, "you're exhibiting my picture upside down."

"Hush," said Whistler. "The committee refused it the other way."

The "Kind Lady": You clear off, or I'll set the dog at you.
The Tramp: Ah, 'ow deceptive is 'uman natur'. Fer two nights I've slept in yer barn, eaten of yer poultry, an' drunk of yer cider, and now yer treats me as an utter stranger.

* * *

A WORKMAN, who was paid by time, was suspected by his wife of not giving her all his money at the end of the week. She consulted a neighbor, who advised her to get a ready reckoner. This she procured, and when next she was handed the guidman's wages she asked him, "Are ye sure that's all Geordie?"

"Of course," he replied.

"Because I have been looking at a ready reckoner, and I should get more."

"Let me see it." He looked at it for a minute, then contemptuously threw it back to her. "That's no use; it's last year's."

* * *

MRS. SMITH was engaging a new servant, and sat facing the latest applicant.

"I hope," said she, "that you had no angry words with your last mistress before leaving?"

"Oh, dear no, mum; none whatever," was the reply, with a toss of her head. "While she was having her bath, I just locked the bathroom door, took all my things, and went away as quiet as possible."

* * *

IT was at a well-known literary club, and one of the members had just made a terrible, irremediable break about another—made it in his presence and that of several other members.

"What ought I to do now?" asked the break-maker much embarrassed.

"If I were you," suggested an artist who had heard the whole proceeding, "I should go out and wiggle my ears and eat another thistle."

* * *

CHANG CHIH TUNG, the last of the group of Chinese scholar statesmen to which Li Hung and Liu Kun Yih belonged, is dead. He hated the foreign concession hunters who come out to wring special privileges from China, and he often treated them very cavalierly.

One good story is told of how he effectively snubbed a certain Englishman with fixed ideas of the way railway concessions should be forced from the Chinese by loud arguments and table thumping. Old Chang Chih Tung was a good listener, and he allowed his visitor to exhaust all his arguments, to threaten all his threats, to explain how the gentry of the province through which the new road would run must be forced to accept it amiably. But when the concessionaire finally paused for breath, Chang Chih Tung said quietly:

"My dear Mr. Blank, thirty-five years ago, when I was viceroy of that province, a baby was born in England"—he looked smilingly at the stranger for a moment, and then added: "And that baby was you."

* * *

IN one instance, at least, bad spelling enabled an office boy to express the precise fact. His employer has just reluctantly left to attend a meeting of bank directors where the proceedings were sure to be long and prosy.

"James," he said to the tow-headed lad, "put up the sign saying that I am out."

James sought for it in vain, so he inscribed and posted the following truthful announcement:

OUT—GONE TO A BORED MEETING.

* * *

A BIG-HEARTED Irish politician in a Western city had just left a theatre one night when he was approached by a beggar, who said:

"Heaven bless your bright, benevolent face! A little charity, sir, for a poor cripple."

The politician gave the man some coins, saying:

"And how are you crippled, old man?"

"Financially, sir," answered the beggar, as he made off.

* * *

THE pastor of a darkey church said rather pointedly from the pulpit one Sunday morning:

"Ah sutny am rejiced to see Bruddah Calhoun White in de chu'ch once mo'. Ah's glad Bruddah Calhoun ha' saw de error of his ways at lawst, fo' dere is mo' joy obah one sinnah dat repenteth dan obah de ninety an' nine——"

But at this point Brother Calhoun White interrupted angrily.

"Oh," said he, from his seat, "de ninety an' nine needn't crow. Ah could tell some things erbout de ninety an' nine ef Ah wanted ter."

* * *

AN English boy went to visit his two Scotch cousins during the summer vacation. His breakfast every morning consisted of plain oatmeal, and he got very tired of it.

"Say, Jack," he said, "don't you ever have milk with your porridge?"

Jack turned to his brother. "Eh, Tom," he said, "the lad thinks it's Christmas."

* * *

HE had courted her for years, never missing his evening call, and finally was landed. On the day of the marriage a friend observed the bridegroom wandering about his new front yard in a restless manner, and with a very dejected expression.

"Why, what's the matter, old man?" he asked. "You should be the happiest man alive, for to-day at least, and you look like a mute at a funeral."

The bridegroom started.

"Er—of course, I am very happy!" he asserted. "Then why these glooms?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Bill," the bridegroom said in a burst of confidence, "I was just wondering where I am to spend my evenings hereafter!"

* * *

A TRAVELLER in Russia noticed that the train was all decorated with flags and banners, and at every station stood a company of soldiers and a band playing the national anthem. He inquired of the guard whether this was the usual custom. The latter replied in a confidential tone:

"I don't mind telling you, sir, but in the strictest confidence, be it understood, that a carriage in this train has been engaged for his majesty. But his majesty, as a matter of fact, won't set off till this evening. Thus the plot hatched against him may take effect on this train, you see, and our gracious sovereign will be saved."

* * *

ONE of the New Jersey representatives in the United States Congress very much addicted to apparel of the variety known as "loud," was on his way to the Capitol one day when he encountered Senator Depew.

"If you're going to the Capitol," said the senator, "we might as well walk together."

"I'm not going there just yet," said the representative. "I must first step to see my tailor about a new overcoat."

"The tailor!" exclaimed Mr. Depew, in mock astonishment. "Why, Jim, it has always been my understanding that you were clothed by a costumer!"

* * *

A STRANGER in Milwaukee, seeing an Irishman at work in the street, asked him what was the population of the town.

"Oh, about forty thousand," was the reply.

"Forty thousand! It must certainly have more than that," said the visitor.

"Well," said the Irishman, "it wud be about two hundred and seventy five thousand if ye were to count the Dutch."

* * *

WHEN Willie's father came home to supper there was a vacant chair at the table.

"Well, where's the boy?"

"William is up-stairs in bed." The answer came with painful precision from the sad-faced mother.

"Why,wh—what's up? Not sick, is he?" (An anxious pause.)

"It grieves me to say, Robert, that our son—your son—has been heard swearing on the street. I heard him."

"Swearing? Scott! I'll teach him to swear." And he started up-stairs in the dark. Half-way up he stumbled and came down with his chin on the top step.

When the atmosphere cleared a little, Willie's mother was saying sweetly from the hallway, "That will do, dear. You have given him enough for one lesson."

* * *

AN Irish recruit who ran at the first shot in his first battle was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith, an' I didn't naither. I just observed the gineral's express orders. He told us, 'Strike for home and yer counthry,' and I sthruck for home.

"Thim what sthruck for their counthry is there yet."

* * *

IT is said that when Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied:

"Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work; for instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed, said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?"

"No! no!" said Sir Andrew, "but when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

Material Customer: "What's that, waiter?"
Soulful Waiter (captivated by the band): "That's a bit of 'Our Miss Gibbs,' sir!"

"My, I do wish they would use Lux!"
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A package of Lux, the unique washing preparation, actually contains five times as much real soap as the same weight of any ordinary washing-powder or soap extract. There is absolutely nothing like Lux for washing Flannels, Woolens, Silks, Laces and all other fine and delicate fabrics.
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MUSIC

MR. LEONARD LIEBLING, the versatile editor of "Variations" in The Musical Courier, is a singularly care-free young gentleman, with an all too rare sense of humor.

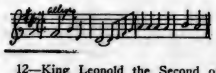
Recently, Mr. Liebling has been conducting a very amusing competition in his department. Twenty-five questions were asked in all apparent seriousness, and answers in not more than ten words were required. To most of the questions, the answers were so obvious as to cause bewilderment in the mental recesses of the more sober-minded of readers regarding the real nature of the competition. Here are the questions:

1—Who is the manager of the Manhattan Opera House?
2—What æronautic opera did Wagner write?
3—Which tenor had an operation performed on his throat early this summer?
4—If a pianist gives testimonials to two different piano houses, which one is sincere?
5—Is music progressing, retrograding, standing still, or moving sideways?
6—Name three composers whose names begin with B.
7—Which pianist has the longest hair?
8—Mention an opera that has a foolish plot.
9—Who wrote the E flat nocturne that is best known in the world?
10—Which pianist's name sounds like a city in North Germany?
11—Which composer is referred to familiarly as "Papa" or "the father of the symphony"?
12—Who was the Waltz King?
13—Do prima donnas like to be praised in the papers?
14—Name a work by Gounod.
15—In what opera is the "Anvil Chorus"?
16—Should the music teacher be paid before the dentist?
17—Which composer is often referred to as "the Polish tone poet"?
18—"Who is Sylvia?"
19—"Knowest thou the land"?
20—In which opera does the heroine apostrophize a man's severed head?
21—What oratorio is heard most frequently at Christmas time?
22—Who wrote the "second rhapsody" for piano?
23—Of which opera is Parsifal the chief character?
24—What famous coloratura soprano is named Melba?
25—What would you rather do than attend a Bach recital?

The answers that poured in by every mail often revealed a very pretty wit upon the part of the sender. The prizes were original, and in keeping with the excellent fooling which pervaded the whole business. Among the treasures set up to be competed for were autograph letters of Rafael Joseffy, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Josef Lhevinne and others; Autograph letter of Sousa in which he says: "I feel like hell"; original pen and ink caricature of Vladimir de Pachmann; signatures of Emil Sauer, Katharine Goodson and Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.

The answers ranged in tone from the most serious to the wittiest and most laughable. From the latter class the following set received the first prize. The author is Mr. Carl H. Tollefsen a Brooklyn violinist:

1—Oscarus of Olympus.
2—The Aeronauting Teuton.
3—Shades of Central Park and Monkey House! Sig.? Crusoe.
4—"I love my Weber, but oh, you Steinway."
5—Depends on the direction the hand organ is moving.
6—Buxtehude, Balakirew, Besekirsky.
7—Will H. Fox.
8—They all have.
9—Leybach.
10—Give it up.
11—



12—King Leopold the Second of Belgium,
13—Oh, Lord, no.
14—One of his teachers was Adolphe Regnier.
15—In the opera, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are marching."
16—Yes, Dentists as a rule extract teeth without pa (y) in.
17—George Sand's gentleman friend.

MADAME ALBANI.
The greatest singer that Canada ever produced.

18—The Erl-Konig's mother-in-law.
19—Why, of course! "Tis There, 'Tis There."
20—Forget it! Don't you know better than to revive scandal?
21—Notorious excerpt: "Hal-le-lujah" sung, yelled, howled, shrieked fifty-three times.
22—Liszt-en, my friend, and you shall hear.
23—"Parsiffle."
24—Nellie.
25—See the Giants whip the Pirates.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be remarked that the excerpt in No. 11. is the theme from the 1st movement of the Haydn Symphony in D maj. No. 2, which was played at the November concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

* * *

Dr. Edward Broome and his choir of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church gave a concert, on Thursday evening of last week, which proved to be a very satisfying demonstration of the good work which is being accomplished in this quarter. Dr. Broome's choir was augmented for the occasion, and the resulting balance, tone quality and power were very admirable. Also, the attack, phrasing, and dynamic effects brought out much favorable comment.

The first part of the programme was occupied with a rendering of Sterndale Bennett's "The Woman of Samaria," a short oratorio best known to most choir leaders through the excerpt quartette, "God is a Spirit." The contralto solos were feelingly sung by Mrs. H. H. Griffin, of Buffalo, formerly Miss Shildrick of this city.

A difficult seven-part number, "Go, Song of Mine," by Sir Edward Elgar was well handled by the choir, as was also Dr. Broome's composition "Yea, Though I Walk."

Mr. Joseph Martin, of Montreal, presided at the organ with much acceptability, and contributed solo numbers by D'Evry and Wheeldon.

At the next recital of the Jarvis Street Baptist choir, a new work by Daniel Protheroe of Chicago will be given, which the composer himself will conduct.

* * *

On Monday evening, at the Toronto College of Music a Piano and Vocal Recital reflecting much credit on the Teacher, was given by pupils of Miss Eveline Ashworth, A.T.C.M. The programme included: (piano) Jungmann, Heimweh, Lillian Westman; Jensen, Elfin Dance, Luzetta McClelland; Chopin, Valse in D flat, Lucy Colbeck; Beethoven, Sonata Op. 2, No. 1 (Allegro, Prestissimo), Mildred Lotz; (a) Beethoven, Sonata Op. 27, No. 2 (Adagio sostenuto); (b) Chopin, Berceuse, Margaret Steele; Moszkowski, Bolero, Mildred Lotz and Margaret Steele; (Vocal) Arne, Phyllis, Josephine Fairty; Pinsuti, Welcome, Pretty Primrose, Merle Neimeier; Buck, My Redeemer and My Lord, Elsie Evans; Bishop, Bid me discourse, Arloa Fraser; (a) van der Stucken, The Sweetest Flower that Blows; (b) Bohm, Calm as the Night, Annie Mason; Meyerbeer, "Robert tu che adoro" (Robert le Diable), Josephine Fairty. Katherine Feeney, a pupil of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, assisted Miss Ashworth's pupils, giving L'Envoi (Kipling) and A Modern Sermon (Anon).

* * *

The fortnightly organ recitals being given by Mr. Richard Tattersall in the Conservatory Music Hall were brought to a temporary conclusion on Saturday last, when the sixth of the series was rendered. These events of distinct educative value will be recontinued on January 22, next. At the recital of Dec. 11, Mr. Tattersall played organ numbers by Sir Robert Stewart, Alexandre Guilmant, Rheinberger, Sir Alexander MacKenzie, and Alfred Hollins, and in all of these selections evinced a mastery of his instrument and the possession of a musical temperament, which in every instance insured a delightful rendering for the pleasure of the large and cultivated audience, accustomed to gather upon these occasions.

* * *

Miss Maria Ricard, of whom mention was made in last week's issue, has cabled her acceptance of an offer for a tour of England of four weeks, beginning with a concert in London on January 12. The company will consist entirely of pupils of Dr. Theo. Lierhammer, who has long looked forward to this tour as the crowning glory of his career in London as a vocalist and teacher. Miss Ricardi will take the soprano parts. At present Miss Ricardi is staying in Ottawa with her father, Mr. Chas. T. Gibbs, the Accountant of the Senate.

* * *

A new vocal teacher on the Staff of the Conservatory of Music is Miss Josephine Scruby, late of London, Eng., who holds a teacher's certificate of the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Scruby has had experience in England and in South Africa. Part of her studies were followed in Paris where under the celebrated Mme. Rochefort, (Diction professor to the famous Studio of Marchesi,) she obtained another certificate and is certainly well qualified to teach both English and French styles of singing. Miss Scruby has trained pupils at Havergal College in this city and is otherwise well known here. Her instructors abroad, Frank King Clark, Mrs. Hutchinson, William Nicholl and many others have all gladly testified to the talent of their pupil as evidenced in the interesting press notices in the possession of Miss Scruby. Coming, as she does, of an unmistakeably musical family, her three sisters being all engaged in musical pursuits in London, Miss Scruby will no doubt continue to make her way as a leading member of the profession.

* * *

Helen L. Barton, soprano pupil of Mrs. Bradley, sang before the Womens Musical Club at their last Thursday morning Musicale and her rendering of Reichardt's Hoffnung delighted the large audience gathered in Conservatory Hall. ARPEGGIO.

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Recital—Edna Chaffee Noble of Detroit. Wednesday, Jan. 19th, at 8.15 p.m.

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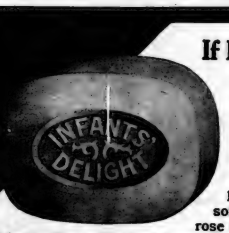

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BANK OF OTTAWA

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Ottawa was held on Wednesday, the 8th day of December, 1909, the President, Mr. David Maclaren, in the chair.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders the Thirty-fifth Annual Report, showing the statement of Profit and Loss for the year, and the Balance Sheet to 30th ultimo:

Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account on 30th November, 1908, was		$405,991 22
Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1909, after deducting expenses of management, and making necessary provision for interest due to depositors, unearned interest on current loans and for all bad and doubtful debts and contingencies		421,065 49
		$827,056 71
Appropriated as follows:		
Dividend No. 70, 2½ per cent., paid 1st March, 1909	$75,000 00	
Dividend No. 71, 2½ per cent., paid 1st June, 1909	75,000 00	
Dividend No. 72, 2½ per cent., paid 1st September, 1909	75,000 00	
Dividend No. 73, 2½ per cent., paid 1st December, 1909	78,785 83	
Applied in reduction of Bank Premises and Furniture	57,351 07	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	10,000 00	
		371,136 90
Balance carried forward at credit of Profit and Loss Account		$455,919 81

Branches of the Bank have been opened since the last annual meeting at Cochrane, Ont.; Fort William, Ont.; Edmonton, Alta.; Swift Current, Sask.; Vancouver, B.C.; Queen Street (Chaudiere), Ottawa, and Cartier Street, Ottawa, and sub-offices at Casselman, Ont., and Mountain, Ont., while it has been deemed advisable to close the sub-offices at Jasper, Ont., and at the south end of Peterborough City, Ont.

The unsettled financial conditions alluded to last year were followed by a very large falling off in the volume of business, and a consequent plethora of money, with a corresponding lowering of rates. During the last three or four months conditions have changed materially, and there is every hope now of an increased business being done during the coming year.

A building for the use of the Bank is nearly completed at Cochrane, and premises have also been acquired at Vancouver, Regina; Cartier Street, Ottawa; Pembroke, and Broadview Avenue and Pape Avenue in Toronto, necessitating a very considerable outlay and a corresponding increase in the Bank Premises Account.

Acting under the authority given at the annual meeting in 1907, the Directors issued on 1st October last 5,000 shares of new stock at a premium of 100 per cent.

The usual inspections of the Head Office and Branches have been made during the year.

The Directors have pleasure in testifying to the satisfactory manner in which the duties of the staff have been performed.

DAVID MACLAREN,
President.

General Statement of Liabilities and Assets

As on 30th November.

LIABILITIES.

	1908.		1909.	
Notes in circulation		$ 2,835,320.00		$ 3,162,900.00
Deposits bearing interest	$20,606,157.39		$24,600,195.83	
Deposits not bearing interest	3,479,228.74		4,175,997.55	
		$24,085,416.04		$28,776,193.38
Deposits made by, and balances due to, other Banks in Canada		1,563.82		6,138.20
Balances due to agencies of the Bank or to other Banks or agencies elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom		35,425.00		47,979.69
		$26,957,604.86		$31,993,211.27
Capital (paid-up)	$ 3,000,000.00		$ 3,297,550.00	
Rest	3,000,000.00		3,297,550.00	
Dividends unpaid	75,202.50		79,108.33	
Reserved for interest and exchange	17,860.00		10,880.00	
Rebate on current discounts	68,173.00		77,970.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	405,991.22		455,919.81	
		$ 6,567,226.75		$ 7,218,978.14
		$33,524,891.58		$39,212,189.41

ASSETS.

Specie	$ 778,775.51		$ 826,809.15	
Dominion Notes	3,411,370.25		2,927,773.75	
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	150,000.00		150,000.00	
Notes of, and cheques on, other Banks	759,879.77		941,521.73	
Deposits made with, and Balances due, from other Banks in Canada	2,454,283.82		2,084,962.45	
Balances due from Agencies of the Bank, or from other Banks or Agencies, elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	833,272.31		878,169.60	
Balances due from Agencies of the Bank, or from other Banks or Agencies, in the United Kingdom	389,453.10		28,849.36	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	891,882.59		1,482,491.92	
Canadian Municipal Securities, and British or Foreign or Colonial Securities, other than Canadian (including £152,000 sterling, British Consols at 80)	1,041,523.64		1,660,897.20	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	748,382.50		853,078.96	
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada	537,529.22		1,574,091.25	
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds elsewhere than in Canada	.....		900,000.000	
		11,996,352.71		$14,308,645.57
Current Loans		20,799,295.43		23,935,513.09
Overdue debts (estimated loss provided for)		68,850.39		54,334.77
Real Estate, other than Bank premises		35,010.85		63,978.08
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank		25,383.20		24,717.29
Bank Premises		600,000.00		825,000.00
		$33,524,891.58		$39,212,189.41

GEORGE BURN,
General Manager.

The usual resolutions were passed, also an amendment to by-law, making the annual meeting fall on the third Wednesday in December. The scrutineers reported the election of the following Directors:—Henry N. Bate, Hon. George Bryson, Henry K. Egan, John B. Fraser, George Hay, David Maclaren, Denis Murphy, George H. Perley, M.P., and Edwin C. Whitney.

At a meeting of the Directors held subsequently, Mr. David Maclaren was re-elected President, and the Hon. George Bryson Vice-President for the ensuing year.

WILLIAM BUCKLER, an English professional sprinter well known to the American school of "peds," in the early '70s, died recently at Hull, England. He was born in 1848 and was famous as a long distance walker and held records for feats of endurance. In 1885 he really commenced his career as a walker. On the turnpike between Cardiff and Newport he walked fifty miles per day for six consecutive days of twenty-four hours each and fifty-two miles a day on the road between Newport and Crumlin. In 1889 he walked 506 3-4 miles in a week at Merthyr Tydvil and in 1892 at Bristol he walked fifty-three miles a day for six consecutive days of 10 1-4 hours. Buckler's best work was when he beat William Gale's record's at Swansea. In 1886 he walked 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of 9 1-2 minutes; at Leeds in 1898 he did the distance in consecutive periods of 9¼ minutes. At Leeds in 1902, he beat this record by doing 4,000 quarters in 4,000 consecutive periods of 9 minutes. The conclusion of this walk drew an attendance of 40,000 persons.

The real hero is he who can bear his own troubles as stoically as he does those of his friends.—Smart Set.

"It Never Can Happen Again," by William De Morgan. Published by Henry Frowde, Toronto; $1.75.

MR. DE MORGAN'S latest novel is as prodigious in every way as those which have already come from this phenomenon among present-day writers. It is published in two volumes, rambling its tortuous way through seven hundred and eighty-seven pages. And the truth is, that the story is long not altogether because it is leisurely, but because it is unskillfully constructed, overloaded with extraneous matter and unnecessary details. Critics have hailed Mr. De Morgan as another Dickens, and Dickens wrote long novels, of course. But a Dickens novel is a canvas crowded with figures, each a portrait limned minutely. Mr. De Morgan's novels contain few characters, not one of which is drawn clearly enough to be remembered. A Dickens novel is intricate, with the lives of all the people of its pages interwoven, every one

WILLIAM DE MORGAN,
Author of "Joseph Vance," "Alice-for-Short," "Somehow Good," and "It Never Can Happen Again."

being essential to the rounding out of the tale. A De Morgan novel is simple and its characters, few as they are, do not always seem essential. Tear a page at random out of a Dickens novel and you have something which would be a treasure, if you were cast on a desert island without any other literature. Tear a page from a De Morgan novel, and you may get—nothing at all. Indeed I think, as I have said before on this page, that the critics who praise Mr. De Morgan so extravagantly do so, largely because in extoling the work of this dilettante writer they find an opportunity of rebuking the professional writers of the day for producing slap-dash novels inferior to the good old-fashioned sort.

"It Never Can Happen Again" introduces people of the lower, middle, and upper classes of English society, and the Deceased Wife's Sister question is the novel's main theme. Of course in some ways the work is delightful, and those who have found time to read his former stories in their entirety, and have really enjoyed them, will be equally pleased with this extraordinary double-decker. Other people will find that it dawdles along very exasperatingly.

At the end of the second volume, Mr. De Morgan indulges in a short talk to his readers. He points out that he was not, as has been stated, seventy years of age when his first novel was published, four years ago; but that "It Never Can Happen Again," was published on his seventieth birthday. At all events Mr. De Morgan has reached such an age that he may be assumed to have rid himself of petty vanity. So that it is probably wrong to conclude that he has begun to "fancy himself" when we read this remark made in "It Never Can Happen Again" concerning the principal character of the novel, an author: "People complain that his books are too long, and then ask for more. He says he's badgered for sequels, and untold gold wouldn't induce him to bring an old character into a new book."

* * *

"Manitoba As I Saw It," by John H. O'Donnell, M.D.C.M. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto; $1.50.

In this volume Dr. O'Donnell outlines the principal events in the history of Manitoba, and sketches the characteristics of many of the most prominent citizens of that province, past and present. In doing so he draws almost entirely on personal experience and observation, having been familiar with affairs in the West from 1869 until the present time. He was a Manitoba pioneer, and a member of the Legislative Council when the first Provincial Parliament met in 1871, and has followed closely the development of the province. His views on certain western episodes are not in accordance with those of some other observers and authorities. In dealing with the troubles leading up to the first Riel Rebellion, he blames Dr. Schultz for the outbreak, pointing out that he gathered the Canadian settlers together and armed them, thus provoking an attack by the half-breeds which would not have been made on individual peaceful citizens. Dr. O'Donnell says: "The segregation of the Canadians was the Schultz blunder. The killing of Scott was the outrageous blunder made by the half-breeds. The reader may judge for himself who started the Red River Rebellion. Was Dr. Schultz a hero?"

Among the well-known characters of the province the writer mentions Hon. Robert Atkinson Davis, at one time Premier. "As a rule," says Dr. O'Donnell, "he dressed a little different from the average man, in short, in a style of his own. At the first session after he became premier he wore a dress-coat, closely fitting, tightly buttoned, and in the centre of his immaculate shirt front a gold nugget, in which was set a diamond that was brilliant and of great dimensions. When speaking on a Government measure he always began by saying: 'Mr. Speaker, the Government of which I am head——,' and when speaking of Her Majesty the Queen, always spoke of her as 'Our Sovering Lady the Queen.' In addressing an opponent he would say: 'I certingly don't agree with the honorable gentleman opposite.'"

Dr. O'Donnell's estimate of Mr. Greenway is that "he was of the people, with the people of Manitoba and the West in all things pertaining to their welfare and progression. He ought to be, and no doubt will be, ranked well up on the column among Canada's greatest statesmen." Hon. Edmund Burke Wood, formerly Chief Justice of Manitoba, he considers to have been "a veritable encyclopedia of Canadian history," and "one of Canada's greatest men."

* * *

"The Broken Trail," by George W. Kerby. Published by Wm. Briggs, Toronto; $1.00.

From a glance at its cover one would suppose this book to be a story, or a collection of stories, of adventure, for a N. W. Mounted Policeman rides thereon and a settler's wagon is seen in the middle distance. The contents of the volume, however, prove to be a number of sermons, although in story form. They are based on some of the "more outstanding experiences" in the life of the writer in his capacity of pastor of the Central Methodist Church of Calgary.

* * *

"Seymour Charlton," by W. B. Maxwell. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; $1.50.

Here is a novel that rambles entirely too much. But if any reader finds difficulty in getting into the story let him not throw it aside; for it is a really excellent story. Seymour Charlton is the younger son of an English earl. He is a handsome, agreeable fellow of thirty-five, with no prospects. He finds his position as a hanger-on of society to be demoralizing. Then he falls in love with a girl who is poor and "common" but pretty and altogether admirable. After the hesitation natural to a man of his class, and after he has shown the weakness of his character by making a "Merely Mary Ann" proposition to the girl, which she indignantly refuses, he decides to marry her. Then suddenly an entirely unexpected turn of affairs puts him in possession of his father's title and fortune. Yet he marries the girl, for he discovers that he really loves her. Just as he has decided to forsake the futilities for the essentials of life, he is entirely overwhelmed by the futilities. He and his wife drift apart. The weaknesses of his nature predominate, until a separation seems inevitable. But tragedy deals with them in another way. The earl loses his fortune, but grows in worthiness; he wins back his wife's love, and all is well at last. The book gives an excellent picture of English high-society life, and, points a moral very effectively.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Christmas number of The Canadian Magazine is a most creditable number, one of which Editor MacTavish may reasonably feel quite proud.

* * *

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron contributes to the Christmas Century an article on the Mounted Police; also stories to the Christmas Pacific Monthly and the Toronto Globe. Miss Deans Cameron leaves Canada on Christmas Eve for London where she is engaged to write a daily column in The Daily Mail, for four months. She will also lecture in England on Canadian subjects.

* * *

The Detroit Saturday Night, speaking of Ralph Connor's Christmas story, "The Dawn of Galilee," says: "It is nothing more nor less than a Christmas sermon and might easily have been dug from the parsonage barrel."

Dear, well-meaning namesake, no one will quarrel with you for speaking slightingly of Ralph Connor's literary work, if you really feel that way about it. But to speak of the most famous Presbyterian minister in America as working in a "parsonage" is too much. "Manse," dear friend, "manse" is the word. HAL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Folded Meanings," a book of charades, by Susan C. Hosmer. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

"The Beginnings of New York," by Mary Isabella Forsyth. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston.

"The Haunted House," by Henry Percival Spencer. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

"Mary's Adventures on the Moon," a story for juveniles, by A. Stowell Worth. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; 75 cents.

"Waters from an Ozart Spring," a volume of verse by Howard L. Terry. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.

"Elizabeth of Boonesborough, and Other Poems," by Pattie French Witherspoon. Published by the Poet Lore Company, Boston; $1.00.

"Shawnie Wade," by Sarah J. Prichard. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

"Alcestis," a drama in verse by Carlota Montenegro. Published by the Poet Lore Company, Boston; $1.25.

"Psychotherapeutics," a symposium by a number of specialists in nervous diseases. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

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Aerial Costumes.

A LONDON firm has already designed and had made what it calls an aerial costume; in other words, a dress to be worn by women aeronauts. It is of the best sheepskin in a beautiful dull raisin red, though, of course, any other color could be chosen.

The coat is cut to come just below the hip line, says The Queen, buttons down the front and is close fitting. The buttons are of natural colored horn; but here again a wide diversity is possible, for these horn buttons are now to be had in any color to match the leathers.

The sleeves are caught in at the waist with an elastic band and over these long stiffened gauntlet gloves are to be worn. The coat is lined throughout with a soft thick camel fleece in the natural color. The divided skirt is extremely full and is lined with satin and caught at the knee into fairly wide bands which go under the high boots.

For headgear the newest type of motor bonnet is the style suggested. It is of the cottage shape, composed of leather to match the suit, and has rather a deep front, which is lined with ruched satin and generally worn folded back in front a few inches. It can, however, be turned forward when necessary, and makes a capital shade for the eyes from the sun. At the neck the bonnet is put into a deep sort of shaped collar which buttons over with two small horn buttons at one side of the front.

The whole effect of the outfit is neat and smart in the extreme, yet the pretty and becoming bonnet gives it a picturesque appearance. The entire thing is designed to be thoroughly practical and comfortable and to take up as little room and impede the movements as little as possible.

Moreover, it is quite air-tight, and owing to the way in which the collar on the bonnet overlaps that on the coat, the gauntlets cover the lower sleeve and the high boots over the bands of the divided skirt at the knee there is not a crevice where the wind can slip in, as it would certainly be apt to do when one is whistling through the air at the rate of a mile a minute.

CHRISTMAS SOUVENIRS.

THOROUGHLY seasonable and suitable to all tastes is the large variety of calendars and Christmas and New Year's cards issued this year by Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd. Many of the designs are novel and range from reproductions of scenes suggestive of the Christmas season to delightful views illustrating well-known verses. Among the cards, one of the newest is the card-wallet, which is simple in design and very effective, the greeting being enclosed in a folding cover of heavy white paper, tied with a small bow, and bearing on the outside a design in green leaves and a golden horseshoe. These wallet-cards are finished in different ways and are very pretty. The parchment private greeting cards have an effective design in color on the cover and are very dainty in appearance. Other cards, in a charming assortment, are in those received, including handsome ones with raised floral designs in velvet which decorate the covers.

The calendars show a wide range, one of the prettiest being a series of views entitled "The World of Sport." "Country Idylls" illustrates a number of selections from Longfellow. "The Shakespearian Calendar for 1910" is illustrated by a number of pictures of famous characters from Shakespeare's plays. "Flowers of the Year" is a long panel-shaped calendar bedecked with blossoms.

Among the books issued by Raphael Tuck & Sons is that charming one for children, "Father Tuck's Annual," in which the most delightful of adventures are recorded in pictures; prose, and verse, the whole being got up in a manner which cannot fail to appeal to young people.

"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job. "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes."

"Sure!" said Thomas, and began to swing his pick. In a few moments the Empire State Express came whirling along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could run. The train overtook him and tossed him into the ditch. Badly shaken up he was taken to the hospital where the foreman visited him.

"You blithering idiot," said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to get out of the road? Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the side of the hill is it, sor?" said Thomas through the bandages of his face. "Up the side of the hill? Be the powers, I couldn't bate it on the level, let alone runnin' uphill!"—Everybody's.

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32 PAGES

SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

SATURDAY NIGHT.

WOMEN'S SECTION

VOL. 23, No. 10. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 18, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1150

THE OTHER PAGE

ONE would almost fancy that men have no minds of their own, so much does one hear nowadays of the influence of woman over the stronger sex. According to the anti-suffragists a woman can do almost anything with a man, provided she sets the right way about it, the only really forbidden path apparently being that which appeals to his reason. She is encouraged to influence his vote, and is told that in this way she has as much political power as if she went to the polls and marked a ballot for herself. One hears a great deal about the indirect influence a woman can bring to bear on the political machinery with which she is supposed to be too weak mentally to be allowed to tamper; and as a natural sequence she believes herself encouraged to wield this power of hers to obtain many other things.

In the past there were long periods of history in which the usages of the world were rough and ready, and circumstances were such that it was only the exceptional woman, who, given the opportunity, could defend her castle from besiegers, or lead her followers to victory. In those days women got what they needed—protection, and in return learned to get their own way in many matters by the skilful use of their whole battery of charms. They used what weapons lay ready to their hands, and they used them skilfully. Somewhat similar conditions obtain in the zenanas and harems of to-day. Woman uses her wit against man's strength.

Such a course inevitably leads to lying. Not a nice word, is it? Or a pretty one? But that's what it amounts to. It's an ugly thing and deserves an ugly name. Diplomacy, to which woman's training leads her to take as readily as a duck to water, is largely the art of misrepresentation. It's a fine question whether a woman is being something more than just deceitful when she weeps in order to obtain a new hat, prepares a particularly nice dinner before she broaches the subject of a new stair-carpet, or smiles her prettiest across the breakfast table in order to get a larger shopping cheque from a husband who possibly cannot afford it. Smiles and tears have been a woman's right and left bower ever since Eve first got into the game—and inevitably it is the man who gets euchred.

There is a tremendous cry from women just now that there shall be no double standard of conduct for men and women. That both shall be judged at the same tribunal and submit to the same social law. And the women are right. There should be but one standard for men and women, only one right and one wrong, but they are mistaken in thinking that men alone would have to change in order to bring this ideal condition about. Women would find themselves compelled to subscribe to the same code of honor as do men. They would have to learn to be willing to be judged by their strength of purpose, their truth, their honor and their straight forwardness. They would have to realize that no allowances will be made for them in the matter of small lapses from the strict path of rectitude. The woman who manipulates her cards with over-skill in a friendly game of bridge would find herself ostracized; she whose word is not as good as her bond would be sent to Coventry by her intimates; matters now regarded as venial would assume their true proportions, and it would no longer be possible for a judge to say, as has been said in the past, that women are utterly unreliable witnesses because they have practically no sense of truth.

When women insist on the same standard of conduct for men and women, the gentler sex, in order to keep their share of the compact, will be compelled to cultivate all that goes to making true manliness of mind. Some people claim that a few big errors work less evil than a persistent course of meanness. Men sin largely. They plunge into the morass, but women pick their way around the shore line and don't realize their skirts are drabbled.

The suggestion that women should be content with their power of influencing man against his better judgment is one that no self-respecting woman should listen to, and yet man is not yet ready to grant by argument what he will readily yield to charm of manner and person. If women are to be considered sufficiently good judges to be able intelligently to influence a man's vote, they are surely worthy of having one of their own. If they merely manage to work on a man's mind until he sees with their eyes, then they are surely guilty of bribery and corruption. If women are to share equally with men in the home and the business arena, they are justified in demanding but one code for both and in seeing they get it.

But before it is theirs, let them stop to consider, if, while removing the mote from their brothers' eyes, they are equally capable of removing the beam from their own. When women insist upon a single standard of honor for both sexes—and they alone can force the matter to a successful issue—let them remember that the new and equal code will demand as much from them as from those they intend to reform, and that of them will be demanded honesty of purpose, truth of word, and breadth of mind. Well intentioned as women are—it's not entirely a one-sided affair when the gentler sex steps in to reform the world.

⁂

SOMEHOW women don't seem to find it possible to separate more serious matters from the question of clothes. If the average woman was going to undertake anything from climbing a mountain to dying *a la* Camille in an attic, a hectic flush and a frilly negligee, the all-important matter of how she would look, would immediately obtrude itself. It's a natural feminine instinct to wish to be in the picture, and women seem to think that the frame is of more importance than the contents.

The world would have a pretty poor opinion of a man's sincerity if, before tackling a big job, he paused to consider what he would wear while he accomplished it. A man with a purpose seldom has time to worry his tailor. But give a woman something unusual to do—or even a task that any one could carry through successfully—and it's a hundred to one that she will almost immediately run through the various stages of her undertaking until she reaches the all-important one of what to wear. There's a good deal of truth in the threadbare statement that there is more moral support to be found in a well fitting costume than in even an over-developed sense of rectitude, but the matter can be carried too far. It may be commendable to dress the part one is called upon to play, but it's a mistake to over-dress it. This is a tendency to which the majority of women are prone. Unconsciously there is a certain amount of pose in their attitude towards the world at large, and this reveals itself nowhere more strongly than in the question of clothes.

One has heard from time to time of such aviators as the Wright brothers, Santos Dumont, Bleriot, Paulhan, and many other masculine devotees of the fascinating sport, but as far as one remembers, the paragraphs concerning them have dealt with their exploits and not with the color of their neckties, the cut of their clothes, or the buttons on their waistcoats. Enter the eternal feminine and see a change come over the situation. An Irish woman, a Miss Sheilah O'Neill, has invented a biplane, and has announced her intention of paying a "flying" visit in it to her home in Ireland, and on being interviewed in London relative to her project, she carefully explained what she was going to wear, as if the costume, and not the woman, was what counted. Certainly, clothes are important. They are always useful and sometimes they are beautiful, but they are also a little too insistent.

To be frank, clothes are overworked. Too much outfit is liable to spoil the job, and a woman who cannot manage a biplane in an ill-fitting gymnasium costume, or paint without a pigment-spattered pinafore, or get married without a trousseau, had better leave all these things alone and turn her attention to something in which it doesn't in the least matter whether she succeeds or not. Clothes may make the man, but one is tempted in some instances to feel that they are the whole woman.

⁂

GIVING, or getting ready to give, is the occupation of the hour just now and every moment that can be snatched from other duties is devoted to the solving of the great Christmas gift problem. This all important question resolves itself into giving to others the value of that which they have already given, or may be expected to give, to us. The joyous feeling of giving for the giving's sake is too often lost sight of in the desire to render to the uttermost farthing unto some one who doesn't care in the least to receive it, the value of their last Christmas gift to us. The bright blue pin cushion we received last year to place in our pale pink bedroom must be acknowledged this season by a crotcheted shawl or an equally unwelcome equivalent. There is a recognized sort of exchange in the Christmas present giving business. Value must always be returned for value received, and some canny Christmas gift collectors even go to the length of having a few presents in reserve from among which they may make a selection to remove the obligation imposed by an unexpected Christmas gift arriving on Christmas morning when the shops are all closed.

It seems a pity to make a burden out of what should be a pleasure. It only needs a little strength of mind to enable one to go carefully over the list of those to whom one has been in the habit of giving, and eliminate all unnecessary names. By limiting oneself to the family and most intimate friends, one may make of Christmas, a season to which one may look forward with happiness instead of discomfort.

One woman who utterly disapproved of the things she had received for many Christmases decided on a wholly novel if somewhat selfish plan. She announced to every one in her large family connection that she would give no Christmas presents and would refuse to accept any, and then she took the money she would otherwise have spent on others and bought herself a Chippendale chair for which her soul had yearned. Certainly there was one satisfied woman on that particular Christmas day, the more so that she took the small amount left over from her Christmas fund and sent two generous dinner baskets to two families who otherwise might not have had any dinner at all. All her friends called her selfish, but at least she had no collection of useless fancy work, and such things, to litter up her home the day after Christmas.

Perhaps the best plan would be to give wisely to one's nearest and dearest, and then instead of spending what is left over on oneself, devote it to those who know least of the joys that the Yule-tide brings. But whatever one decides upon in the way of Christmas giving, it is imperative that there should be more spontaneity and less compulsion in the matter, less giving to those who do not need, and more to those who do, if the spirit of the season is not to be sacrificed to self-interest and self-love.

⁂

FALLING in love is a disease like measles, or whooping cough, or any other infantile ailment. One can live a long time without succumbing unless directly exposed to the infection, but once the little microbe gets busy, there's no chance of escape even by running away.

Propinquity is responsible for most love affairs in spite of the charming stories one hears of love at first sight. A clever woman once said that she could make any man fall in love with her provided they were thrown together for a rainy week at a dull country house. And the chances are she knew what she was talking about. Unquestionably love is the outgrowth of opportunity. Chance acquaintance feeding on successive meetings develops into friendship, and that in turn rapidly gives place to affection, after which bridal favors and a wedding bouquet are absolutely inevitable.

Engaged people often idealize each other, to find out when it is too late that they have made a mistake in their valuation of each other's characters. In the old days when this happened, young married people just settled down to make the best of a bad job, and sometimes succeeded in making something very good out of it. When this happy condition of things did not result, they usually managed to keep the world out of their confidence and passed for a happy pair. There is probably nothing more difficult to do successfully than to select a partner for a honeymoon and the subsequent long months that follow each other on and on until death brings freedom. There's always an element of chance in it. One can never be sure until, perhaps, one is sorry.

The trouble with marriage is that people no longer look upon it as a life term. Somewhere back in their minds is always the idea that escape is possible if the worst comes to the worst. With this idea firmly implanted, there is little incentive to making the best of things. When clouds begin to hide the "lune de miel," it has become customary to label them "incompatability," and instead of trying to disperse them, to allow them to gather more and more thickly until nothing could possibly scatter them, save the complete and final separation of two lives.

Patience used to be as necessary a part of the bridal equipment as a trousseau, and the two "bears" were well trained family pets, no home being considered respectably furnished that did not contain separate kennels for "bear" and "forbear." Of course, there were jars, and often disasters. These are inevitable in any event, which, like matrimony, is more or less of a gamble. But people married younger in those days, and their characters formed at the same time. They unconsciously grew to fill the same groove. Their interests were identical, and they had the same aims. The family meant more than it does to-day, for it was kept together and made to feel that each member of it was but a small part of an important whole.

To-day people marry later in life. Their tastes are formed and their critical faculty well developed before they even begin to consider matrimony as a personal matter. Men feel they can't afford to marry in early life. A woman often believes that it is better to remain in the shelter of the paternal home, than to share the early struggles of the man she intends to marry. These conditions lead largely to what are best described as "sensible" marriages, the sort usually dubbed as "so suitable" by the relatives of the persons most interested. Of course, one must not suppose for a moment that affection does not largely enter in such alliances, but the conditions are entirely different to those governing the boy and girl marriages of other days. The elasticity of mind that makes so largely for the comfort of two people thrown into close contact, is wanting. Set opinions find difficulty in giving way to other views just as sensibly come by. Adaptability is lacking to a great extent in men and women of over thirty, though possibly they expect less, because they have fewer ideals than when they were younger. It is a selfish world, and having had one's own way for a time it becomes increasingly difficult to realize that others have the same right to please themselves that we reserve for ourselves.

Moreover, there is constantly the feeling that if things do not turn out for the best, there is no need of waiting for death before escape is possible. This knowledge is a strong factor in many ill-advised marriages, and but for it there would be fewer brides and grooms who hold marriage to be an experiment which one can easily cease should it turn out unsatisfactorily. That men and women do sometimes hold this view even before their marriage is undoubtedly true, for I remember one nice looking fluffy little bride with a bright eye and a determined chin, telling me that she had arranged to be married in Jersey, rather than New York as the divorce laws were easier there, provided her marriage turned out to be a failure.

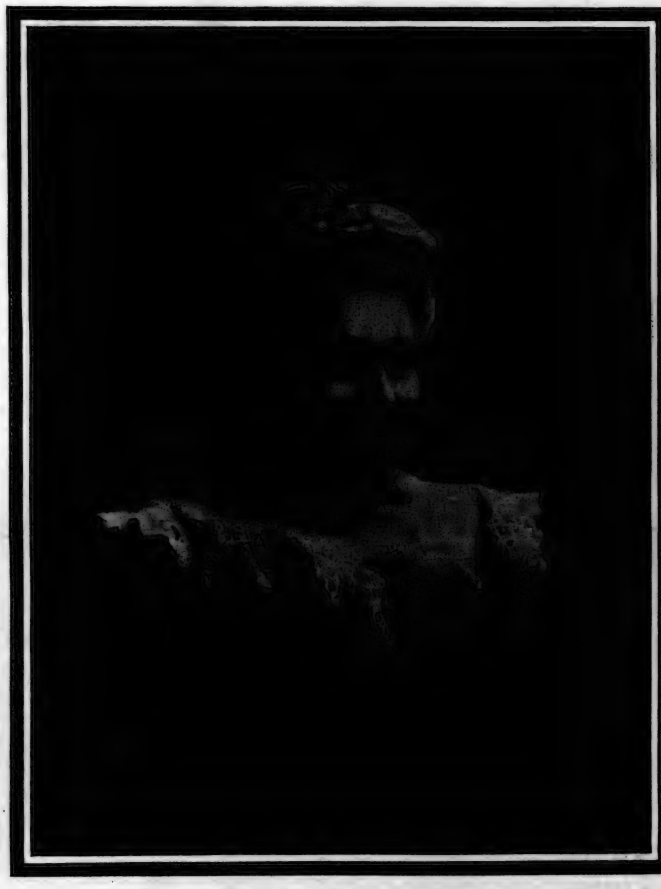
⁂

A CORRESPONDENT writes to take up the cudgels on behalf of mothers in general, having taken exception to an article published in SATURDAY NIGHT, called "Mothers Explained," in which a well-known woman writer advanced the theory of her own that the girls of to-day had become so independent that in order to make them seek homes of their own, Nature had enlisted mothers on her side, and by making them somewhat antagonistic to the ways of the present day girls, had forced the daughters to fly to other homes in order to escape from the maternal roof.

The theory, while perhaps somewhat fantastic if regarded "unhumorously," has yet a foundation of common sense that even the most sentimental of mothers cannot ignore. Nature does employ strange methods of working out her own problems, and while "Mothers Explained" may be far-fetched in theory it is still undoubtedly true that many a matron who is happy in her home and her husband might still be a bachelor maid had it not been for home influences which—well, shall I say, "assisted" her in making up her mind that an exodus from the home nest was just about necessary.

Lots of mothers and daughters get along beautifully together, but from a more or less superficial knowledge of many homes, I feel tempted to say that almost as many do not. My correspondent expresses the belief that the writer of the article in question must be "some headstrong girl, or an ill-tempered old maid who never had a chance to be a mother." Of course, she is utterly wrong in her surmise, but merely the making of it proves that she has considered the question merely from her own point of view as a happy mother and that she has failed to make allowances for those who differ from her. To utterly condemn another for holding a different point of view from oneself hardly adds to the value of one's own opinions. It takes all sorts to make a world and in spite of one who can sign herself a "Happy and Beloved Mother," there are many homes where constant disagreement exists between mother and daughters, and between older and younger sisters. To quote one case of known happiness in the home doesn't prove that all other homes are like it.

MADAME.



THE WIFE OF CANADA'S PREMIER.

Lady Laurier is a leading figure in the Social Affairs of the Dominion.

TORONTO SOCIETY

THE undergraduates in Medicine of Varsity gave a very nice dance in the gym. from 8 to 12 o'clock, Wednesday evening. The patronesses were Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Falconer, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Adam Wright, Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, Mrs. Allan Baines, Mrs. Machell, Mrs. J. N. E. Brown, Mrs. Thistle, Mrs. Goldwin Howland.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athalmer Aylmer, of Peterboro, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edith Christine Aylmer, and Mr. Lionel Frank Cross, C.B. of C., Peterboro.

On a pouring wet night, Monday, there were great doings at the Guild swimming pool in Magill street, where a natatorial contest was on, and the best lady swimmers in Toronto gave a most interesting and graceful exhibition of their skill and perfect *sang froid* in the water. The pioneer of this sport is Mrs. H. C. Osborne, who still takes the honors for daring and practised swimming and the little coterie of her friends, Mrs. R. Cassels, Mrs. Douglas Young and Miss Muriel Barwick, rival her in facility and grace. All four competed on Monday evening, with varying honors, some excelling in one particular and some in another, the various ways in which one may enter the water provoking much mirthful applause. The young lady swimmers who also entered the lists, from the classes of the man-instructor and of Miss Norma Armstrong, were as graceful and clever as mermaids and when Miss Armstrong's relay race started some time after ten o'clock, the friends of the girls went wild, cheering, encouraging and clapping *con amore*. Among the spectators of these interesting events were Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. R. Cassels, Mr. H. C. Osborne, Captain Douglas Young and many others. The long under-water dive, from end to end of the long pool, by Mrs. Osborne, and her clever dive gauged to come up in the circle of a life preserver were much applauded. Most of the swimmers are accomplished floaters, and lie in the most nonchalant manner on the water of the pool, giving one a tremulous suggestion of inanition. The gymnasium girls crowded into the very restricted places for spectators, about ten added their admiring plaudits. It was all great fun.

THE COUNTESS OF CREWE.

A daughter of Lord Rosebery, Lady Crewe prior to her marriage to the first Earl of Crewe in 1899, was Lady Margaret Primrose. Lady Crewe has been reckoned among the great Liberal hostesses, her husband being one of the most prominent of the Liberal peers. The Earl of Crewe has been mentioned as a possible successor to Lord Minto as Viceroy of India, and there is litt'e doubt but that his wife would perform with charm and distinction the duties which would fall to her lot as the first lady in India, even though she follow those so famous t-r their tact as the late Lady Curzon and the Countess of Minto.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross, of Winnipeg, arrived in Toronto last Saturday, and is now visiting her relative, Mrs. Albert Webb, in Madison avenue. All her old friends are delighted to see this popular lady again, and to entertain her as much as possible. Mrs. Ross will probably be a month or longer in town.

A pretty house wedding was that of Miss Eleanor Frances Eckley and Mr. Archibald G. Bennet, Rev. James Broughall officiating, and the bridal party standing under a canopy of 'mums and green in the drawing room of Mr. Edmund Eckley, Spadina avenue. The bride wore white satin and pearls, with lace, a tulle veil and orange blossoms and carried roses and lily of the valley. Miss Mollie Hitt, a cousin, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Harold Bennet, his brother's best man. The bridal trip was to the States and the bride wore a mouse-colored broadcloth suit.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis West, of Ashcroft, B.C., are at the Queen's.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, are in New York. Mrs. Mackenzie is giving a dance on December 28. Mr. Cameron Wilson will spend Christmas vacation in Brantford. Mr. and Mrs. R. Marshall have returned from their honeymoon, and are at their home in Glen road. Mrs. Reynolds has gone to Winnipeg to spend Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. Elwood Moore. Mrs. E. Y. Eaton is giving a dance on January 5. The Woman's Press Club gave a farewell tea on Wednesday for Miss Louise Birchall, who has severed her connection with The News, and is going abroad for some time.

Mrs. Woodland gave a smart tea at McConkey's on Wednesday. The table was centred with a huge basket of fine pink roses, tied with wide satin ribbons and arranged in the Rose room. A large party of guests attended.

Mrs. Raney, 117 Madison avenue, gave a large tea on Wednesday, at which guests, music and lovely flowers were in plenty. Mrs. Raney wore a handsome pale grey gown and some fine jewels. The tea-table was done in crimson, with poinsettias and shaded lights, and attended by many pretty girls.

Half a dozen teas and bridges in the vicinity of Madison avenue were in progress on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Jack Mackellar's large bridge and Mrs. Laybown's small one were equally delightful. On Thursday Mrs. Laird, Cluny avenue, was one of the tea hostesses; on the same day Mrs. E. Y. Eaton gave a telephone tea. There have been dinners, large and small, on every evening this week, and to-night the Hunt Club will be a gay rendezvous. There was a tea on Tuesday at the Phi Delta Phi Frat house in Grosvenor street for a bright coterie of girls. And all the theatres have had big audiences, who have enjoyed a good hearty laugh.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee will have her children and grandchildren and some connections for a big family dinner at the Alexandra on Christmas day.

Mrs. Tappan (*nee* Matthews) is visiting her people in Chestnut Park road. Mr. Tappan is going into business in the western States for his father, and Mrs. Tappan will shortly join him there.

The Rugby dance in 'Varsity Gym which was beautifully arranged, came off on Friday night with much *eclat*, and, according to the rule governing the students dances, was concluded at twelve o'clock. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, was unavoidably absent, and the dance was informally opened. One report said that Major Macdonald took His Honor's place but the official secretary was confined to his home by indisposition on that evening. There were several of the Patronesses present, all taking the kindest interest in the little function and as always, the young people included a notable and attractive coterie of all that is brave and all that is fair in 'Varsity circles. The 'Varsity men are most attentive and courteous hosts, vieing with each other in their kind attentions, so that Patronesses, as well as others are always ready to enjoy one of these Cinderella dances.

One of last week's pleasant teas was given by Mrs. Halford Walker at her home in Isabella st. Mrs. Charles O'Rielly and Mrs. Elmes Henderson presided at the tea-table, and Miss B. Spragge, Miss Rolph and a pretty debutante, Miss Ondine Pangman waited on the guests, among whom were Lady Whitney, Mrs. Falconer, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. and Miss Strathy, Miss Kate Merritt, Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. Pangman, Mrs. Miller Lash, Mrs. Harry Mickle and Mrs. Lionel Clarke.

Mrs. George J. Webster's tea for her handsome debutante, drew a great many friends to her residence in Delaware avenue, that elm-bordered spatious street of cosy homes on the far west side, Mrs. Webster receiving at the entrance to the drawing room, and the debutante, in a shimmering satin gown, looking a picture of girlish happiness and grace by her side. The beautiful dark-eyed grandmother moved among the crowds of guests, looking very attractive in a soft black gown, with a wide *collet* of fine white lace. The table was pretty with 'mums and shaded candles, and the girls assisting were charming.

Mrs. Herbert Carveth, *nee* Fortier, who received with her mother, Mrs. Fortier, at 57 Murray street, had a great number of callers, and looked very bonnie in a delicate pink gown, Mrs. Fortier wearing blue, with white lace. In the tea room Mrs. Percy Biggs and Mrs. King poured tea and coffee, at a table centered with golden 'mums and Mrs. George Carveth, Miss Alicia Carveth and a couple of pretty little daughters of the house waited upon the visitors.

Miss Mona Murray, who, like Miss Eleanor Mackenzie, is the prettiest of little housekeepers for her father, gave a tea for her younger sister, Miss Hilda Murray's debut recently, at her home in Euclid avenue. Miss Murray wore a rose pink dress, and the debutante was in white, and looked very well, indeed. Mrs. MacDugald, another sister, was in the reception room in a soft white *crepe de soie* gown. Some lovely flowers, notably a graceful basket of yellow 'mums from Mrs. Charles Murray, were arranged near the debutante. It was a heartsome and jolly tea, and everyone had best wishes for Miss Hilda's happiness.

Mrs. Fawcett, formerly of Toronto, announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Margaret Maud Fawcett, and Mr. T. Seymour Coppinger, of Morden. The marriage will take place in December. The bride-elect is the granddaughter of the late Thomas Bolster, of Uxbridge, Ontario.

Mrs. Gibson received last week for the last time this year, and quite a number called, though, of course, nothing like the throng at the first and second receptions. His Honor has been busy fulfilling engagements to dine here and there, and Mrs. Gibson has arranged for a dance in holiday week for young folks.

An enthusiastic gathering of ladies assembled in Mrs. Fred Denison's handsome old drawing rooms at Rusholme, on Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. Nordheimer, regent of the I.O.D.E. for Ontario, formed a new Chapter to be called the Dreadnaught Chapter, of which Miss Dora Denison was elected regent, Mrs. Alfred Wright, vice-regent; Mrs. Sydney Laybown, secretary, and Miss Marie Macdonnell, standard bearer. The name of the Chapter was suggested by the son of the house, who is an officer in the Royal Navy, and the motto was not at once decided upon, the one at first suggested being already even more appropriately apportioned to the Lord Nelson Chapter, one of the most energetic in Toronto, but the significant one of "No Surrender" was finally adopted. The new Chapter has already in mind a scheme of work, which will be announced in due time. Since the trip to the coast of the deputation of chapter-forming "Daughters," a new impetus has been given to the Order.

Mrs. Magee gave a very pleasant tea on Tuesday for her daughter, Mrs. Skinner, who has been for some weeks in Toronto with her husband, Captain Skinner, on a visit to Judge and Mrs. Magee at Bloor street and Madison avenue. The day was of that sort which makes the most complete contrast to the beaming and good-natured atmosphere of a gathering of old friends, and all who foregathered in Mrs. Magee's spacious rooms appreciated the change from a gloomy outdoors. The hostess, in a black pailletted gown over black silk, received at the entrance to the drawing room, Mrs. Skinner in a soft rose *crepe de soie* with strings of cut jet on the folds, added her gentle welcome, and the ladies assisting in the tea-room saw that no one lacked more substantial proofs of it. They were Mrs. Charles Macdonald of Cona Lodge, Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald of St. Andrew's, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Cory, and Miss Dalton, whose mother was a former fellow-citizen of Mrs. Magee in London. The floral decoration of the tea-table was a novelty most welcome to the multi-leagoer, being a bowl of the quaint old flowers known as snap-dragon, in soft rose and white colors, flanked by some woodsey looking sprays of green with the tiniest white blooms. In the other rooms were 'mums and various flowers, and a dainty tea was served. Captain and Mrs. Skinner go back to India the first week in January. Mr. Allen Magee will be down for a Christmas visit to his people and to bid his sister good-bye.

I hear that Mrs. Cecil Gibson, St. Alban street, will give a small house dance during the vacation.

Invitations were out at mid-week for the U.C.C. holiday dance, which takes place next Wednesday, Dec. 22.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McKinnon have removed from Dunbar road to 83 Isabella street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Glass, who have taken the Hagarty residence, 13 Spadina road, have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Glass, and Dr. Harry Hyland Kerr, of Washington, D.C. The ceremony will take place at half-past three on New Year's Day at their residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones are very glad of the news from Gravenhurst that their young son, Harry, who went up for treatment, is making a very good recovery. His complete restoration is now merely a matter of care and time, I hear.

There was a dinner given at Deancroft on Tuesday, and another is arranged for next Tuesday.

The marriage of Miss Mary Clark and Mr. Ross will take place early next year.

Mrs. Stout has returned from a three weeks' visit in Chicago.

Mr. Sanford Evans has been re-elected Mayor of Winnipeg with little opposition, and will be in town with his family for Xmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Haney, of Cliffden Hall, Rosedale, have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Margaret Haney, and Dr. Alfred Howard Spohn, which happy event will take place on January 6 at three o'clock, in St. Augustine church, and will be followed by a reception at Cliffden Hall. Dr. Spohn is practicing in Penetanguishene, where he will take his bride, one of the most beloved and attractive girls in Toronto.

Mrs. Sanford Evans and her children arrive from Winnipeg next week to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Gurney.

Mrs. Sterling Dean, Edgedale road, gave a pretty little tea last week, at which Mrs. Alfred Wright and Mrs. Reginald Pellate presided at the tea-table.

Mrs. Sydney Laybourne gave a cosy little luncheon on Tuesday, which the guests are saying they enjoyed much more than large and formal ones. Mrs. Laybourne also gave four tables of bridge on Wednesday. This pretty and wise hostess always succeeds in making her friends in love with her pleasant home and her cordial self, and anxious for another hour with both.

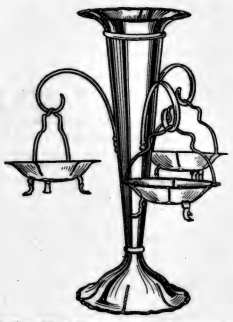
Mrs. Percy Beatty is going to Bermuda. Miss Gladys Murton is visiting Mrs. Clinch at Sussex Court. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie are home from Europe. Miss Dorothy Biscoe, of Galt, is visiting Miss Foster. Mrs. Tom Delamere has returned from Ottawa, where she was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Crowdy. Mrs. and the Misses Hoskins will spend the vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Hoskins in Winnipeg. Mrs. George Evans has returned from Montreal. Mr. R. J. Strathy, who was in the General Hospital for some time, has returned to his home quite restored.

Mrs. Braithwaite gave a dance for young folks last week, on Friday night, and Mrs. Cross gave one last night for her debutante, Miss Winnifred.

Mrs. Wallace Barrett held her postnuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, when her mother, Mrs. Flavelle, assisted her in receiving shoals of visitors. Mr. Flavelle recently purchased that beautiful residence built by Mr. John Alexander, of Bowmanville, when the Alexanders returned to the eastern city, and gave it to his daughter for a wedding present. There is everything that taste and affection could suggest as additions to comfort and luxury in the home, and hearty wishes were offered to Mrs. Barrett that many years might see her enjoying it. In her fine wedding gown she looked the picture of a happy bride and her bridesmaids in the dining room were very smart in their pale blue satin frocks and big plumed hats.

Gifts in Silver

THERE is no more useful and attractive gift than a piece of silver. "Ryrie" Silverware has a peculiar dignity which readily distinguishes it from any other make—the quality, workmanship and finish being so perfect.

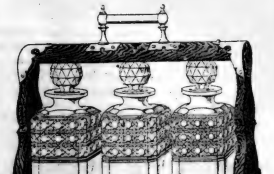


Sterling Silver Vase, with three removable Bon Bon Dishes, $65.00.

Sterling Silver Ware

Silver Deposit Tea Sets, $20.00 to $50.00.
Sauce Boats, $9.00 to $25.00.
Toast Racks, $5.00 to $18.00.
Butter Dishes, $4.00 to $30.00.
Tea Sets, $90.00 to $1,385.00.
Compotiers, $5.00 to $100.00.
Bon Bon Dishes, $1.50 to $35.00.
Marmalade Jars, $4.00 to $18.00.

Fine Plated Ware



Oak Spirit Frame, with fine English plate mountings, containing three Cut Glass Bottles, $18.00.

Candlesticks, $3.00 to $15.00.
Fern Pots, $2.00 to $12.00.
Pudding Dishes, $5.00 to $15.00.
Casseroles, $5.75 to $15.00.
Entree Dishes, $8.00 to $50.00.

Breakfast Dish, with hot water compartment, separate inner lining, in fine English plate, $24.00.

Chafing Dishes, $5.00 to $25.00.
Carving Sets, $3.50 to $20.00.
Five-piece Tea Sets, $27.00 to $75.00.
Pearl Dessert Sets, $12.00 to $85.00.
Coffee Machines, $10.00 to $25.00.

Ryrie Bros.
Limited
134-136-138 Yonge Street
TORONTO

INGERSOLL
REGISTERED
CREAM CHEESE
"Spreads Like Butter"
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

WINDOW NETS

We have just received a third shipment of the patterns so popular during the Season. This lot will not last long. Write for samples at once. We are showing also a line of linen taffetas and cretonnes of unusual merit for curtains and slip covers.

ELLIOTT & SON
Limited
79 King St. W., Toronto

Ladies' Tailored Waists
TO YOUR MEASURE

Made in Flannel $5.00; Linen, $4.50 White and Colored Madras, $3.50. For making your own material, Cotton or Flannel, $3 50, Silk, $2 50.

When ordering give bust measure, size linen collar worn and inside lengt of sleeve, including cuff. Sold with a guarantee.

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LADIES' TAILOR
101 YONGE ST TORONTO

HIGHEST FOOD-VALUE.

Epps's Cocoa is a treat to Children.
A Sustenant to the Worker.
A Boon to the Thrifty Housewife.

EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST
SUPPER

In strength delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness and economy in use "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

Children thrive on "Epps's."

Xmas Hints

Silk and crocheted novelties. Hand painted China and Art Calendars. : : Number.ess pret'y suggestions for the holiday.

Ladies' Work Depository
YONGE ST. ARCADE
Room E. M. 1451

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH OR WEST THIS WINTER?

Now is the time to plan your trip to California, Mexico, Florida, or the Sunny South. Consult nearest Grand Trunk agent regarding low tourist rates. Toronto City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, DEC. 16, 1909.

THE old Learmont residence, corner University and Sherbrooke streets, was the centre of a good deal of coming and going, from Saturday till Monday, the attraction being the display of hand-made articles from all parts of the Dominion. A few months ago the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, an organization which promotes the work of women in home industries, had prizes offered for the best in the various crafts. Sir William Van Horne, who is a connoisseur, and has some beautiful wares in his own collection, offered prizes for pottery. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy gave prizes for ecclesiastical and other embroideries; Lady Allan for laces; Sir Daniel McMillan, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, contributed prizes for tooled and *repousse* leather work; Dr. Bovey for bookbinding; Dr. John Todd, of Macdonald College, offered several substantial prizes for homespun and hand-woven products; Mr. C. M. Hays put a premium on enamelled ornaments; and so on for every conceivable kind of handiwork. The response came from every province, in the shape of over six hundred articles, many representing a very high degree of skill in some particular craft, others of the simplest. The display was full of human interest. Here was a pile of good, warm, unbeautiful gray socks, knitted by work-worn hands in some log-house in the Ontario hinterland, in which the useful art had been preserved from the pioneer days of the province when the family accomplished the supply of its own needs. There was a church banner, with every exquisite stitch taken, one could believe, in a spirit that glorified the task. In one case, a beautiful collar of needle-point lace, evolved by some settler who had brought her art from her ain countree; and in another a piece of not uncommon crochet that had whiled away the long evening hours in some remote prairie home. A vase of simple, graceful outlines and soft, deep coloring, spoke of the joy of its creator in fashioning it from its native clay. The patience and content of the French-Canadian *femme* were written—more plainly than her accompanying note—on the snow-white, hand-woven towels and the *couvre-pieds* of homespun woollen interwoven with quaint design. One could spend hours reading "between the lines" of the Canadian handicrafts. There were many visitors to the house, loaned by McGill University for the occasion. Mrs. James Peck, president of the Guild, and Miss Phillips, its first president and moving spirit, were ably seconded by Mrs. W. D. Lighthall, Mrs. A. F. Dunlop, Miss Watt, Mrs. Henry Armstrong, Mrs. J. G. Savage, Mrs. A. B. Chaffee, Mrs. Franklin Hibbert, Mrs. Dinham Molson, whose duties as secretary were sufficiently arduous, and other ladies of the committee. Tea was served every afternoon, Lady Tait being in charge of that department. Assisting her on different days were Mrs. W. A. Grant, Mrs. J. R. Hutchins, Mrs. R. A. E. Greenshields, Mrs. Lyle Davidson, Mrs. Lansing Lewis, Mrs. C. E. Spragge, Mrs. J. D. Molson, and a number of young girls.

Mrs. W. R. Miller made a departure from the usual afternoon tea, or evening dance, for the debutante, by giving an afternoon dance from four to seven o'clock, on Saturday, in honor of Miss Belle Abbott. The Art Gallery, which is closed to the public just now while an exhibition of the Learmont bequest pictures is being arranged, made an ideal place for such an entertainment, and the affair was really delightful. Dancing went on in the main gallery, where an orchestra at one end of the long room played from behind groups of tall palms, and in the new gallery was set a refreshment table, gaily decorated with bright-hued flowers. Mrs. Miller, who made the two hundred or more young people who were her guests feel "at home," was wearing a handsome gown of taupe-colored crepe, and toque of the same shade, and Miss Abbott, who received with the hostess, wore a pretty rose-colored dress and big black hat.

Mrs. W. C. Hodgson, president of the Ladies' Tennis and Badminton Club, is among those in mourning for the rest of the season, as she has lost her mother, the Comtesse de St. Maurice, who lived with her.

Miss Jean McGoun and Mr. Arthur A. McKergow, two young people much liked in their circle of friends, were married quietly at the bride's home, Wood avenue, on December 14, by the Rev. R. W. Dickie. The bride's father, Mr. James McGoun, who has not been in good health, was happily well enough to give his daughter away. The bride wore an ivory satin gown trimmed with real lace, a long veil and orange blossoms, and the groom's gift, a necklace of rubies and peridots. Her cousin, Miss Mabel Burleigh, who was up from Boston, and Miss May Leishman, of Montreal, were bridesmaids, dressed in pale blue satin, and wearing hair ornaments instead of hats. Mr. Fred Tester was best man. Only relatives and intimate friends were present. The honeymoon is being spent in New York.

Mrs. D. Lorne McGibbon gave a tea in her spacious new home in Ontario avenue, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Fleetwood Ward, whose second marriage took place quietly a few weeks ago. Mrs. McGibbon, who is a charming hostess, had a great many guests, and her drawing room looked very attractive, decorated with vases of pink roses, lily of the valley, and other cut flowers. An orchestra, stationed in the rear of the large hall, played at short intervals during the afternoon. The tea-room had a suggestion of Christmas in the warm red of its decorations, the table being centred with American Beauty roses. Mrs. Hamilton Gault and Mrs. James Bell poured the tea. Miss Nesbitt, of Woodstock, Ont., a cousin of the hostess, assisted in serving, with Miss Ethel Arnton, Miss Ida Eadie, Miss Violet Somerville, Miss Rawlings, the Misses Marjorie and Dorothy Macpherson, Miss Gladys Davis, and Miss Nora Prentice. Mrs. McGibbon wore a soft satin gown in a most becoming shade of blue, and Mrs. Ward, who received with her, wore a lilac satin gown and big black hat.

A rather uneventful week socially was enlivened by a dinner dance at the Hunt Club, of which I am told Mr. A. A. Mackenzie was the moving spirit. The guests went out in motors and carriages, among those having dinner at the Club being Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, Sir Montagu Allan, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Waldo Skinner, Miss Forget, Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten and the Misses Baumgarten, Miss Marjorie Clouston, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, Mrs. Cook's sister, Miss Eileen O'Meara, of Quebec, who is visiting in town, and a few more. Afterwards, some other guests who had dined elsewhere, arrived in parties, to the number of sixty or seventy in all, and dancing went on for three or four hours.

Mrs. D. C. Macarow arrived home this week from visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geoffrey Mander, who is the young mistress of Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton. Mr. and Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain have sailed for Europe, and will enjoy a Mediterranean cruise. Mr. and Mrs. F. Orr Lewis, who spend part of each year abroad, sail for England shortly after Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lacoste, who were married in Paris last month, are expected home before Christmas.

The list of patronesses for the Charity Ball foretells its success, even if the duties of a patroness nowadays are rather vague. Those who have given the encouragement of their names are Lady Clouston, Lady Drummond, Lady Shaughnessy, Mrs. Jeffrey H. Burland, Mrs. J. P. B. Casgrain, Mrs. F. Orr Lewis, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. T. G. Roddick, Mrs. William Prentice, Mrs. C. M. Hays, Lady Hickson, Mrs. T. J. Drummond, Mrs. Gardner, Lady Graham, Mrs. Shirley Ogilvie, Mrs. Lorne McGibbon, Mrs. Willam Peterson, Mrs. Major, Mrs. Rodolphe Forget, and Mrs. J. L. Decarie.

Mrs. R. Wilson Reford gets back this week from England, where she has been for several weeks looking after her son, Bruce, who had a bad attack of typhoid while at school there. Mrs. Reford, who is a daughter of Mr. Robert Meighen, president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., and a niece of Lord Mount-Stephen, was one of the first to adopt the idea of instituting Women's Canadian Clubs, and was the very efficient secretary of the Montreal club for its first two years. She was elected president of the Women's Canadian Club this year, but owing to uncertainty as to when she could return to Canada, was obliged to decline the honor.

Miss Marjorie Hodgson was a debutante whose mother, Mrs. Arthur Hodgson, gave her a "coming out" tea a few days ago. Mrs. Vincent Simpson, a bride of the past summer, held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, when her sister, Mrs. Loch Trimingham, poured tea for her. Mrs. Gordon Macdougall gave a dinner, and Mrs. E. N. Heney a luncheon, recently, while there were the usual number of bridge parties, mostly of two or three tables.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has gone to Europe, and will take his young daughters for a trip in the South during their Christmas holidays. The Misses Edith and Marguerite Shaughnessy are at school in Paris, for their finishing year, I understand. B. E.

The best woman shot in England is the Duchess of Bedford, but the Duchess of Newcastle has proved her skill in the same direction by successfully shooting big game in Central Africa.

A CELEBRATED HORSEWOMAN.

The Duchess of Portland, who is an exceptional horsewoman, and frequently follows the Rufford Hounds, is one of the best known of the great ladies of England. Before her marriage to the 6th Duke she was Miss Winnifred Dallas-Yorke. She is one of the most exclusive hostesses in England and her entertainments in London, and at wonderful Welbeck Abbey, are noted for their brilliancy. The Duchess who is very tall and good looking is seldom seen without a bunch of her favorite pink carnations on her gown. One of the most celebrated of "claimant" cases was heard not long ago when a man named Druce tried to establish his right to the Dukedom asserting that he was the heir of the late Duke of Portland.

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY (REGISTERED)

Fairweather's FURS

The Most Seasonable and Useful Gifts Money can Buy

The important benefits of Early Selection mean more to the customer than comfort in shopping. ∴ ∴ ∴

The importance of originality and character in our Furs is increased by the opportunity of selecting from complete assortments the very Set or Garment which meets your own individual requirements. And opportunity for comparison makes decision easy.

BLACK FOX SETS
Large shaped Stole, large 2-skin Countess Muff to match; trimmings of heads, brushes and paws $125.00

ERMINE SETS
Fancy Stole, long back effect; large pillow muff to match $225.00

SEALSKIN JACKETS
Semi-fitting, 32 inches long, deep storm collar, best brocaded silk lining.....$400.00

BLACK PONY COAT
50 or 52 inches long, semi-fitting, storm collar, best black satin lining.....$90.00

IF DESIRED, WE WILL HOLD FOR DELIVERY DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS ANY FURS SELECTED NOW AND UPON WHICH A SMALL DEPOSIT IS PAID.

WRITE FOR FUR CATALOGUE "M."

FAIRWEATHERS LIMITED
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

Score's

"What Shall I Give Him?"

This is the question that this store makes easy to answer, and just now when ladies are in a quandary what to give the gentlemen for a Christmas gift, these hints will be acceptable suggestions.

Neckwear, 50c. to $5.00.
Gloves, $1.00 to $8.00.
Handkerchiefs, $2.00 doz. to $2.00 each.
Initialled Handkerchiefs, $2.00 doz. up.
Mufflers and Protectors, $1.00 up.
Umbrellas and Canes, $1.00 up.
House Coats and Dressing Gowns, $8.00 to $20.00.
Bath Robes, $6.00 to $14.00.
Cuff Links, Tie Pins, and other etceteras that a gentleman would appreciate.

R. SCORE & SON, 77 King St. W., Toronto

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS If you are in doubt what to send for Christmas, consult

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price list, you are sure to find something to meet your requirements. The choicest and best in Cut Flowers and Plants We deliver anywhere and guarantee safe arrival. Our very handsome price list on application.

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"WE'LL MAKE IT LIKE NEW"

Our way of cleaning removes stains and brings back the original softness and finish of the fabric. Does not harm the garment, and is quick.

We clean Ladies' Evening Dresses, Laces, Opera Cloaks, Gloves, Feathers, Draperies, Curtains, etc.

No garment is too fragile or costly—no tints or colors too delicate—no finish too lustrous.

Send for free booklet, "Cleaning and Dyeing." It tells of our plant—what we do—how we do it—and what we charge. And we pay the express one way on out-of-town orders.

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Phone Main 5900.

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FOR WEDDINGS RECEPTIONS, Etc.
SAGE & CO.
245 COLLEGE ST. PHONE COLL. 666

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"Ideal" Orchids
BE YOUR
Xmas Perfume
This delightful odor contains the very soul of the flower and is highly prized for its sweetness and lasting qualities.
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SOVEREIGN PERFUMES LTD.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by the New Principle
De Miracle
a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. DON'T waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and
The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited
TORONTO

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CREAM TARTAR
High Grade
Guaranteed Chemically Pure
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Same Price as the poor Adulterated Kinds
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Toronto, Ont.

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EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCE
THE PUREST ON THE MARKET.
READY IN A FEW SECONDS, SAVES TIME, AND TROUBLE. TRY IT.
Of Grocers & Stores.

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Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

DRESS

The Fashionable Tailormade.

NEVER were the best tailormade costumes more carefully cut, more beautifully finished, or more handsomely trimmed than at present. While everything naturally depends upon the cut and the fit, the best garments are notable for some little individual touch which lifts them out of the commonplace. And this is true of not only costumes but of separate coats for street and motor wear. It seems to be the aim of the tailor to turn out something that differs from anything else that has been evolved, and as costumes are more or less similar in style, the individual touch is generally to be found in the trimming.

In spite of the sensible idea so widely adopted of having the walking skirt short enough to escape the ground, some of the Paris models in tailormade costumes drag all-round for an inch or two, although obviously such garments are not intended for ordinary wear in the street. A costume with such a skirt is carried out in satin faced cloth in a new shade of blue. The coat, which is cut loose, merely outlines the figure and is

IN CLOTH AND BRAID.

This handsome costume which shows the latest in tailored effects is built of navy blue cloth of a very fine quality, the elaborate trimming being carried out in an effective design of black braid in varying widths. Sharply pointed gores ornamented with grouped horizontal lines of black silk braid are introduced with good effect in both skirt and coat. The latter, which is long and particularly well cut, has cuffs and revers of black Ottoman silk outlined by a narrow fold of grey blue moire. The dark blue velvet hat is trimmed with grey blue plumes.

fastened almost to the knee by means of several square buttons covered with self colored braiding which match an eighteen inch band of the braiding which outlines the skirt of the coat, and also appears on the cuffs and narrow revers. The particular shade of blue in which this costume is carried out is one of the most popular shades of the moment in Paris and is known as bleu-corbeau. It might best be described as a blue-black in tone and is particularly effective when worn with grey furs.

It is seldom that there has been so wide a range of styles among which one may choose and still be correct but the reason is easily found in the fact that the designers themselves seem to have rather chaotic ideas as to just what they want adopted. So many sorts of costumes have been more or less popular that we have been threatened with a combination of all of them, but a return to more simple styles and an increase in richness of materials seem to be something, at least, which is assured. Still, so anxiously is the new note looked for that many costumes, in order to achieve it, seem to sacrifice all dignity of line, and so are bereft of their chief charm.

The Russian tunic, the revival of a fashion popular some years ago, is holding its own, and although most often seen in velvet or the finer cloths is also carried out in other materials. A pretty suit of this description turned out by a London tailor has a simple skirt of walking length which, while retaining a graceful fulness, is not sufficiently wide to interfere with ease and grace of movement. The bloused Russian coat, like the skirt, is in the now popular shade of chestnut brown. The skirts of the coat are edged with a very narrow line of moire silk of the same tone, the belt, collar, and smart revers being of the same material. The skirts of the coat lap over well at the waist line but open at the foot. The line of fastening from the revers to the waist line crosses the bust in modified surplice fashion and is caught at intervals with groups of jet buttons placed in clusters of three.

Where the princess dress, or modifications of it, is worn—usually in combination with a coat of the same material—there is almost no limit to the variety of cut and design, but unfortunately this very wide variety leads to a certain number of mistakes, resulting largely in "fussy" looking clothes with many broken lines. Not content with the real beauty that lies in the carefully modified princess effect, the general tendency is towards over-decoration where the material lends itself to such, or to over-elaboration of form. In the general rush for eccentricity the charm of simplicity is almost entirely lost. In the draped gown one expects and looks for somewhat bizarre results, but dignity is the proper keynote for the tailormade.

Christmas Frocks for Children.

WITH the approach of the Christmas season when the gaieties intended for the small people of the household reach their height, the question of what they should wear assumes an additional interest. Most mothers know the difficulty of making an awkward girl look attractive, the secret of success often lying in the careful selection of a frock that just suits the wearer. Then too, there is the question of the newest fashion for the smaller girls of the family who, whatever their rosy charms, need to be considered separately in the selection of clothes, and especially of party frocks.

More attention than ever is being paid to what the small person is to wear, and whether at afternoon parties or at "not-out" dances, the question of dress is assuming more importance than used to be the case. Of course, for girls of all ages there is nothing more attractive than white, but the popular custom of having the simple lingerie frocks made up over a colored slip is giving way to a more elaborate idea. Lawn, batiste, and mull are the favorite fabrics for lingerie dresses and lace, embroidery, and ribbons form the trimmings. Curiously enough the grown up fashions of the day can be skillfully modified to suit the requirements of the young person, and the small girl sometimes looks like a second edition of her big sister. This effect, however, is more often reached in school dresses or those for every day wear, than in party frocks.

A dainty model for a party dress suitable for a child of eight or ten is made of the finest batiste. The upper part of the dainty little frock is straight and has little fullness, what little there is being gathered in at the waist. Two lines of fine Valenciennes lace insertion cross the shoulders and meet back and front, and between the lace and the shoulders is a series of small tucks hand-run. The smart little sleeves have an upper puff, below which appears a band of the insertion, and the rest of the straight

FOR WEAR AT YULETIDE.

Two dainty little frocks are here illustrated, that intended for wear by a girl of twelve or fourteen being of cream tambour lace arranged with two flounces over palest blue silk and veiled in creamy net, the skirt being finished with a sash of pale blue which passes through the hem of the upper flounce. The round decolletage is filled in with a guimpe of tucked cream net and lace insertion edged with forget-me-nots, and a belt of the blue ribbon encircles the waist.

The other frock is of embroidered muslin trimmed with lace and beading, pale pink ribbon being drawn through the latter, and arranged in rosettes.

sleeves is finished with frills of the Valenciennes at the wrists. The skirt of the dress is somewhat full and is finished with a deep flounce of the batiste and the insertion, the latter also forming the belt. This model, though intended for a lingerie frock, may be carried out in any material desired such as cashmere or silk.

For an older girl, when a lingerie frock is not desired, many of the princess models may be used. One little imported frock suited for a girl of fifteen is made of palest blue silk, with panel effect in front reaching from the deep yoke of lace, to the foot of the skirt. On the sides, half way below the knees the skirt takes an upward curve and under this are placed backward turning pleats about three inches wide. Crossing the yoke so as to form shoulder straps of unusual width are folds of the silk. The sleeves are of lace to match the yoke, and the only trimming consists of several small ornaments in blue silk braid which cross the front of the dress where it joins the yoke.

VOGUE.

W. A. Murray & Co.
Limited
56 years' growth in merchandizing.

Special Purchase of
Women's Opera Cloaks
$35.00—Worth at least $65.00

THESE handsome imported Wraps are wonderful value, and is another example of what our Garment Section is doing in the way of giving special value. This is especially opportune because they will make excellent Christmas gifts to mother, daughter or sister, as well as personal selection. We have made a large window display, and if you examine the various models we know you will agree with us when we say the value is excellent. These handsome Cloaks are made of a fine quality French Broadcloth, in all the newest shades, with an interlining of cream flannel and a lining of an extra fine quality of silk; some are tastefully braided, others embroidered. All garments that should be priced at $65.00, but as we obtained a special discount, we offer them to you at $35.00

Out-of-town Customers should not fail to take advantage of this offering at once, as the stock of them will not last long. We guarantee the value, and if not satisfactory in every respect we will cheerfully refund the amount of your purchase.

Men's Winter Overcoats
at a Big Reduction

WE have gone through our stock of Men's Overcoats and have picked out a large number for special Christmas selling. No matter where you go or what you pay, you will find no better style or better service fabric than are in these garments, because every fabric is of high standard from the world's best mills and of most recent and exclusive style. We have divided them into three groups—

Group No. 1 consists of Men's Chesterfield Overcoats, 45 inches long, with silk velvet collars in navy, black, green and brown, Melton and Cheviot cloths; also the popular convertible College Ulster in light grey, dark grey, fawn, brown and fancy mixtures, all lined and trimmed with the best wool Italian linings, coats that have been priced at $25.00, 40 all told, to clear at, each $20.00

Group No. 2 comprises a fine assortment of Chesterfields, College Ulsters, and the Derby Inlaid Velvet Collar Overcoat in shades of light and dark grey, brown, black and fancy mixtures. These garments we have been selling at $20.00 each; 69 only in the lot, to clear, at, each $15.00

Group No. 3 consists of a few College Ulsters with the large flat collar and a few Chesterfields in black, dark grey and fancy mixtures, all coats were priced at $16.50 each; 26 only in the lot, to clear, each $12.50

Special Christmas Sale of
Women's Fur-lined Coats

NOW that Christmas is so close, we have decided to give a very special offering in our Fur Section of Women's Fur-lined Coats. These are very useful garments and can be used on all occasions.

Women's Loose Fitting Coats of finest Broadcloth, colors of black, navy, brown, and green, lined throughout with a natural dark Muskrat and grey and white Squirrel, with collar and lapels of No. 1 Alaska Sable. Value for at least $65.00. Our special price $40.00

Also a line of Black Broadcloth Coats in semi-fitting style, lined throughout with grey and white squirrel, color and lapels of best Persian Lamb. Our special Christmas price $40.00

Chas. Potter 85 Yonge Street
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

DISTINCTIVE THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS

For father, or mother, or the grandparents, it may be, no gift is more appropriate than a pair of spectacles or glasses. You have our expert testing to assure you of right-fitting glasses, and what is newest and most comfortable, as well as in the best taste, in frames will be found among our large and carefully selected stock.

When in doubt, call at this store.

POTTER, Expert Optician Toronto.

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD Used by women of nice discrimination for eighteen years

IF YOU WANT TO PLEASE

YOUR FRIENDS AT CHRISTMAS

Send them each a pot of this delightful unguent. As a massage cream or a food for keeping the skin fresh and youthful it is acknowledged the choicest made. Men use it after shaving. Nicely put up in a dainty pot and box. Price $1.50 mail or delivered.

Our method of permanently removing

Superfluous Hair

by Electrolysis is safe, sure and practically painless. The only remedy endorsed by reliable physicians.
Consultation invited.

Moles, Warts, Ruptured Veins, etc.

Also destroyed by this treatment, satisfaction assured. Descriptive brochure on request.

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Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of

CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder
the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.

The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition
15c. at your Druggists. For sample send 2c. stamp. F. C. Calvert & Co., 345 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

"CEETEE" UNDERWEAR

Always Comfortable Always Elastic

"CEETEE" Underclothing delights the most particular—it is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, thoroughly combed and cleansed. It is SOFT and VELVETY to the skin—no irritating, tickling sensation as with ordinary underwear.

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

"CEETEE" Underclothing fits snugly and wears well because it is knit to the form—not cut from the fabric—never becomes loose and uncomfortable, and is absolutely unshrinkable.

In all sizes for men, women and children. Insist on your dealer showing you "CEETEE." Our guarantee is behind it.

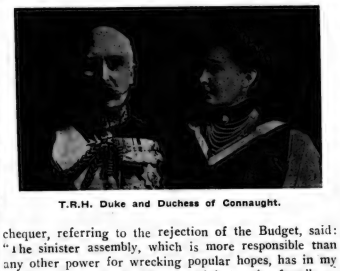
THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT
1882 GALT, ONTARIO Limited
Manufacturers — Established 1859

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, DEC. 4, 1909.

THE great question which occupies our minds to the exclusion of almost everything else, even Christmas preparations, is the prospective General Election. Is the country going to have the Lloyd-George taxes, or is it to be saved by Tariff Reform? Are the Lords, whom Mr. Lloyd-George politely refers to as "rickety gimcrack idols" and "broken bottles stuck on a park wall to keep off poachers," to be overthrown, or are they not? These burning questions are being discussed with more or less brilliancy and knowledge of the subject by all classes and by men and women alike. Mr. Ure's mis-statement that the Unionists, if they get into power, will not pay the Old-age Pensions, is being used by the Liberals to influence the poor people, in spite of the fact that it was at once contradicted by Mr. Balfour and other distinguished men on the opposite side of the House.

There is so much in the way things are expressed. In Lord Lansdowne's speech at Plymouth yesterday, he said that the House of Lords thought it had acted properly in demanding, "that this Budget shall be laid aside for a few weeks in order that the members of the House of Commons may ascertain whether their constituents desire it or not." On the same day the Chancellor of the Exchequer, referring to the rejection of the Budget, said: "The sinister assembly, which is more responsible than any other power for wrecking popular hopes, has in my judgment perpetrated its last act of destructive fury."



T.R.H. Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

This week has been a memorable one, for it has seen the ending of the fourth and last session of the present Parliament, which was the longest, but one, in the memory of living man. All the newspapers give pathetic accounts of the sad backward glances cast around them by members, as they left the House knowing, in many instances, that they would never enter it again save as visitors to the Strangers' Gallery.

From now until the General Election the country will be in a whirl of political excitement.

There are amusing things arising out of the political situaton. I passed a "pub" yesterday which bore in its windows large posters signed by the proprietor stating that if it was decided that there would be no increase in the tax on beer: "I will refund to my customers the excess charged on beers. Applications must be sent in at once."

* * *

DOES Mr. Robert W. Service—who, if I remember aright, was to some extent "discovered" by SATURDAY NIGHT—know that he has an admirer in the man who made recent South Pole explorations? At the dinner of the Institute of Journalists, Sir Ernest Shackleton quoted from the poem, "The Call of the Wild." He was speaking of the strange longing that made a man want to go to unknown places. Then he said he had read a book of verse by a young Canadian who knew and understood the "Call of the Wild." It was not a very old or very classic book, but it was a book into which the author put his heart's truth when he wrote the verses referred to above. And if anyone knows what he is talking about in this connection it is Sir Ernest.

* * *

MAETERLINCK, the famous writer, dreamer and philosopher, whose "Life of the Bee" is known even to those persons who could not tell off-hand what else he had written, if anything, is in London. His fairy tale play, "The Blue Bird," is to be produced at the Haymarket next Wednesday, and he and Mme. Maeterlinck have crossed the Channel to see it rehearsed. It is said to be charming, and planned to suit children of all ages. To the small people it will be only a pretty fairy story, but the older ones will find that it is allegorical, for "The Blue Bird" is happiness which is pursued by all human beings, though so often they find at the end disappointment.

As this is the children's season, there is much preparation being made for their amusement. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is bringing on "Pinkie and the Fairies" again, and of course the name of the pantomimes is legion. Drury Lane is to beat the record, they say, and already any number of seats are booked from Boxing-night, which invariably is the first night for that pantomime. There is nothing more charming than to see schoolboys of different ages, and their small sisters, almost dancing about in their places with excitement, and shrieking with delight over the beautiful scenes and the jokes. All unattached persons in London beg, borrow or steal children to take to at least one Christmas entertainment—or at least they should do so.

* * *

APROPOS of Christmas, holly and mistletoe are already in the market. There are wicked persons who boast themselves of their economy in buying artificial holly and mistletoe for Christmas decorations, but these should not be encouraged in the wrong-doing. It is on a par with telling the babies that there is no Santa Claus or something else as bad, if you can think of anything as iniquitous.

The shops are a lovely sight, crammed with everything one can dream of as desirable, as well as with a good many things one would shudder to have to use. Curiously enough, the English merchants do not make as much of decorating for Christmas as do those of the United States and Canada. The goods are of the best and most attractive, but there is very little regular decorating peculiar to the season. In the matter of packing up gifts also there is not the same care taken as is expended upon sending Christmas gifts on the "other side." The shops are only beginning to stock the seals and wafers and tags with which Canadians are familiar, and the daintiness of red tissue paper and green ribbons is much admired by the English people with friends from the over-seas Dominions.

Among the signs of Christmas is the the prevalence of street pedlars. They sell droll mechanical toys such as pigeons, bears, though bears are a bit *passe*, and a porter wheeling a huge goose in a barrow. At a certain moment the goose cranes his neck towards the porter and bites his nose. The children hardly can be persuaded to pass this fascinating toy. It has a rival in the flying machines.

Later on the pedlars will swarm on Ludgate Hill, but last year many of the poor souls suffered great privation by being refused a "pitch" on this favorite spot. They had put all their small capital into penny toys and were unable to sell them on the crowded Hill.

* * *

CANADA has received many compliments apropos of the suggestion that the Duke of Connaught should be the next Governor-General of the Dominion. The newspapers point out the great importance of Canada, which would receive official recognition if the King's brother became Governor. Both the Duke and Duchess (who is very shy) are extremely popular, and Princess Patricia, who is pretty and attractive, as well as accomplished, would be a belle even if she were not a princess. The Duke of Connaught knows Canada well, and has many friends in the Dominion. Upon his last visit to Canada the infant son of a well-known Toronto physician was called after him at his request. The Duke, as a prominent Mason, is in touch with Canadian affairs in more directions than one. However, this may be all newspaper talk, and the Connaughts may never be "Their Excellencies."

M. E. MACL. M.

A Notable Chimney Sweep.

JAMES SEAWARD, chimney sweep of Wokingham, England, who has just been elected an alderman of the borough council, boasts that he is the original of Tom, the little sweep boy of Kingsley's "Water Babies."

A fine featured, fresh complexioned elderly man with keen gray eyes and a commanding voice, no trace can be found in the prosperous alderman of to-day of the luckless little sweep Kingsley described. "The Water Babies" has the place of honor on a table in Mr. Seaward's parlor and the original of Tom prizes it highly.

Mr. Seaward was a chimney sweep fifty-eight years and was 18 when "The Water Babies" was written. Eversley Rectory, the home of Kingsley, is only six miles from Wokingham, and Mr. Seaward always swept the rectory chimneys. The story of his wrongs was told Kingsley by a lady who had befriended the boy.

"I was only six years old when I went up my first chimney," said Mr. Seaward. "I was an orphan and I fell into the hands of a chimney sweep, and a cruel master he was. I have known what it was to have straw lighted under me and pins stuck into the soles of my feet to force me up the chimney; and I have known, too, what it was to come down covered with blood and soot after climbing with my knees and elbows.

"No one knows the terrible cruelty inflicted on boys in those days. They used to be steeped in strong brine to harden their flesh. In my own case soda was used. Sometimes I used to have to stay up a difficult chimney five or six hours at a stretch."

During a heavy rain at Chillicothe, Missouri, lightning killed a flock of ducks flying over the home of Jacob Bruner, a few miles south of the city. Bruner walked into his yard and picked up forty-six of the wild fowl.

James J. Hill believes that "the high cost of living is the beginning of every national decline," and so stated in a visit to the White House last week.

LADY ROSSLYN'S DAUGHTER.

The beautiful Duchess of Sutherland is one of that wonderful group of clever sisters and half-sisters which includes the Countess of Warwick, all being daughters of Blanche, Lady Rosslyn. She was Lady Millicent St. Clair Erskine, her father having been the fourth Earl of Rosslyn. When still a very young girl her marriage took place to the then Marquis of Stafford, and one of her first books, published some time afterwards, was called "How I Spent my Twentieth Year." Not only is the Duchess of Sutherland deeply interested in literature, having written that much-discussed play, "The Conqueror," as well as several books, but she has devoted much time to social questions, and was instrumental in getting the British Government to take up the question of lead poisoning in the Potteries. She is president of the Scottish Home Industries, working hard to promote its success. Her home in London is one of the most beautiful in that city of wonderful homes, and she is noted as a hostess.

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MINERAL WATER

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A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an all important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

A BOTTLE CONTAINS HALF DOZEN

We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our lines. All goods made of full weight materials to insure durability.

We have an assortment of nice Electric Table Lamps which we are selling at specially low prices—while they last.

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A DRESSING SACQUE OR HOUSE GOWN OF

Galtfleece EIDERDOWN

There is no woman but would appreciate such a gift. Those soft, cozy negligee garments are stylish and perfect fitting. They alone possess the neat and trim appearance that particular women require in a house gown. The leading stores all over Canada sell Galtfleece Garments. But if there isn't a Galtfleece dealer in your vicinity, write us and we'll tell you where they may be obtained.

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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.54 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.40 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 32c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.52 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

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Printed linens to harmonize.

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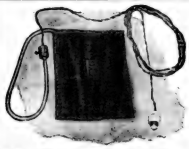

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Put up in a neat box, with cord and plug.

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Diamonds and other Jewel gifts abound here at unparalleled price inducements.

While our name and reputation stand for much, you are not asked to pay for that. You get full value for every dollar invested.

Our Christmas jewelry represents a wider range than ever before, and shows our ability to satisfy every taste, even to the most exacting. Gold Gifts, Cut Glass, Sterling Silver and Handsome Brass offers much that's new and attractive.

Engraving of articles free. A small deposit secures your purchase.

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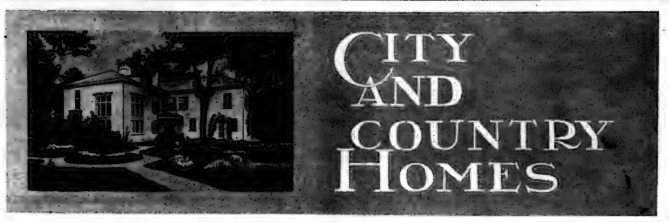
Trains leave Toronto 4.32 and 6.10 p.m. daily, via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley. Former train has Pullman sleeper, Buffalo to New York, and 6.10 p.m. train has Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York.

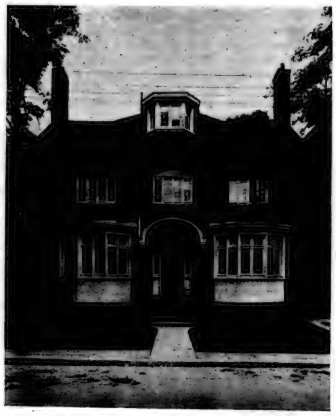
Tickets, berth reservations, at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.



An Attractive Toronto Home.

A HOUSE, large or small, designed on simple lines, provided, of course, that the lines are well-proportioned and graceful, is always pleasing to the eye. An elaborate house with all sorts of "features" may please its owner for a time, but the simple house is the sort one never tires of. Walk along any good residential street in a casual, unobservant way—say when you take your favorite dog out for a tramp some Sunday morning. The street, as a whole, looks pretty good. It the day is one in summer the well-trimmed lawns and boulevards and hedges, the flowers and the carefully cared-for houses look cheerful and handsome—quite a fine street full of fine houses, you would say. But start out another day in the role of a house-hunter or an observant critic, and walk along the same street. Examine the houses one by one, and if you are a person of good taste —which as a reader of this page I take you to be— you will find that of all the places which you carelessly admired *en masse*, comparatively few appeal to you individually. This one strikes you as being gaudy, that one as vulgar in pretentiousness, another as being freakish and ugly. Where is there one which is irreproachable in character, tasteful, homelike, one which you would like to own yourself? Ah, what about this one—simple, dignified, harmonious in its lines and coloring? You stand and look at it. Yes, here is a house you would feel at home in.

In this connection it is interesting to note that in Canada—notably in Toronto—the idea of simplicity in domestic architecture is meeting with acceptance to an extent easily observed by the observant. The home of Mr. R. L. Cowan, on Rowanwood avenue, Toronto, illustrations of which appear on this page, may be taken as an example of the result of following out this idea in the building of a moderate-sized city residence. It was designed by Messrs. Chadwick and Beckett, and is very simple in design. The walls are of clinker brick, and this prevents the house from being too severely plain or stiff in appearance. The treatment of the front door and the excellent arrangement of the windows give it a most reposeful air. The steps of the entrance and the coping of the low brick wall flanking them on each side are of dressed stone, a detail of construction which is most appropriate and which adds to the dignity of the place. Over the doorway is an arched projection known technically as a hood. The three windows on the second story are curved at the top in the same manner, and to the right and left of the entrance are large bay windows. At the centre of the roof, which has a well-graduated deflection toward the front of the house, is an octagonal dormer window. All the exterior woodwork is painted white. At each end of the house is a large rectangular chimney. The interior, as the accompanying photographs show, is excellently laid out and admirably finished. It will be seen that both the living-room and dining-room have beamed ceilings. Note the simple brick fire-place in the former, with its wrought iron fire-dog, and the effectiveness of the high, wood panelled wainscotting in the dining-room.



HOME OF MR. R. L. COWAN, TORONTO.
This Rowanwood avenue residence exemplifies the charm of simplicity in domestic architecture.

LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. R. L. COWAN, TORONTO.
An interior that is excellent in its design and its various appointments.

Some Notable Ottawa Houses.

THERE are many beautiful homes in Ottawa, as everyone who has merely driven about the Capital knows. Among the most admirable of the larger houses there is the residence of Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., on Wilbrod street. It was designed by Mr. C. P. Meredith, a well-known Ottawa architect, who, in this instance has succeeded in building a house which is imposing but not showy in appearance. It is designed on modern English lines, the architectural treatment being carefully and consistently

DINING ROOM, HOME OF MR. R. L. COWAN, TORONTO.
The arrangement of this room is well worth some study by prospective home-builders.

Bell

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The Autonola

The gift that will give pleasure to the greatest number. Even the children can produce with it compositions that have baffled many a pianist.

The Autonola is in a class by itself: Simple, effective, durable.

See it, try it and satisfy yourself regarding the merit of this wonderful instrument.

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Beautiful things in gold leaf, mahogany, oak, rosewood and ivory enamel, some inlaid with brass, or fancy woods, others richly carved.

Cabinets, Curio Tables, Secretaries, Music Cabinets, Writing Tables, Card Tables, Centre Tables, Five O'Clocks, Book Racks, Fancy Chairs, Arm Chairs, Pier Glasses, Pedestals, Palm Stands, Fancy Screen, Piano Benches.

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Candlesticks, Table Lamps, Hanging Lamps, Desk Sets, Match Holders, Screens, Hall Lanterns, Jardinieres, Vases, Mirrors, Umbrella Holders, Bowls, Benares Trays, Cigar Boxes, Wood Boxes, Coal Hods, Flower Holders, Fern Holders.

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CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES

RESIDENCE OF MR. J. S. EWART, OTTAWA.
An admirably designed large city house of modern English style.

simple and dignified, with the result that the owner finds himself in possession not only of a house that is costly, but one which has all over it the atmosphere of a tasteful home. A few years ago, when a man in this country grew sufficiently affluent, he built for himself a house which was simply big and expensive. In Toronto, and in fact in all our cities, there are such places—ostentatious, often vulgar structures, which look more like public buildings than homes. When one contrasts Mr. Ewart's home, a photograph of which is here reproduced, with some of these mansion-monstrosities he has its individuality and beauty sufficiently emphasized. Across the front is a terrace, which prevents the building from having the high basement effect that so often spoils an otherwise pleasing structure. This terrace, as well as the large verandah at the side and the palm-room, are tiled with large red tiles. The exterior walls are constructed of rough La Prairie shade brick, laid up with large joints of white mortar, and all the trimming, mullions and transoms are executed in Indiana lime-stone. The main entrance hall is panelled and beamed in oak, the dining-room finished similarly in mahogany, and the openings from the rooms and halls have been arranged so as to give a pleasing vista to and from the palm-room. A stairway leading from the palm-room to the ball-room, which opens into a billiard-room, and from which access can be had to the side stairs, makes the basement suitable for entertaining. The service entrance, which is from the side, leads into the back hall, and by the back staircase the servants can pass through from the servants' quarters to their rooms in the attic, without passing through the portion of the house occupied by the family.

Another excellent Ottawa house, though much smaller than Mr. Ewart's, is the residence of F. C. T. O'Hara, Wurtemburg street. This home is situated on a delightful site overlooking the Rideau River, and the plan is so arranged as to take advantage of this natural view, the kitchen and service entrance being placed on the side instead of the rear. The walls of the buildings are of common red brick with white mortar joints and limestone trimmings. The lines of the roof are symmetrical and pleasing in their arrangement, and the gable ends are of half-timber with cement plastered panels. At one side extending around the corner of the house and opening off the dining-room is a large verandah with brick columns supporting a balcony above, while the large main chimney in the position it is placed suggests solitude and comfort, and greatly adds interest to the general scheme. All basement windows have been omitted from the front and placed at the sides and rear only, advantage having been taken of the natural grade. The interior arrangement has been carefully considered. The service department is kept well together. The drawing-room and the dining-room have open fire-places, and the appointments are home-like in character.

RESIDENCE OF MR. F. C. T. O'HARA, OTTAWA.
This house is built of ordinary red brick, with white mortar joints. It has limestone trimmings and half-timbered gables.

The home of the Misses McLeod Clark, Ottawa, was also designed by Mr. Meredith. It is situated in Rockliffe Park, and is a small suburban residence of the gambrel roof type. The lower story is finished in rough-cast plaster, and the gable ends and whole roof are covered with shingles. At the side is a rustic rail-fence which, together with the trees and shrubs, gives the house a very picturesque setting. The front entrance is at the centre with a window on either side.

SUBURBAN HOME OF THE MISSES McLEOD CLARK, ROCKCLIFFE PARK, OTTAWA.
A charming rustic home which harmonizes with its surroundings.

A Browse Through the Christmas Books

MORE than six times the space has been given to Books in this Store over last year. The department is situated just off the general run of store traffic on the ground floor, Richmond and James Streets. Every book may be seen, and even handled, at will of the customer. Aisles open through the stock in every section. A walk through this department is an education in itself, for all the standard libraries are represented, and all the new books that people talk about are here. Let us just take a little newspaper stroll among the Christmas books—just to emphasize our invitation that you come and do the same thing more thoroughly in person.

First, the Presentation Books Proper.

Plenty of them here. How beautifully they get them up nowadays! Of course, Queen Alexandra's Gift Book should be mentioned on the top of the list. This book is a collection of photographs of royal people and celebrities snapped by Her Majesty's own kodak. Our price is $1.65.

Then there is a large number of those large books illustrated in color by well-known artists like Maxfield Parrish, Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, James Montgomery Flagg, Howard Chandler Christie, Clarence Underwood, etc.; popular but clever.

The American Girl—$1.00 and $3.25.

The Dream of Fair Women—$1.00.
Girls of To-day—$2.75.
City People—$3.25.
The Arabian Nights—$2.35.
Gibson's London, special—98c.

Modern Artists, by Christian Brunton, $4.50, is a volume de luxe.

Scores of others.

The Standard Authors.

Are all here, practically, sets and individual volumes, leather and cloth bound, both.

Dickens Sets	Bronte Sets
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Etc., Etc., Etc.

Prices—$5.25 to $26.75.

And the Standard Poets Also.

Bound in many artistic ways—65c. up.

A set of Tennyson, in ten volumes, cased, for $5.95.

Wordsworth, in a padded leather cover—65c.

Byron, Scott, Shakespeare himself, Burns, and all the other immortals of English verse, can be had in the same edition at—65c.

Other editions at other prices.

Kipling and our own Drummond should not be left out. Service's Poems, too—85c. and $1.18.

Pocket edition, Songs of a Sourdough—90c. and $1.10.

And Now the Classics.

Old Homer, Virgil, Euripides, Cicero, may all be had in a nice uniform edition at popular prices. Cloth, 25c.; leather, 45c.

Bacon, Emerson, Arnold, Thoreau, Lamb, and the other philosophers and essayists in the same edition, namely, The People's Library.

Copyrighted Novels by the Hundred.

The Foreigner should lead this Christmas, in Canada at least—Ralph Connor's new story—cloth, $1.10; gilt, $1.25; leather, $1.75.

Anne of Green Gables and Anne of Avonlea are also by a Canadian author—Miss Montgomery—$1.20.

It Never Can Happen Again, by William de Morgan, author of Alice for Short, and Joseph Vance—$1.10.

A Certain Rich Man, by William Allen White—$1.10.

Northern Lights, by Gilbert Parker—$1.20.

A Suitable Child, by Norman Duncan—$1.10.

The Attic Guest, by R. E. Knowles—$1.10.

The House on Cherry Street, by Amelia Barr—$1.10.

Cardillac, by Robert Barr—$1.10.

The Backwoodsman, by C. G. D. Roberts—$1.10.

Old Clinkers, by Harvey O'Higgins—$1.10.

The last seven all by Canadians.

Note—We always sell copyrights cheaper than the publisher's price.

Children's Books by the Thousands.

Girls' Books, Boys' Books, Baby Books—5c. to $5.00.

Arabian Nights, colored—25c.
Mother Goose—25c.
Robin Hood—25c.
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Etc., etc.—a whole series of them.
Through a Looking Glass—25c.
Alice in Wonderland—25c.

Pilgrim's Progress, fine, large, cloth-bound edition, illustrated—45c.

Henty Books—18c., 25c., 45c.
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Stevenson's Treasure Island, the best "treasure" story ever written, for—25c.

Louisa M. Alcott's Books for Girls—40c.

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Splendid books for thoughtful boys.

A whole section is devoted to linen-bound Picture Books for youngsters—15c. up.

Bibles, Hymn Books and Prayer Books.

Including the new Church of England Hymns. Prices—75c. up to $10.00. All of them neatly boxed.

Christmas Edition of Standards.

Nice Christmassy covers, holly designs and so forth, handy volume size.

Tennyson selections.
Emerson selections.
Longfellow selections.

Omar Khayyam and many others. Prices—15c. to 50c.

Reprint Edition of Copyrights.

Just the same volumes practically as the $1.75 books of a year or two ago, selling at—50c.

For instance—The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, Beverley of Graustark, The Blazed Trail, The Virginian, etc., etc.

You can pick presents for everybody from this section alone.

If you want Books at moderate prices come to us. We have about everything popular in print.

The Aptness of a Picture for Christmas Purposes

SUPPOSE a daughter wants to give a present to her father—what better than a Photograph of her charming young self in the year 1909, suitably framed by Simpson experts?

Suppose a son wants to give his mother something she will treasure as long as she lives—what would fill the requirement more acceptably than a reproduction of one of the famous old masters—a Madonna, perhaps, or some subject in which the sweet relationship of motherhood were touched upon in an artistic way? Or it might be a picture of youth or young manhood just as suitably. Or it might be a subject for which Mother has a known admiration or sympathy. Once you think of pictures the possibilities open up so.

Or Suppose you have a Gift to make for a Friend.

Think of the infinite variety of subjects here in our galleries. One can express the exact thing—just the right sentiment. If he is a bachelor, he has a den or a diggings of some sort, there are scores of little den pictures here just framed for the very purpose.

If She's a College Girl,

we have pictures for her, too—plenty. If it is a married couple, they would be delighted with a landscape framed and mounted in gilt for their drawing-room. If they have been abroad, or if you have visited Old World places, a little picture of Holland or London or France would revive memories of the visit and establish a personality for the gift.

Pictures will express everything or anything—you have only to choose with discretion.

We have thousands of dollars' worth of pictures here, inexpensive or moderately priced reproductions for the most part, with

A Nice Little Collection of Oil and Water Color Originals.

The latter would average at $25.00.

$5.00 would buy many a handsomely framed reproduction of a picture by a well-known artist.

We have scores and scores of dainty little bits or quaint little conceits, grave and gay, for a comparative trifle—a few cents.

Come to the Picture Department if you want Christmas ideas. Sixth floor.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

The Words of the Widow

Things a man wants he calls necessities; but his wife's needs he classes as extravagances.

* * *

Alimony is easy money.

* * *

The most attractive woman is she who flatters best.

* * *

A Christmas present is something which is offered in the spirit in which it is expected to be returned.

* * *

Old age is like an unbecoming bonnet; few women can wear it gracefully.

* * *

Half a loaf is better than a whole day's toil.

* * *

Familiarity breeds scandal.

* * *

Some people live in a continuous state of the morning after without any of the fun of the night before.

* * *

One can be green without being fresh.

* * *

Love may rule the world, but money's the power behind the throne.

* * *

If the good die young, what's the use of entering oneself for the youthful mortality stakes.

* * *

There's little merit in doing well, if you're simply doing others.

C. C. M.

A Pioneer Suffragist.

THE earnestness of a woman willing to devote a million dollars to any cause can hardly be questioned, yet, in the years gene by, there were those who scoffed at the purpose of Lady Cook and her sister, Victoria Woodhull, when they worked in the cause of woman's suffrage. To-day Lady Cook is, more or less, recognized

LADY COOK.

An ardent suffragist who when nearly seventy years of age is still active in the cause to which she has promised to devote a million dollars.

as a leader of the movement and her willingness to devote a fortune to the furtherance of the cause, has laid to rest the old belief that she was a notoriety seeker when she made her first move to secure equal political rights for men and women.

As Tennessee Claflin—later changed to Tennie C. Claflin—Lady Cook played a stirring part in the affairs of women a number of years ago. At a suffrage meeting in London, I heard the late Olive Logan relate the story of how the Claflin sisters helped to break down the prejudice that existed against women dining alone in a restaurant. They drove up one evening to a leading restaurant in New York and expressed their intention of dining in the public dining-room. But the head waiter refused to allow such an innovation, giving as his reason the good old excuse that they were unaccompanied by a man. The Misses Claflin, however, rose to the occasion and summoned their coachman to act as their escort. It is said that their action did much to break down the belief that it was not quite respectable—and therefore not to be allowed—for women to dine alone in public.

Lady Cook, who has spent many years in England, has been visiting her native land in the suffrage cause and her welcome in New York has been all she could desire, one of the principal streets—Twenty-third, to be exact—having been decorated with a huge banner bearing the device "Welcome to our Lady Cook." This most prominent of Anglo-American suffragists is utterly opposed to the introduction of militant methods into the States, and advocates instead, a campaign of ridicule and derision. Women of the United States are spoiled, she thinks, by having their own way too much, and are so dazzled by their privileges that they have forgotten about their rights.

Lady Cook's life has certainly not been lacking in incident and a certain element of the picturesque. She and her sister, Victoria, were both born in Ohio, and early in their joint career became interested in spiritualism, developing into mediums and earning a great deal of money. Forty years ago the two sisters started a brokerage business in Wall street and later published a weekly paper in which, and also on the platform, they discussed certain sex problems with so much freedom that both were imprisoned for a while in Ludlow street Jail, New York. At that time the regular women suffrage association refused to have anything to do with them. A denunciation of Henry Ward Beecher, published by the sisters, led to the Beecher-Tilton scandal Going to England to reside, Victoria married a wealthy banker and Tennessee became the wife of Sir Francis Cook. The re-appearance of the latter in New York has created something of a sensation among those who remember her in her prime.

Lady Cook's advice to her countrywomen on the suffrage question is much to the point and delivered in no uncertain manner. She says:

"Here we need no violent opposition, no abuse, no going to jail to attain a vote. All that belongs to a past day, with us. We are equally beyond the necessity of argument. Everybody knows there is no reason but a man's 'won't' behind this robbing women of the franchise. Talk? What have we done for the past fifty years but talk? And any man hates to be preached to. What shall we do about it then? Appeal to his sense of humor. Appeal to his fear of ridicule. Satirize the men. Laugh at them. Hold them up to public derision. Use wit, defiance, daring, love, persuasion, all a woman's armament. Trick them, bewilder them, but never lose your temper."

Marriageable Princesses.

IN Europe at present there is only one bachelor King, and but very few bachelor Princes in the direct line of sovereignty, while the eligible Princesses are equally few in number. Of the daughters of royal houses who have the most brilliant expectations, and who are ap-

A POPULAR PRINCESS.

The Kaiser's daughter, who is tremendously popular in Germany, has only recently been allowed to put up her hair, and this is the first photograph taken of her since she attained this dignity

proaching a marriageable age, chief interest centres in Princess Victoria Louise Adelaide Matilda of Prussia, daughter of the Kaiser; and in the Prince of Wales' only daughter, Princess Mary.

The Kaiser's daughter is the elder of the two and is fast approaching the grown-up stage, having recently arrived at an age where it is allowable to "do up" one's hair. She has been very carefully educated and is described as a very pleasant and attractive girl, though not a great beauty. She now has an establishment of her own, and will soon take her part in court functions, after which there is little doubt a marriage will be arranged for, although as yet there has been no suggestion as to whom the happy man will be.

Princess Mary of Wales, who is still in the school room, is devoted to her numerous brothers and has been brought up in typical English fashion, spending much time out of doors. She is said to be a very good linguist and also promises to develop into a fine sportswoman, having acquired some degree of proficiency in most outdoor sports and pasttimes, and quite recently attended a meet of the West Norfolk Hounds at Necton, on which occasion she was presented with a brush. Princess Mary has also become an expert fisherwoman under the direction of her father.

Among the marriageable English Princesses there are two in whom great interest is centered. The oldest grand-daughter of the King, and elder child of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife, Princess Alexandra, has every prospect of a brilliant future. It has been persistently rumored that she would marry the young King of Portugal, but no official announcement of her approaching marriage has been made, and it is generally believed that her parents consider her too young for any such step as yet. Princess Alexandra will be a great heiress, and will ultimately inherit her father's title, becoming Duchess of Fife in her own right. The other English Princess, whose marriage may be confidently expected within the next few years, is the pretty and accomplished Princess Patricia of Connaught, who is not only a niece of the King, but a sister of the future Queen of Sweden, and through her mother is closely connected with many royal and imperial German personages.

Some of the other Princesses whose future settlement in life is of considerable importance are Princess Thyra of Denmark, and the grand-daughters of the Regent of Bavaria, as well as the second daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Princess Maud, who has not yet made her appearance at Court.

In the future the little Grand Duchesses, daughters of the Czar, and the Princesses of the royal house of Savoy, will probably make important matrimonial alliances as will the tiny Princess Juliana of Holland and the little Princess Beatrice of Spain.

Of important European bachelors, the most eligible is the young King of Portugal, while others of importance include, in England, Prince Arthur of Connaught; in Russia, the Czar's only brother, and the Grand Duke Boris, who is a cousin of the Czar; in Austria, the oldest son of the Archduke Otto, who may some day become Emperor. In Denmark and Sweden there are bachelor Princes, and Italy has the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose engagement to an American girl has been so much discussed.

MISS ETHEL HURLBATT.

Warden of the Royal Victoria College, McGill University, Montreal, Miss Hurlbatt was born in Kent, England, being educated in private schools and at Somerville College, Oxford, where she had a most distinguished career. She was later principal of Aberdare Hall for Women Students, Cardiff, and held a number of important appointments, giving up the position of Principal of Bedford College, University of London, to come to Canada. In England Miss Hurlbatt was associated with a number of important movements, having been honorary secretary for South Wales of the Association for Promoting Education of Women in Wales, and vice-president of the National Union of Women Workers, to mention but one or two. Since her arrival in Canada Miss Hurlbatt has done much to further the cause of woman's suffrage, having delivered most logical and convincing addresses on the subject. She has also been an officer, since its inception, of the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal, and has identified herself with many interests in her present place of residence.

Their Bungalow.

JUST as a pair of robins build
Their love-wrought nest without the aid
Of some conceited bird who dares
To tell them how it shall be made,
So John and Mary proudly planned
Their home, and deemed 'twould be a sin,
Amid their rosy dreams, to let
An architect come butting in.

Alas! it was not wisely planned,
For doors and windows, so they find,
Are out of place; some rooms too large
And some too small; but, never mind!
With pride they show their house to friends,
Who, as they view it, come to know
Why John and Mary will persist
In calling it their "bungle, oh!"

—Nixon Waterman, in The Saturday Evening Post.

A Woman on Women.

WOMEN are accused of many things, and sometimes of lack of honor. This charge has usually been made by men, but in New York recently, when giving an address on "The Economic Position of Women," Miss Agnes Repplier repeated it.

"The most serious charge against women to-day," Miss Repplier said, "is that they lack integrity, lack honor. Lawyers say they do the most illegal things without realizing the seriousness of such conduct. Business men say they cannot be depended upon. It isn't that women lack principles. They have as many principles as a fish has bones. But because they have lived so much in the home, because they lack business training, they don't appreciate the value of truth for themselves. They don't understand the values and standards that give dignity to life."

"Then time will come, I trust," she added "when women will take life as naturally as men do. The time will come when they won't talk about a successful woman doctor or woman lawyer as if she had achieved something beyond her sphere—like a chimpanzee that had learned to eat out of a spoon.

The Prairie Woman.

ONE hand upheld to shield her eyes,
She gazes far into the west,
Where rosily the daylight dies
And singing breezes croon of rest.
The stillness of the prairie lands
Creeps in across the endless miles,
And statuelike the woman stands
And dreams, perchance, of other whiles.

The plains, as level as a sea,
With wind-blown billows dip and rise;
No wide outspreading, friendly tree
Shows anywhere beneath the skies.
No good broad highway skirts the yard,
No neighbor is within her call;
Her fortune some would tell as hard,
Yet she—she minds it not at all.

What dreams come to her of the days
When she moved in a world of life,
Of fashions, shops and teas and plays
And petty joy and petty strife?
No dreams that are not overborne
By this vast vision that is hers
Of prairie land that night and morn
With newer being breathes and stirs.

O, Prairie Woman! Brave and lone,
You are the boldest pioneer.
God send you come into your own
And reap reward of peace and cheer.

* * * * * *

One hand upheld to shield her eyes,
She gazes far into the west,
Where rosily the daylight dies
And singing breezes croon of rest.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in Canada-West Monthly.

A GRAND DUKE'S WIFE.

The Countess Torby, who, a number of years ago, married the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, was in her girlhood Countess Sophie von Merenberg, daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau. Her mother was a daughter of the Russian poet, Poushkin. The Grand Duke's marriage, which was contracted against the wish of the Czar, took place in 1891 at San Remo on the Riviera. This morganatic union has prevented the reception of either husband or wife at the Russian Court, but this does not seem to have caused any annoyance to either of them.

"Elektra" as Produced in Dresden.

"Elektra," the latest of the sensational operas which Richard Strauss has given to the world, is to be heard in New York this winter, at the Manhattan Opera House, the leading role, so wonderfully filled by Frau Krull in the original production, being intrusted to three different singers who will alternate in the part.

"Elektra" was first produced in Dresden on January 25, 1908, and although the composer was present during the preparation of the opera he did not conduct it. Subsequently the opera was given in Berlin, Leipsic, Munich and Frankfort. As originally presented in Dresden the cast included Mme. Schumann-Heink, who was the Clytemnestra, Fraulein Siems as Chrysosthemis, Herr Perron as Orestes, Herr Sembach as Aegisthus, and, of course, Frau Krull in the title role.

Tremendous interest was awakened by the reports sent out prior to the production that in "Elektra" Strauss had produced something more sensational than the much discussed "Salome," and that all the extravagances and violations revealed in the preceding opera were multiplied a thousand fold and that musical chaos reigned supreme. Once the opera had been given to the public the score was found to be "full not only of spectacular effects—strange juxtapositions of tonal color, bizarre, grotesque, unimaginable—but of pathos, even of brief moments of repose." The sustained nature of the composition is a drawback as it continues without break or intermission for two hours and a quarter. And if the nerves of the listener are unable to respond to the sustained pressure the effect must be much greater on the performers.

The composer has used for his libretto Hugo von Hofmansthal's play of "Elektra." This play, which departs from the Greek tragedies in some particulars, is notable for its direct modern intensity. In the main the German author follows Sophocles, the most important difference between the Greek and modern version being in the character of Clytemnestra, who, in the new work is made much more blamable.

As presented by Frau Krull, Elektra is a wonderful figure of vengeance and of desolation, a woman who has given up all that makes life best in order to avenge her father. She knows no consideration but the means of vengeance, and this is expressed in the music which, while barbaric, volcanic and terrific in its sweep of passion, holds always to the purpose of a vengeance which was a religion.

Dresden, in the past, has been kindly to a young composer and showed a willingness to give him a chance. Long ago, Wagner's first revolutionary work "Fliegende Hollander" had its first production there. Not only was "Elektra" first performed in Dresden but also Strauss' two preceding operas. Dresden is a musical centre where going to the opera is regarded as something much higher than a mere amusement. Many people are attracted to the city for its music alone, and then come to care for it as a home. The present king takes very little interest in music and the Royal box is often deserted. But what is lacking in the interest of the Court is made up by the devotion of the people.

Richard Strauss, composer of "Elektra," and his family.

The Theatre Platz, Dresden.

Letters of a self-made woman to her daughter

MY DEAR ANNIE:—

Before I answer your last letter, I must tell you that I have received one from Madame X. which has pleased me very much. Apart from her assurance of her satisfaction with your progress in French and music, she says you were to be particularly advanced in, she has put me on the track of what you wanted that two hundred dollars for. My dear daughter, I think I have never been so pleased with you as I am just now, when I have Madame's kind and enthusiastic letter before me. She says: "The angel kindness of your daughter's nature has been shown particularly to my junior governess, Miss Elliott, who has been much afflicted by the illness of and separation from her adored mother in England. No one but our sweet Annie could have sent the poor girl a return ticket by a fine steamer, a warm fur-lined overcoat and a big thick rug. We are respecting her evident wish that the beneficence shall be anonymous, but our hearts are full." Now, Annie, you have done a right thing in a good way, and I love you for it, dear girl. It will make so many Christmases happier that little Miss Elliott (of whom you spoke last month) is to be with her sick mother so unexpectedly. I should like to send her a further present, but I won't spoil what you have so well accomplished.. This city has been lively enough this winter so far, what with a good deal of entertaining and the visits of the two ladies speaking on the subject of woman suffrage. Your father took time from his business to explain all about the question to me, and I decided that would do for me, so I didn't hear either of the speeches. After all, when one has a husband who knows, its much pleasanter to get an explanation of any public question from him in one's own quiet sitting room, than to struggle into a public hall with a vast crowd, and breathe bad air for two hours. There were just Miss Brown and I and your father, and we enjoyed it, only Miss Brown said he was too lenient to the militants. I find it a good plan when I am worried by my acquaintances to identify myself with some such excitement as this, to stop and examine whether I am really or artificially interested in it. The result of honest enquiry often saves a good deal of exertion and discomfort. There were one or two excellent reasons why it didn't tempt me to get mixed up in the woman suffrage movement, apart from any opinion I have formed as to what sort of politicians and reformers women would make. I think slowly, and am not easily convinced. Your father may perhaps give you his impressions while you are here for Christmas, if you have any time for taking them in. He has just come back from Finland as you know, and has promised not to leave town until after New Year's Day. About the girls' luncheon, Miss Brown took off three of the names I gave her and substituted others. I gave the three a theatre party and supper; we had four young men, and they all said they thought it was a lovely evening. The young men seemed much interested in knowing when you and your friends would be here, and when I mentioned that you were coming next Sunday morning they asked if they might come in for tea. We have never had anyone on Sunday, but I suppose we must do as others do, so they are to come for supper; that allows you and me a little chance to lie down after dinner and have a chat. We shall be very busy next week, Annie; I have left all the Christmas presents until you come home, for you know best what your friends will like. This will be our first Christmas in our new house, and I am anxious to have it very nice. Your father won't have two Christmas trees, one for us and one for the household staff (that's Miss Brown's name for the help) as I had intended. We are to give each other our family presents at breakfast on Christmas day, and have dinner at two o'clock, and the Christmas tree will be at eight, after the help have their tea, and we shall all be with them in the billiard room, and put their gifts on the tree. Miss Brown is buying all the presents, for she knows what each would prefer, and was always given the whole charge of such doings when she was Lady ——'s secretary, so I thought I had better not interfere. But all the same, I am giving a private gift of my own to the servants, and I'll tell you what it is on Sunday afternoon. Sometimes Miss Brown is just a trifle on my nerves, and the way she talked yesterday was one of those times. I am perfectly willing to do just whatever Lady —— would have done, in matters of social duties, but at Christmas time I want to be my own self. I am very anxious to come to the train to meet you in the Limousine, so your father says he'll just steal away the car in good time and drive me down himself. The chauffeur lives some distance away and to be in time he would have to get up at six on Sunday, and we thought he might be grouchy, so we won't have him. Your father laughed at me about this, but in the end he let me have my way. Remember, Annie, you are to sit by me all the way home.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Lady Newborough.

LADY NEWBOROUGH.

LIKE most of the American girls who have married into the Peerage, the wife of Lord Newborough has shown herself possessed of charm and tact. She comes of an old Southern family, having been Miss Grace Carr, daughter of Colonel Montgomerie Carr, of Kentucky, and is a sister of another very popular American, Mrs. Chauncey. Like her husband, Lady Newborough is fond of yachting and travelling. She spends a great deal of her time in Wales when not moving from place to place, although she has a delightful house in London.

A Suffragette Inquiry.

THE ways of politics are strange—
For campaign funds they make you pay,
And howsoe'er the prices range,
There never is a bargain day.
They draw your portraits with disdain;
They scoff at all you said or wrote
And make ideals all in vain—
Why does Matilda wish to vote?

They jeer at you when you succeed
And flout you coldly when you fail;
They call you in their hour of need;
But should your enemies prevail
They leave you in the foeman's power—
'Mongst all the questions that they quote
This is the problem of the hour—
Why does Matilda wish to vote?

—Washington Star.

The Views of the "Antis."

AS the anti-suffrage men feel so strongly about women voting, a natural nervousness arises in the minds of the women as to why. They cannot help wondering if the men know some damning thing about them, of which even they are ignorant. It makes one walk so circumspectly; and with more than a little effort the women ask, half expecting to be crushed to the ground with the answer, "Why shouldn't women vote?" The answer comes, with a great deal of masculine weight, "Because they are women."

"But then"—and one's heart stops at sight of the dark caverns contained in the question, from which truly terrifying answers may leap—"what is a woman?" The definition is waited for with that turtle-like desire to draw in one's head at the psychological moment that Damocles must have felt. Imagine the surprise when the men say, "A woman is a person who does not vote." But this is talking in circles. Have they nothing more to annihilate us with than verbal hoops? It is surely evasion, though containing for the women a dram of relief. For, in spite of the fact that they appear to have disposed of us by this comprehensive statement, we feel they have not said anything against us which we will find it impossible to live down. We may even in time be able to clear ourselves of the accusation, says a recent writer.

All the amusement to be had, and there is a great deal of it, unevenly lodges itself with the antis, for the suffragists are so prosaically reasonable that one could as easily extract humor from a time-table. Rather less so, as a time-table shows such a cheering number of chances of getting to one's destination that good humor is an inevitable result of the first reading, whereas the women who want votes are unable to reach the completion of any work they happen to be doing, for lack of votes on which to transport their influence. They are held up, much necessary work being held up as well, and a grim humor, ruefully recognized, lies in the behavior of the shunting, nervous, affectedly abstracted managers of the line who refuse cleared tracks, passes, or a limited right of way, and instead turn on a ridiculous number of danger signals. One of their favorites—and they make this gleam in a truly lurid way—is that instead of women purifying politics, politics will soil the women. They shoo them off with frantic gesticulations, dwelling with a Zolaesque realism on the state of their gown if they approach any nearer this really shocking thing.

The women are brought up with a start, not by any fear of possible spots, but by real amazement at the guileless candor of the men. Politics, the thing which they have put their best efforts into for centuries; politics, the biggest game in the world, played by the biggest men; politics, the mechanism of governing a country that can barely contain its pride in itself, during this high-water mark of civilization—is it true that politics is unsafe for us as much as to sniff at? One breath, and we are done for? Dear, dear, it would almost seem that if things were in such a state a little decent concealment would be more in order than this honest, naive pointing out of what a mess they, so they say, have made of things. If they have thrown mud until they are all covered with it, and find themselves in a state quite distressing to every sense, then why announce it with such ghoulish glee? Why, instead of using themselves as scarecrows with which to send us scurrying, why not do a little necessary washing up, by way of making ready for our approach? We only have their word for it, Heaven knows, that they are so to speak, in a condition, but since their word is pretty strong we are driven by a merely human desire to help any one in a pickle, to offer ourselves as temporary substitutes while they disappear into an apparently keenly needed bath. We hope this suggestion will not be taken in bad part. We promise that their clothes shall not be stolen while they are, as it were, immersed.

There is an exalted-eye-rolled-to-Heaven, feet-neatly-crossed, gentility about the antis that makes us feel we are living incongruously enough in Cranford, and have been requested to have sufficient delicacy of mind not to eat our oranges in public. We wouldn't, not for the world. And we would like to assure the antis that the vote, when it comes, will not prove an alembic which will bring out the latest desperadoes up to now concealed in our quiet selves. They say, and present the picture very prettily, that women must not have votes, as then the community would no longer have an unbiased element, looking with a large white justice on both sides. The beauty of the idea strikes one instantly. Also its novelty. There is something very regrettable about the unbiased element being thought of just as it is on the point of disappearing. Every one feels sorry that the pose was not taken years ago, it has such obvious points. For, in spite of its being a rather annoying fact, it remains a real one, that women might have been unbiased judges of both sides, looking first on one then on the other (the becoming majesty of the idea is too tantalizing), instead of which we looked on neither side, and only admitted that politics was immediately before our eyes when it had bumped our individual noses. Then all of us that was not bias was ignorance, and we missed completely the tremendously clever dodge of looking over the entire situation from a height so great that we need not of necessity see it.

Another of their charmingly funny objections is the terrible pity it would be to have homes broken up because husbands and wives wished to vote differently.

BARONESS VON ECKHARDSTEIN.

The only daughter of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, the Baroness was married to Baron von Eckhardstein in 1896, obtaining a judicial separation from him about two years ago. She resides at Petwood, Woodhall Spa, and has done much to add to the popularity of that well-known health resort. She is very fond of hunting and has many interests. Baroness von Eckhardstein has only one child, a daughter.

Womankind is joyfully faint at so over-whelming a compliment. Was there ever anything more irresistibly quaint than the suggestion that such is woman's allegiance to an impersonal idea that she will forsake home, babies, and husband, and stagger with her last breath to the polls? It is sublime. The husband and wife arguing with each other like two exhausted jurymen, only to end by bidding each other good-by and—it is a little difficult to know what the antis think us capable of at this point, but we gather that under such circumstances both husband and wife leave the home, the babies picking up the discussion where the parents left off.

Do they really think that married people agree on every subject under the sun (what a dull affair they must find married life to be) and that such is the perfect clarity of their amber that a tiny, political fly is going to spoil everything? Wrecks are not as unavoidable as that. With care one can walk very nicely without stubbing one's toes on the pattern of the carpet. A detour here, a detour there—let no one be shocked, a detour is not of necessity immoral—and one might manage to make it right with one's conscience that the person at the other end of the dinner-table was a—well, what one wasn't.

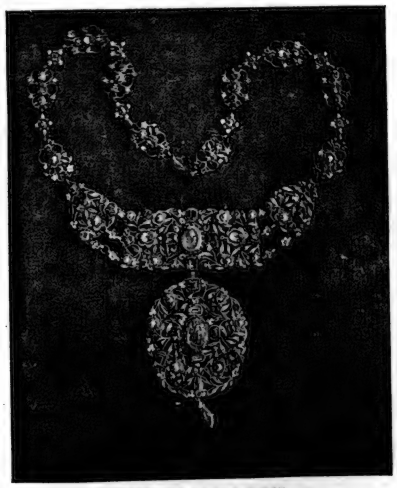
The principal thing, of course is to calm the fears of the antis as much as possible, and to make them believe, if it can be done, that though women will have to ponder mildly on fibrous matter—which will, we do not deny, be more or less exhausting—their long rest and preparation will doubtless enable them to endure the strain.

WHERE WOMEN VOTE

WHERE WOMEN VOTE.
A Norwegian woman depositing her ballot in the box.

WHERE WOMEN VOTE.
Scene in a Norwegian polling booth.

WHERE WOMEN VOTE.
At the last election in Norway women took keen interest in voting for members for the Storthing. As a result Miss Anna Rogstad, a public school teacher, was elected the first woman deputy member. In Norway deputy members are elected with a view to take the places of regular members in case of illness. This picture shows women arriving at the polling place to cast their votes.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.
This beautiful necklace is one recently presented to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra by the City of Birmingham. The large stones in the centre of the pendant and the oblong piece from which it hangs are sapphires, and the smaller stones are rubies, emeralds and pearls. The stones are cabochon cut, and their wealth of color, together with the lavish manner in which they are scattered over the necklace, gives it a tone of barbaric splendor which, however, by reason of perfectly artistic arrangement of color, is splendid and not bizarre.

A Survival.

THE courteous bow that once left light imprint
Of lips on hands whose dust he can not trace
Lives in his stoop. Their clouds can not efface
From his old eyes a flickering rapier glint.
Unto the last his palsied hand a hint
Keeps of the gesture large and equal grace
That once swept free a cuff of flowing lace
To proffer snuff or pick a pistol flint.

Some deep-ashed spark the time's rude mirth deters,
As in some missal where artificers
Of elder day with patient craft did limn
The margins—though the page and print be dim,
The virtues of the school that molded him
Flash forth in fadeless golden characters.

—Charles T. Rogers, in The Forum.

"Our dear bishop looks very stiff and dignified," remarked old Mrs. Croxley; "but I assure you he has a warm, kind heart beating beneath his gaiters."—Tit-Bits.

Precisely.—How happy with either we'd be, were t'other dear explorer away.—Life.

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TORONTO SOCIETY

CHRISTMAS week, or rather the week following that joyous anniversary, has already four dances to its credit—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings,—and two more were being arranged for but will now probably be deferred until later. Mrs. Gibson will give a dance for young people in Government House on Wednesday. The twenty young bachelors will give their Yuletide dance on Thursday. Mr. Beardmore has asked his friends to a New Year's Eve dance at Chudleigh, and Miss Marjorie Brouse gives a dance on Monday night. The first of these is interesting as the first dance in Government House under the present regime, the second is to be a Domino and Masque dance for the first four numbers. As for the third, the traditions of Chudleigh are so well-known and so cherished by its friends that this Watch-night festivity is keenly anticipated by those fortunate enough to be asked. The host, who is Master of the Toronto Hunt, and his fellow huntsmen, always wear the "pink," and there is a flavor of "ye olden time" in this dance that is growing rarer each year in smart circles hereabouts. When the bells ring in the New Year, which always happens during supper, there are good wishes and the host's health is drank with "three times three"—in good old English style.

The debut of Miss Gouinlock, 37 Walmer road, was the occasion of a very nice tea last week, when a large number of friends wished the young lady a happy winter. The flowers were lovely, and among the assistants were three of this season's buds, Miss Edna Cromarty, Miss Evelyn Reid and Miss McKee, as pretty a trio as could be selected from the many attractive girls who are making this winter memorable.

Mr. and Mrs. Merwin have been spending a week in the Capital and last Saturday were the hosts of a very smart dinner at the Russell which was served in the private dining room. Orchids and lily of the valley formed exquisite table decorations. Some of the guests were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Slater, Mrs. Horace Lee, Miss Jessie Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Foster Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard D. Slater, Mr. Jas. Slater, Mrs. Edward Houston and Mr. Fellowes. Mr. and Mrs. Merlin now live in Pasadena, Cal., but before her marriage, the latter, as Miss Slater, of Niagara Falls, was well-known here.

AN AMERICAN DUCHESS.

In the death of Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, London society suffers a very real loss as she was noted for her wit, her hospitality and her undoubted cleverness. Her bridge dinners were especially famous and the King was often a guest of honor on these occasions. The Duchess also entertained very successfully for many seasons during Cowes week. The Duchess, was an American, Miss Consuelo Yznaga—her marriage to the late Duke of Manchester, then Lord Mandeville, taking place in 1876.

The marriage of Miss Maude Winnifred Shaw, of Forest, and Mr. William Herbert Giryin, manager Standard bank, Ailsa Craig, will be celebrated on December 28.

One of last week's pleasant receptions was that of Mrs. H. Dyment and Mrs. W. C. Whitney, at 257 Rusholm road. Mrs. Dyment was in mauve embroidered silk with Irish lace, and Mrs. Whitney in pale blue Dresden silk with folds of panne velvet. The rooms were done with 'mums and carnations, and the tea-table was centered with poinsettias in a mound of green. An orchestra played during the reception.

Col. and Mrs. J. T. Davidson have sent out invitations to the marriage of their second daughter, Miss Helen Gordon Davidson, and Major Walter Home. The ceremony will take place on January 5, at half past two, in St. Andrew's church, with a reception afterwards at 156 St. George street. Major and Mrs. Harold Bickford have come out from England for the wedding and are spending Christmas with Mrs. Bickford's parents, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson. Major Home, (pronounced Hume), is an intimate friend and comrade-in-arms of Captain Bickford and is now stationed in South Africa, where he will be for some time. He has several times visited Toronto in the past few years.

Capt. and Mrs. Bertram Denison and little Yvonne are visiting Mr. Albert and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer.

Mrs. Arnold Ivey and her little daughter, have left for Memphis, Tennessee, to be with Mr. Ivey's sister, Mrs. J. Lindsey Wells until the early spring.

Holwood, Queen's Park, the splendid home of Mr. J. W. Flavelle, was aglow with light on Thursday, December 9, when a reception was given in honor of the debutante daughter of the house, Miss Clara Flavelle, who has been one of the popular girls coming out this winter. Mrs. Flavelle received in the drawing room, and Miss Flavelle was beside her, looking stunning in a white chiffon and satin dress and carrying a sheaf of white roses, sashed with yellow gauze. Mrs. Barrett, *nee* Flavelle, in pale rose satin touched with silver, was greeting the guests in her old home, in her old hearty unaffected manner, that sincerity which appeals to all, and which is characteristic of both parents and daughters at Holwood. In the music room, Mr. Blakely played at intervals on the great organ, and an orchestra in the hall alternated, with the gayest up-to-date music. Bounteous refreshment tables with flowers galore were arranged in two rooms, and the conservatory was brilliant with the December poinsettias, which have ousted the huge "'mums" for the moment. The reception was over early (as there is never any dancing at Holwood) and was a most bright and representative gathering.

Mr. Griggs' lecture on Hamlet drew a large audience on Tuesday night, who gave much applause to the lecturer when he had finished his able handling of a very much disputed subject. Among those who enjoyed it were Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, Miss Gurney, the Misses Haney, Colonel Fleming, Mr. Pigott, Mrs. Blewett, Mr. Hughes, who acts as chairman and is devoted to the lecturer, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. Ardagh, Mr. Smythe. The next lecture will be given on January 4, on "Othello: the tragedy of love and jealousy."

Miss Fielding, of Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. R. A. Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan have returned from a charming visit in New York. Mrs. Perley Smith, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Housser, in Ottawa, has returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cautlie and their young son, arrive to-morrow to spend Christmas with Mrs. Michie, in St. George street. This pretty and lovable grand mamma has been out of health for some little time, much to the anxiety of her daughters and son Major Michie.

There is a very pretty little Loan Exhibition of pictures, with some also for sale, in the New Galleries in Jarvis street, where quite a number of people turned out to the private view on Monday night despite torrents of rain. Four of the Campbell-Noble paintings hang at the head of the stair, and Dutch, French and other pictures, a crayon or two by Willy Sluiter and some nice bronzes are arranged about.

Mrs. Degnam received the guests to the Private View, and among them was Miss Campbell Noble, the daughter of the Scottish artist, who has endeared herself to many Toronto friends beside her hosts at Durness. She came with Miss McLeod, and was much admired in a dainty gown of pale green satin. Each day since, prominent lady members of the association have taken turns in doing the duty of hostess at the tea hour at the Galleries. Mrs. D. D. Mann on Tuesday, and Mrs. A. R. MacMaster on Wednesday, were tea hostesses.

The visit of Auguste Van Biene to Shea's this week has recalled his clever and unique personality to many who saw him in his pathetic play, "The Broken Melody," here, many years ago. Van Biene and his 'cello make a combination full of attraction, and to those who have known him long and well, his history and life experiences are more appealing than any play. A great many have visited Shea's solely to hear and see him.

Miss Elaine Machray has been a much admired visitor in Ottawa, where she has been on a visit to Miss Lessard, daughter of Colonel Lessard.

Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis is giving a dance at McConkey's on January 4 for Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis. Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, a native of St. John's, Newfoundland, has won many friends by her bright and attractive personality, and is a very popular bride in Toronto.

Miss Marjorie Brouse is giving one of the numerous holiday dances at Grenvilla, 63 St. George street, on December 27.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra's concert on Thursday night was an event of such musical excellence that even the rush of ante-Noel preparation did not prevent a great crowd from attending.

Dr. and Mrs. Sylvester have heard from their daughter, Mrs. Reid, now with her husband in China, telling of a new move into Manchuria, so the bright little dame (who as Adele Sylvester was everyone's favorite) is seeing a good deal of life in regions far removed from the beaten track. Mrs. Sylvester expects Mrs. Smallpiece from Montreal next Tuesday.

The twenty young bachelors have a distinguished array of patronesses for their dance on December 30 in the Metropolitan. As the bachelors are mostly military men, the patronesses are unusually interested. Mrs. Cotton, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Mrs. J. B. Miller, Mrs. Peuchen, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, and Mrs. Denison are the ladies who have given their patronage. The programmes are to be in Ye Olde English style for this Yuletide dance, and the young hosts are thinking out many original features suitable to the happy season.

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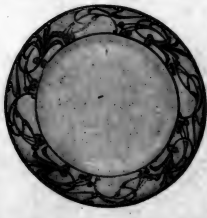

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Secure tickets and further information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

Column

IF there is one thing more repugnant than another to the properly attuned mind, it is to hurt anyone's feelings, not their vanity, mind you, which is bound to be continually taking its raps, but their real inner sensitiveness to wrong and injustice. Should such a wound be inadvertently given, no one suffers more than the unhappy giver, even if no one but he or she and the recipient know anything about it. But such wounds are happily as "seldom" as the plums in workhouse pudding, whereas those which only hurt our vanity are happening every day. It is well to be honest and save ourselves from the wiser heads who correctly diagnose our resentment. Not one in a hundred of the wounds we give and take go deeper than our personal vanity. It's merely the question of how deep that goes!

What is a really bad book? One is too ready to taboo the penny dreadfuls and the shilling shockers, and condone the three dollar volume that reeks with loose conduct, petty spites and low intrigues. The obtuse brutality of that aged peeress who has made one of the season's sensations in London has come at an inopportune moment, when the voice of the agitator is touching the foundations of the old regime with bellowings that shake by mere concussion. If you want to know how a strong enough dose of wind can do damage you need not go to the West in search of cyclones. The aged peeress has nothing new to tell, for she only rakes over the odoriferous scandals of London and assures us that the new and noiser elements which have recently ingratiated themselves and their diamonds, whether from Kalamazoo or the Ghetto, into the cabinets of Royalty, are not in it with the "pigs in clover" of the early Victorian era. In fact, one turns with some sense of better things to the London of to-day, bad as it is said to be. The woman of eighty whose recollections are those of the peeress, who has confessed herself in print, make one glad of just one thing, that she has neither sons nor daughters! That is perhaps the last word one can say about any woman.

As an antidote to the bad book, through which I skimmed last evening, I have to-day by English mail a pen-picture from that same gracious lady who so annoyed some of my readers by her remark about some agitators who shall be nameless, of two persons she belongs to, and perhaps a gentle few of my readers may enjoy reading it as I did. "I was staying in the little dower house, in a lovely old Kentish village, close to her old home, my grandfather's place, dearly beloved and full of memories of a time passed away, a refinement almost undreamed of by this generation, a house full of priceless old Chippendale furniture, poked into every corner, a natural thing, not to be commented upon, cedar panelling, priceless china, bowls of *pot-pourri*, open windows, through which came the scent of heliotrope, roses and new-mown grass, and the all-pervading influence of the most beautiful, fascinating and witty old lady I ever knew, whose smile was a flash of sunshine, and her movements at 80 those of a graceful girl of 18. Soft trailing Indian shawls, old soft silk and satin gowns, unostentatious old lace, and her "man," a gentleman in every sense of the word, on whose judgment half a county relied, who would never be forced into a quarrel, and who had passed much of his youth in Paris, and acquired a faultless taste for pictures and other beautiful things, and a wide tolerance born of travel. A handsome old giant, with snow-white hair, and the darkest of very blue eyes." Somehow when I read this page to-day, it took the taste of that unsavory bite of yesterday away. The terrible old lady who carved out her recollections with a ruthless knife against her friends, and a more than slice off her own past, probably knew the witty old lady mentioned above, as she was well acquainted with the family, judging from her mention of them in her book. I was glad she found nothing low to tell of them!

Talking of France, a friend living in the country there writes, "God preserve England from what is coming so quickly to this country. It is twelve years since I was here, but what a change. The people look miserable, "dour" and savage, and they are, too. The drunkenness! I have to keep my area gate locked, day and night, not a soul allowed down the steps, and am nightly wakened by howls of drunkards, even women, an unheard of thing in former times." This development, since religion was voted a hindrance and "the idea of God, the keynote of a perverted civilization," doesn't seem to say much for the credit of the "equality of culture" which is taught to be the "true root of liberty." We have all heard these things before, and seen or read of their results.

I am thinking of the wonder of a penny! On the desk beside me lie "good time" Christmas letters, those posted early and dated weeks ago, and on each is the little "penny value" that has brought them over land and sea. Here is one color, there another, lavender, pink, green—one from the tropics, where mangoes grow, one from Kangaroo land, one from busy, thronged Calcutta, where a certain soldier does not forget, and where a sailor still says "Hail" at stated seasons. And quite adjacent one that has apparently had its own time getting here, with an address almost blotted out, from way, way up in Arctic places, but always the penny value brought them all. The penny may masquerade under a foreign name, and be ten or even twenty queer things, but I know it's only my old friend the penny, the two cents of our country, and it's the best and biggest value any of us are ever likely to get. To have to hunt up five-cent stamps for some letters, gives one "that foreign feeling," and I'm rather glad not to have it too often.

LADY GAY.

SOCIETY

An exceedingly pretty tea was given by Mrs. Murray Macfarlane, 18 Carlton street, last week, for her sister, Miss Mary Walton, who came out last month. The hostess wore a pale rose *crepe de soie* gown and looked very pretty as she gave each of her guests a cordial welcome. Miss Walton wore an extremely dainty white gown, with pearl trimming, the essence of airy lightness, and suiting her refined face and slight figure to perfection. Of course she had flowers in the greatest profusion, and there was sweet music from D'Alesandro's orchestra, sometimes almost drowned by the gay laughter and fun going on in the drawing-room and tea-room. The tea-table was done with swathings of pale pink tulle and pink roses, with vases of pink and white sweet peas, and pink and silver shaded lights, one of the prettiest tables of the month. The waitresses were given huge corsage bouquets of violets and pink roses and were matronized by Mrs. Rutherford and Mrs. Capon. They included Miss Edna Cromarty, Miss Margeurite Robins, Miss Marjorie Horrocks, Miss Maida Maclachlan, Miss Ellis and Miss Brooke, debutantes, and Miss Bellingham, a very beautiful little not-out. Mrs. Macfarlane gave a dance for some of their young friends in the evening, which was delightful. The unusually wide and spacious rooms being admirably adapted to that amusement.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

MARRIAGES.

CREAN—GALE—At Westminster Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on December 11th, 1909, by the Rev. Dr. John Neil, Gordon C. Crean to Lauda Gale, daughter of the late J. W. Gale.

ROBERTSON—GUTHRIE—At 177 Second avenue, Ottawa, on December 9, 1909, by Rev. Dr. Herridge, Mary, second daughter of Mrs. William Reid Guthrie, Reston, Manitoba, to Donald Frazer Robertson, of Ottawa.

DEATHS.

GRIFFITH—At New York, on December 15, 1909, Richard John, only child of William and Bonnie Griffith, Toronto.

THE OLDEST ENGLISH ORGANIST.

Miss Ellen Day who still plays the organ regularly at Christ Church, Victoria Street, London, is now eighty-one years of age. In her childhood Miss Day was noted as a prodigy pianist. Among her most interesting recollections is that of playing before the late Queen Victoria shortly after her accession.

Household Economy in Germany.

CAN the German working-man live on his wages? Are his earnings sufficient upon which to support a family? Harpers Weekly asks these questions and then proceeds: The increased cost of practically all essential foodstuffs and the consequent struggle of the wage-earner for better pay, which has been going on in Germany for several years, have made these questions of vital interest. The Imperial Statistical Bureau has assembled data bearing upon these questions, which, to a certain extent, seem to answer both in the negative, and, while not complete enough to be accepted as final, do, however, present a most interesting picture of the struggle for existence of the man who is dependent upon the work of his hands for his daily bread.

In all German cities household account books were distributed to heads of families, who agreed to keep for one full year, a complete and detailed account of receipts and expenditures. As an exact account of even the most insignificant items of daily receipts and expenditures was asked for, it follows naturally that a very large number of those who expressed a willingness to do so failed to continue their bookkeeping to the end of the year, but more than one-fourth of those who undertook the task did do so. The Statistical Bureau received 960 full family accounts covering the year, and of these 852 were found available for the purpose for which they had been asked.

The total sums of the incomes of all these 852 households was $444,501.18, and the total of their expenditures was $453,005.70. This leaves a deficit of $8,504.70. The average income per family was $521.70 per year and the average expenditure $531.69, or an average deficit of $9.99 per family. It is noteworthy, however, that deficits occurred mostly in families of the larger earning capacities.

The average expenditure per person in the 852 households was $114.63, distributed as follows: Food, $52.21; clothing, $14.49; rent, $20.59; heat and light, $4.66; miscellaneous expenses, $22.68. These averages are made up from various groups of what may be regarded as the better classes of wage-earners; and however incomplete, they present a very clear picture of the narrowness of the margin between income and the cost of actual necessities for the ordinary wage-earner and good citizen of the German Empire and the distress that any unforeseen accident such as sickness, lack of work, etc., cannot help but cause.

An interesting companion picture to that of the imperial inquiry is presented by a series of forty-five household accounts of Nuremberg families, each being a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures for the full period of one year. With reference to calling, the heads of these families represent as many groups as do the 852 families of the imperial data, but they are, on the whole, of a somewhat higher standard. By far the greater part of them are, however, wage-earners pure and simple, the only exceptions being a few city employees with salaries about equal to the earnings of the better paid wage-workers. Each household consists of a husband and wife and one or more children, and the total family incomes vary from $318.20 to $717.57 per year. The average figures for these families may safely be accepted as a fairly typical presentation of the financial status of the better class of Nuremburg wage-earners.

The average annual income of the forty-five families under consideration was $443.39, and the expenditures $451.49, giving an average deficit of $8.10 for each family.

More than one-half the entire income went for food and drink. This item includes not only the cost of the home table, but also that of food and drink consumed in public houses. For this latter item, most of it beer, almost 10 per cent. of the entire income was spent. The expenditure for tobacco were trifling, as were also the expenditures for fish, cheese, butter, potatoes, and green vegetables The diet consisted practically of meat, sausage, black bread, and beer.

The amount paid for insurance of all varieties (including the imperial sick, accident, and old-age insurance dues) averaged 6.1 per cent. of the total income, a sum that seems abnormally high. Notable, too, is the item for "social and intellectual purposes," including subscriptions to newspapers, contributions to political parties, union dues, etc., which average 3.6 per cent. of the total expenditures. The remaining 5.4 per cent. of expenditures were for a variety of purposes—education, travel, gifts, etc.

From these forty-five household accounts it appears that practically the entire income of the better-paid wage-earner must be paid out for food and the actual necessities of life. Nothing is left either for savings or for purposes of culture, books, art, etc.

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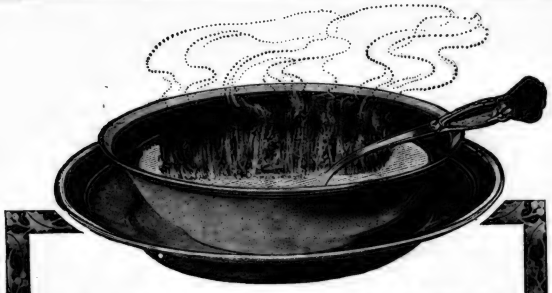

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THE death of Pony Moore, the aged minstrel, marks the removal of another of the conservative mid-Victorian institutions which so fitly represented the British character in conservatism and unchangeable tastes.

Moore was a typical American showman, says Town and Country, but throughout the generations in which he delighted the English people he was the most thorough-going representative Briton in the islands. He came to London "for a short run at the St. James' Hall." That "short run" lasted over forty years! Think of it, you who are used to one night stands and weekly changes of bill!

The British public, grandfather, son, and grandson, went for forty years to listen to and applaud the stale old jokes, the "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and "Old Black Joe." The same songs, the same jokes, the same bones and tambourine; and ever the house full twice a day. If Pony Moore had not become so old that he could no longer finger the "bones"—he was over 90 when he died—he would undoubtedly have continued his "short run" until now; but he passed away, and there are no more minstrel shows in England.

It takes a long time to gain the public's confidence, but once you have gained it wild horses will not tear it asunder, at least not for a long time. Only death and infirmity seem to be able to affect it. There, for instance, was the German-Reed entertainment at the Queen's Hall.

It went on day after day, year after year, afternoon and evening, three or four people, clever undoubtedly, but with limitations, producing little one-act sketches. They were harmless lollipops, and every girl's school and every Sunday school entied itself into the Queen's Hall at regular and stated times.

The German-Reeds, husband and and wife, died suddenly. Then within a week they were followed by Corney Grain, their partner, a heavy-weight humorist whose smile had lighted up every suburban heart for thirty years and whose jokes had been alternating with Punch wit at every dinner table in the land for a generation.

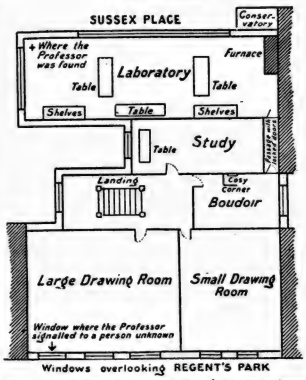
Why do we labor in this world? The attainable nobody wants; the unattainable nobody can have.—Smart Set.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

(*Rights Reserved.*)

Synopsis:—On the morning of January 15th, 1907, Henry Holford, proprietor of a garage in Chiswick, a suburb of London, receives a visit from a mysterious neighbor, Kershaw Kirk, who shows a singular interest in a new German tire. He invites Holford to visit him that evening, when he tells his guest that he needs assistance, as he is suspected of the murder of Professor Ernest Greer, a famous chemist, in his laboratory in Regent's Park, London. The Professor had been found stabbed to death and his face burned with some corrosive substance. The two men go to the house where the murder was committed, and there find that the Professor's only daughter has also been murdered in a somewhat similar fashion. Holford and Kirk go to the laboratory where the body of the murdered chemist lies and carefully search for a clue. Kirk acts rather suspiciously. They go back to his house, and there he receives a mysterious telephone message, which fills him with dread and arouses Holford's suspicions.



Plan of first floor of Professor Greer's House in Sussex Place, Regent's Park, London.

CHAPTER V.

CERTAIN SUSPICIONS STRENGTHENED.

TO Mabel, my wife, I said nothing. In the circumstances, I deemed silence golden.

Kirk's attitude at the telephone had filled me with suspicion.

During the hours I spent in bed before the dawn I lay thinking. The problem was utterly inexplicable, the more so now that the dead man's daughter was also dead.

I was convinced, as I lay there in the darkness, that there was something very suspicious in the fact that Kirk, who seemed to rule the household, would not allow the police to have any knowledge of what had occurred. Indeed, my own position was somewhat unenviable, for, being aware that a murder had been committed, was I not legally bound to give information? Was I not liable to prosecution if I failed to do so?

The mystery surrounding Kershaw Kirk had increased rather than diminished in that final quarter of an hour I had spent with him as he had sat staring straight into the fire, uttering scarce a word.

What had been told him over the telephone had caused an entire change in his manner. Previously he had been dictatorial and defiant. He was now cringing, crushed, terror-stricken.

The grim scenes I had witnessed surged through my brain. The mystery of it all had gripped my senses. Carefully I analysed each event, trying to discern some light as to its cause and motive. But I was not a professional detective. This was the first time I had found myself mixed up in a crime by which human life had been lost.

That the death of Professor Greer was no ordinary crime of violence I had quickly recognized. There was some subtle motive both in the crime itself and in the supposed presence of the Professor in Edinburgh, whereas in reality he was already lying dead in his own laboratory.

Those instructions to his daughter, which seemed to have been written after his departure from King's Cross, also formed an enigma in themselves. The dead man had actually sought the assistance of his worst enemy!

Yet, when I weighed the circumstances as a whole calmly and coolly, I saw that if the unknown person to whom the Professor had signalled on that fateful night could be found a very great point would be gained towards the solution of the problem.

The pulling up and down of the drawing-room blind was, no doubt, in order to inform some person waiting without of his journey north. Was that person who received the signal afterwards the assassin?

Yet the fact that the crime was committed behind locked doors, that both the victim and the assassin had to pass within a few feet of where Miss Ethelwynn was seated, and that into the unfortunate Professor's face some terribly corrosive fluid had been dashed, formed a problem which held me mystified.

I drew a plan of the arrangement of the room on the first floor of the house in Sussex Place, which shows at a glance how complete was the mystery of the Professor's death, even apart from the other facts of his signals and his journey north.

Kirk, this dealer in secrets, admittedly posed as a friend of the family. Greer trusted him. To him Ethelwynn had fled for assistance at the first suspicion of anything being wrong. Therefore, would it not have been easier for him than for anyone else to enter the house in secret and kill the man who had stolen from him that mysterious secret?

Yes, try how I would, I was unable to rid myself of the grave conviction that my new acquaintance was cognisant of more than he had told me. He was naturally a reserved man, it was true; yet there was an air of cosmopolitanism about him which spoke mutely of the adventurer.

His refusal to allow a doctor to see the Professor's daughter was nothing short of culpable. Had Antonio, that sly, crafty Italian, to whom I had taken such instinctive dislike, summoned a doctor at once, it was quite possible that the poor girl's life might have been saved.

But why had she returned to the house in a manner so secret? Why had she crept into the dining-room and removed her hat? It would almost seem as though she had returned for good, for if she had intended to go back to her aunt's she would not have taken off her hat and laid it aside.

And why had she done so in the dining-room, of all places? Why had she not ascended to her own room? And why, most of all, had she not summoned Antonio?

Was it because of fear of him?

Kirk and Antonio were friends. That I had detected from the very first. The Italian was polite, urbane, servile, yet I saw that the bow was only a shallow make-believe. Alone together, the pair would, no doubt, stand upon an equal footing.

The reason she had returned home was mysterious enough, yet the greater problem was the reason why she also had been struck down and the same corrosive liquid flung into her fair countenance.

I could not think that Kirk was responsible for the second assassination, for, unless Antonio had lied, it had been committed at the very hour when I had been seated with my mysterious neighbor only a few doors away from my own house.

So, as you may readily imagine, I was still sorely troubled when at last the maid brought me my hot water and I rose to dress.

I quite saw now that the reason why Kirk had called to inspect the new Eckhardt tyre was merely in order to make my acquaintance. Yet it was certainly curious that he should have predicted the visits of the two other men for the same purpose. After breakfast I went, as usual, to the garage, but my mind was still full of the events of the previous night.

Kirk had arranged to call for me at eleven and return to Sussex Place, where he intended to search for any finger-marks left by the assassin. Eleven o'clock struck, but he did not arrive. In patience I waited until one, and then returned home to luncheon, as was my habit.

His non-arrival confirmed my suspicions. What, I wondered, could have been the purport of that mysterious message in German that he had listened to on the telephone just before we had parted?

At two o'clock I called at his house and rang the door-bell. There was no response. Both Kirk and his sister were out.

So I returned to the garage, and with Dick Drake, my stout, round-faced, dare-devil driver, who held two records at Brooklands, and was everlastingly being fined for exceeding the speed limit, I worked hard upon the refractory engine of a car which had been sent to me for repair.

All day it was misty, but towards evening the fog increased, until it became thick even in Chiswick, therefore I knew that it must be a regular "London particular" in the West End. One driver, indeed, who had come in from Romford, said he had taken four hours to cross London. Hence I resolved to possess my soul in patience and spend a quiet evening at home with my wife and her young sister, who lived with us.

Curiously enough, however, I found myself, towards six o'clock, again seized by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to return to Sussex Place in search of my mysterious neighbor. I felt within me a keen, irrepressible anxiety to fathom the curious problem which that shabby man, who declared himself immune from trial in a criminal court, had placed before me. Who could he be, that, like the King himself, he could not be brought before a judge?

At times I found myself laughing at his absurd statements, and regarding them as those of a lunatic; but at others I was bound to admit that his seriousness showed him to be in deadly earnest.

Well, to cut a long story short, at eight o'clock I took Dick Drake and managed to creep over in the fog to Regent's Park on one of the small cars.

The door was opened, as before, by Antonio, who perceptibly started when he recognized me.

Yes, Mr. Kirk was there, he admitted, and a few seconds later he came to me in the hall.

He was a changed man. His face was thinner, sallower, more haggard, and the lines about his mouth deeper and more marked: yet he greeted me affably, with many apologies for not keeping his appointment.

"I was here, very busy," he explained. "I rang you up twice on the 'phone, but each time you were engaged."

"Well," I asked, going straight to the point, "what have you discovered?"

"Very little," he said. "I've searched all day for finger-prints, but up to the present have found none, save those of Antonio, Ethelwynn, and members of the household."

"You do not suspect any of the servants?" I whispered, full of suspicion of the crafty-looking Italian.

"Of course not, my dear sir. What motive could they have in killing such an excellent, easy-going master as the Professor?"

"Revenge for some fancied grievance," I suggested.

But he only laughed my theory to scorn.

I followed him upstairs, through the red boudoir to the laboratory, to which the fog had penetrated, and there watched him making his test for recent finger-prints. His examination was both careful and methodical. He drew a pair of old grey suede gloves over his hands, and, taking up one after another of the bottles and glass apparatus, he lightly coated them with some finely powdered chalk of a grey-green color, afterwards dusting it off.

On one or two of the bottles prints of fingers were revealed, and each of these he very carefully examined beneath the light, rejecting them one after the other.

To me, unacquainted as I was with the various lines of the finger-tips, all looked alike. But this shabby, mysterious neighbor of mine apparently read them with the utmost ease, as he would a book.

In its corner, in the same position in which we had left it on the previous night, lay the hideous body of the Professor, crouching just as he had expired. But Kershaw Kirk worked on, heedless of its presence.

I remarked to him that he was a careful and painstaking detective, whereupon he straightened his back, and, looking me in the face, said:

"Please don't run away with the idea that I'm a detective, Mr. Holford. I am not. I have no connection whatever with the police, whom, I may tell you, I hold in contempt. There's far too much red-tape at Scotland Yard, which binds the men hand and foot and prevents them doing any real good work. Look at the serious crimes committed in London during the past three years to the perpetrators of which the police have no clue! The whole police system in London is wrong. There's too much observation upon the speed of motor-cars and too little latitude allowed the police for inquiry into criminal cases."

"Then you are not a police officer?" I asked, for within the last few hours I had become suspicious that such was the fact.

"No, I am not. The reason I am inquiring into the death of Professor Greer is because, for the sake of my own reputation, and in order to clear myself of any stigma upon me, I must ascertain the truth."

"And only for that reason?" I queried.

He hesitated.

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"Well—and for another—another which must remain a confidential matter with myself," he replied at length. "The Professor was in possession of a certain secret, and my belief is that this secret was stolen from him and his mouth afterward closed by the chief."

"Why?"

"Because, had the unfortunate man spoken, certain complications, very serious complications, involving huge losses, would have accrued. So there was only one way—to kill poor Greer! But the manner in which this was accomplished is still an absolute enigma."

"Has it not struck you that the telegram sent from Edinburgh may have been despatched by the assassin?" I asked.

But he was uncertain. He had as yet, he said formed no theory as to that portion of the problem.

"Where is the unfortunate girl?" I asked, for I had noticed that she was not in the dining-room.

He looked at me quickly, with a strange expression in his peculiar eyes.

"She's still here, of course," he declared. "That second phase of the mystery is as complicated as the first—perhaps even more so. Come with me a moment."

I followed him through the boudoir and into the study, where, opening a long cupboard in the wall, a small iron safe was revealed, the door of which opened at his touch.

"Here," he explained, "the Professor kept the valuable notes upon the results of his experiments. The safe was closed when I first called, but this morning I found it open, and the contents gone!"

"Then the person who killed Professor Greer was not the thief!" I remarked.

"Unless he returned here afterwards," was Kirk's reply, with his eyes fixed upon mine.

Then he glanced at his watch, and without a word turned upon his heel and passed out of the room.

CHAPTER VI.

A FURTHER MYSTERY.

I stood waiting his return for a few moments, and then followed him out upon the landing, where my feet fell noiselessly upon the thick Turkey carpet. Almost opposite, across the open staircase, I could see into the large drawing-room, and there, to my amazement, I saw Kirk raising and lowering one of the blinds.

He was making the same signal to someone outside in the park as that made by the Professor before his death!

I slipped back to the study, much puzzled, but in a few moments he returned, smiling and affable.

What signal had he made—and to whom? It was foggy outside, therefore the watcher must have been in the close vicinity.

Antonio appeared at the door, whereupon Kirk gave the man-servant certain instructions regarding the payment and discharge of the servants. Apparently one of them had returned and asked for her wages in lieu of notice.

"Be liberal with them," urged my companion. "We don't want any grumbling. There is no suspicion as yet, and liberality will disarm it."

"Very well, signore," replied the man, "I will pay them all and get rid of them as soon as possible."

"Yes, at once," Kirk snapped, and the man went down the stairs.

"Well," I asked, after he was out of hearing, "what do you intend doing now?"

"I never set out any line of action. In such a case as this any such method is folly," he replied.

"But at least you will do something with the bodies of the victims? They must be buried," I exclaimed, for the gruesomeness of it all was now preying upon me. This was the first time that I had ever been implicated in a murder mystery—*and such a mystery!*

"The disposal of the bodies is my own affair, Mr. Holford," he said quietly. "Leave that to me. As far as the world knows, Professor Greer and his daughter are away visiting."

"But Lady Mellor! Is she not anxious regarding her niece's whereabouts?"

"Lady Mellor is on the Riviera. Her house in Upper Brook Street is in charge of servants, therefore she is unaware that anything extraordinary has transpired."

"Your only confidant is Antonio?"

"And your own self," he added. "But have I not already impressed upon you, my dear friend, the absolute necessity of secrecy in this affair?"

"You have given me no actual reason," I demurred.

"Because certain circumstances bind me to secrecy," was his reply. "From what I have already told you I dare say you have gathered that I am no ordinary individual. I am vested by a high authority with a power which other men do not possess, and in this case I am compelled to exercise it."

He saw the look of disbelief upon my countenance.

"Ah," he laughed, "I see you doubt me! Well, I am not surprised; I should do so were I in your place. But, believe me or not, Mr. Holford, you will lose nothing by assisting me in this affair and performing a secret service for the high authority who must be nameless, but whose trusted agent I am—even though the onus of this strange tragedy may be cast upon me."

"The whole affair is a mystery," I remarked—"an inscrutable mystery."

"Yes," he sighed, "one that has been rendered a hundredfold more inscrutable by a discovery made to-day—the discovery which prevented me calling upon you at eleven o'clock. But remain patient, trust in me, assist me when I desire assistance, and it will, I promise, be well worth your while."

For a moment I was silent. Then, a trifle annoyed, I answered:

"My legitimate profession of motor-engineer pays me quite well, and I think I prefer, with your permission, to retire from this affair altogether."

"What!" he exclaimed. "After giving me your promise—your word as a gentleman! Can't you see, my friend, that you can assist in furthering the ends of justice—in fastening the guilt upon the assassin?"

"That, I maintain, should be left to the police."

"Bah! The police in this case would be powerless. The problem is for us, you and I, to solve, and by the exercise of patience and watchfulness we shall, I hope, be able to elucidate the mystery.

"The inquiries may carry us far afield; I have a keen presentiment that they will. Therefore if I am suddenly absent do not trouble on my account. My silence will mean that I am watchful and active. When I am abroad I make a point of receiving no letters, therefore do not write. I always communicate with my friends through the advertisement columns of the Times. To you I shall be 'Silence.'

"Take the paper daily and watch for any message I may send you. You have a car outside, I suppose? I wonder whether you would take me to Tottenham Court Road?" he asked.

Thereupon we went below, and after a whispered conversation with Antonio, who was waiting in one of the back rooms, he mounted into the car, and Dick drove us very slowly through the fog half-way down Tottenham Court Road, where Kirk alighted.

"Shall I wait for you?" I asked.

"No," he replied; "I really don't know how long I shall be. Besides, I shall not return to Bedford Park to-night. It's very kind of you, but I won't trouble you further. Good night, Mr. Holford! Perhaps I shall see you to-morrow. If not, then recollect to keep an eye upon the Times for a message from 'Silence.'"

And he shook my hand, descended, and went forward into the yellow fog.

My curiosity was aroused; therefore in an instant I had resolved to follow him and ascertain whither he went.

In the direction he had taken towards Oxford Street, I started off, but before me the lights blurred in the misty obscurity. Foot-passengers on the pavement loomed up in the uncertain light and melted again, and as I hurried on I discerned the figures before me with difficulty. Where the shop-fronts were lit were patches of red mist, but where they were closed it was almost complete darkness, for in that neighborhood the fog was thicker than further westward, and Dick had had considerable trouble in finding his way there at a snail's pace.

(*To be Continued.*)

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Society at the Capital

OTTAWA, DEC. 16, 1909.

THE most brilliant function of last week, and indeed one of the most brilliant of the season so far, was the reception given by the various Cabinet Ministers' wives on Wednesday evening in the suite of rooms in connection with the House of Commons, which is set apart especially for "sessional" entertainments. This was the first of a series of four similar events for which invitations have been sent out, the remaining three to follow on January 12, February 12 and March 12. The decorations were particularly well arranged and consisted of gracefully draped flags, pennants, and yellow and white 'mums, a huge bank of the latter with palms being so arranged as to divide the large cafe into two separate rooms, one of which was comfortably arranged with armchairs, rugs and sofas, the other making an excellent ball-room where the younger folk danced until midnight. In the smaller dining-room a buffet supper was served throughout the evening, and there also the decorations were arranged with the same excellent taste as characterized those in the larger room, and masses of white 'mums contrasted effectively with crimson shaded lights. It was much regretted that both the Premier and Lady Laurier were unavoidably absent, Sir Wilfrid suffering from the annoyance of an ulcerated tooth and Lady Laurier not having recovered sufficiently from her recent indisposition to stand the fatigue of an evening of entertainment. Lady Borden, who received the guests, wore a gown of pale grey satin with bugle trimmings. The other hostesses were Mrs. Frank Oliver, who was gowned in an old rose cachemire de soie embroidered in silk and platinum; Mrs. W. S. Fielding in mauve satin with gold embroideries; Mrs. G. P. Graham in old rose satin with embroidered lace trimmings; Mrs. Templeman, gowned in pale blue satin trimmed with lace; and Madame Brodeur in a robe of Chantilly lace over pale blue, the bodice trimmed with small pink roses. Owing to the adjournment of the Senate for the Christmas holidays and the consequent departure from the Capital of nearly all the Senators with their wives and daughters, they were absent from the brilliant gathering, but a large number of members of Parliament availed themselves of the opportunity of paying their respects to the Capital's prominent hostesses.

Some charmingly arranged dinners were among the chief features of the social round recently. Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden added another to their already rapidly growing list, and it was in special honor of several members and their wives and daughters. Their guests included Dr. Schaffner, M.P., and Mrs. Schaffner, of Boissevain, Man.; Mr. A. C. Boyce, M.P., and Mrs. Boyce, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Mr. Crothers, M.P., and Mrs. Crothers, of St. Thomas; Mr. Arthur Meighen, M.P., and Mrs. Meighen, of Portage la Prairie; Mr. P. E. Blondin, M.P., and Madame Blondin, of Quebec, and Col. and Mrs. Bertram, of Dundas, who are at present staying with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fleck. Mr. and Mrs. George Perley also entertained especially for several sessional visitors at a very smart dinner, taking their guests afterwards on to the theatre. Those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meighen, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, of Belleville; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burrell, of Grand Forks, B.C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Maddin, of Sydney, C.B., and Major Beatty. Others who entertained at well-appointed dinners during the week were Hon. W. S. and Mrs. Fielding, whose guests numbered sixteen; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Irvin.

The pretty and artistic new Club House of the Ottawa Hunt Club was on Friday night the scene of the first dance that has taken place within its walls. It was given by Col. Lessard for his daughters, the Misses Eva and Blanche Lessard. Miss Elaine Machray, of Toronto, who is at present their guest, received with the young hostesses and their father. Notwithstanding the coldness of the night and the long drive necessary to reach the Hunt Club House, all the young people turned up, Col. Lessard having very thoughtfully provided four large vans to drive them to and from the Club House. Dr. R. E. Webster, President of the Hunt Club, and Mrs. Webster chaperoned the party, which included about one hundred of the younger set. Flags, bunting and 'mums decorated the various rooms, and excellent music was provided by the orchestra stationed in the music balcony overlooking the large reception hall, which was utilized for dancing. The dining-room and halls were amply provided with sofas, armchairs and divans for those who chose to "sit out," and an excellent supper in the smoking-room downstairs was served at midnight, cool drinks and ice-cream being provided throughout the evening upstairs. So enjoyable did the dance prove that it was after two o'clock when the vans moved citywards and four o'clock when the young people reached their respective homes.

Tea hostesses during the past few days were Mrs. Drummond Hogg, whose sister, Lady Howland, of Toronto, was her guest of honor; Mrs. David Maclaren, of "Strathearn," who entertained her daughter's debutante friends; Mrs. King Arnoldi, who also entertained the younger set for her daughters, the Misses Maud and Helen Arnoldi; Mrs. Ralph Jones, whose bright little gathering was for her debutante daughter, Miss Doris Jones; Mrs. S. T. Bastedo, who introduced her younger daughter on Friday afternoon; Mrs. Harry Housser and Mrs. J. Worthington Smith. Mrs. Gerald Bate on Tuesday, the 14th, entertained at a delightful bridge party, followed by tea; and on the same afternoon Mrs. George Desbarats, wife of the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was also at home to her many friends at the tea-hour. Mrs. Owsley Rowley, of Montreal, with her little daughter, is the guest at Worfield House of her brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. Rowley, and will remain in the Capital over the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Rowley, who as Miss Mabel Richardson was a few years ago one of Ottawa's most popular girls, to-day entertained all her old friends as well as a number of new ones at tea at Worfield House.

Mrs. W. B. Northrup, wife of the popular M.P. from Belleville, was the hostess of a very bright tea on Wednesday, the 15th, in her apartments in The Aylmer.

Visitors in town during the past week were Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture for Alberta; Mr. Justice and Madame Bruneau, of Montreal, who were with Hon. Charles and Madame Marcil; Mr. Edwin Roberts, of Montreal, who was the guest of Sir Frederick Borden for several days; Madame Lemieux and Miss David, of Montreal, who were staying for a week with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier; Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Brodeur, who were guests of Hon. L. P. and Madame Brodeur; Miss McGlade, of Brockville, who is spending a short time with Hon. G. P. and Mrs. Graham. Mrs. Graham entertained to-day in honor of the latter at a charmingly arranged luncheon in the House of Commons Cafe.

The weekly reception of the wives of the Cabinet Ministers was held on Monday of this week in the apartments of Mrs. Paterson, wife of the Minister of Customs, in the Russell, and despite the very stormy afternoon, when a regular blizzard was blowing, the ordinary visiting day partook more of the nature of a large tea. They will not receive again until the New Year.

Invitations are out for the Annual Charity Ball given by the May Queen and members of the May Court Club to take place in the Racquet Court on New Year's eve. Their Excellencies and a party from Government House will attend.

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"THE Woman in the Case" has just entered upon its sixth month in London. It has never looked back ever since the first night at the Garrick Theatre when its reception was so enthusiastic, and still shows undiminished power to attract large and appreciative audiences. A singularly delicate compliment was paid to Miss Violet Vanbrugh by the author, the late Mr. Clyde Fitch. "You play Claire Foster," he said to her, "just as Sargent would have painted her." Miss Vanbrugh is, of course, one of the tallest women on the stage, her height being just over 5 ft. 10 in.

Bessie—Oh, Mabel! I am in an awful dilemma! I've quarreled with Harry and he wants me to send his ring back. Mabel—That's too bad. Bessie—But that isn't the point. I've forgotten which is his ring.—Kansas City Journal.

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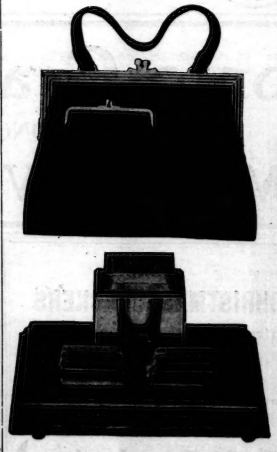

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WALLETS
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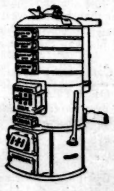
WRITING PORTFOLIOS
DAIRIES 1910 ETC., ETC.
INKSTANDS (Own Make)
FOUNTAIN PENS
STRATHCONA PEN Best $1.00 Pen Made

BROWN BROS., Limited
51-53 Wellington St. West - - TORONTO

Plenty of Hot Water And a Comfortable Home



The 'Sovereign' Hot Water Boiler

Made by the TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited GUELPH, CANADA.

Instal a "Sovereign" hot water furnace. It will heat all parts of the house equally and comfortably, and supply abundance of hot water for bath and kitchen as well. The "Sovereign" is the boiler for ready installation. It is built in separate sections so that no tearing down of cellar walls or partitions is necessary. It saves the coal. There is no house heating apparatus available that will give a better heat radiation per ton of coal.

Ask your plumber for an estimate for installing a 'Sovereign' in your house. It may be done without upset or confusion.

Toronto Office and Show Rooms: PHONE, PARK 2711
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At All social Gatherings

true beauty gleams in beautiful teeth. There is little excuse for yellow teeth when Sanitol Tooth Powder can be procured everywhere.

Sanitol not only polishes the teeth but also, by its antiseptic properties, cleanses them. The oxygen released tones up the whole mouth, and makes you feel better.

Get a package to-day, and try it.

Price 25c. everywhere

THE "SAVOY'S"

Christmas Suggestions

A Beautiful Display of Imported Novelties priced very low at from 10c to $1.00.

A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
CHRISTMAS CRACKERS
Exceedingly good value from 20c to $1.50 box

OUR FANCY BASKETS are the nicest we have ever seen, and when filled with our delicious Chocolates and Bonbons make a most acceptable gift

OUR CANDIES are as good as it is possible to make, and nothing but pure materials are used in their manufacture by skilled workmen ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

Fresh from our Factory every day

OUR JAPANESE TEA ROOMS is a most cosy place to lunch or have a pot of tea when down town shopping.

Open Evenings till 11 o'clock

YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS

"SOMETHING MORE THAN A DRUG STORE"
Phone Main 2991 and 1300

HENNESSEY

CHRISTMAS GIFTS THAT WILL CREATE PLEASURE

An Exceptional Showing at Prices Below the Regular

This is an exquisite showing of goods specially selected for our Christmas trade.

We have already done a splendid trade and feel confident it will increase till Christmas Eve. A look over the showing will convince you of its merits.

Good taste, elegance and *low prices* are in combination. Select early while stocks are full.

TOILET SETS

In neat Silk-lined Leatherette Cases, for ladies or gentlemen, genuine ebony backed brush, comb and mirror. Price $3.50
In Real Leather Case, silk lined, containing ebony backed brush, comb and mirror. Price ..... $4.00 and $4.50
In handsome Silk-lined Leather Case, containing ebony backed brush, comb, mirror, cloth brush, bonnet brush, nail brush, tooth brush, powder box, nail buffer. Price $12.50
FOLDING SETS, suitable for lady or gentleman travelling. Prices from ..... $3.50 to $25.00
SHAVING SETS in silk-lined cases, containing sterling lather cup and folding shaving brush. Prices ..... $2.50 to $4.75
GILLETTE'S SAFETY RAZORS in new pocket edition, finished in gold or silver. A splendid present for any gentleman.
PERFUME ATOMIZERS, from ..... 25c. to $2.50
PERFUMES, in beautiful packages and cut glass bottles, representative odors from the foremost distillers. Prices from 25c. to $12.00
Other suggestions which will be much appreciated at this season are: Folding Mirrors, Standing Mirrors and Magnifying Mirrors. Prices from ..... 75c. to $7.50
Fountain Pens, Thermos Bottles, Fancy Face Powder Boxes, Soap Boxes, Cameras, etc. A truly splendid showing.

FLOWER DEPARTMENT

For Freshness, Low Prices, Courteous Attention and Prompt Delivery this Department is much appreciated.

At this season Flowers are much prized and always welcome. Our prices are about one-half the regular and we deliver in any part of the city free of charge.

SHEET MUSIC DEPARTMENT

This recent addition to the attractions of our Store is under the management of F. A. Fralick, and a pronounced success.
All the Popular and Classic Music at lowest prices.
Come and hear pieces played over.

107 YONGE ST. JUST BELOW ADELAIDE

Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, DEC. 16, 1909.

THE coming Yuletide promises to be a very bright and happy one for the younger set, as I hear there are to be five balls given in honor of some of our debutantes who have not yet made their official bow in society.

Notwithstanding the approach of the busiest season, there were a great many entertainments given last week. Mrs. Charles Murton, Grant avenue, was the hostess of a very pretty buffet luncheon on Wednesday, when the tables were decorated with Killarney roses. Among the guests were Mrs. Southam, Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mrs. Wilgress, Mrs. Alex. Turner, Mrs. J. W. Nesbitt, Mrs. W. A. Spratt, Mrs. Ingersoll Olmsted, Mrs. Calder, Mrs. J. J. Morrison, Mrs. Hoodless, Mrs. George Glassco, Mrs. Alex. Murray, Mrs. W. K. Mills, Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mrs. J. M. Young, Mrs. Frank Wanzer, Miss Fuller.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Murton was the hostess of a delightful bridge party.

Mr and Mrs. Wilgress entertained at dinner on Friday evening, when covers were laid for fourteen.

Dr. A. S. Vogt, of Toronto, was in town for two days, when he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hewlett, Main street west.

Miss Dorothy Wilgress has returned from a four months' visit in Montreal.

Mrs. F. F. Dalley is to be the hostess of a bal masque at Arlo House on Dec. 20.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gillies are at Pass-A-Grille, Florida, where they intend to spend a month or longer. While in Nashville, Tenn., they were the guests of Mr. Walter O. Pasmer, the well known Southern turf man.

Miss Bruce, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Kirwan Martin, Aberdeen avenue.

Mrs. Fred Greening's "bridge" given last week for Miss Alberta Greening, of Toronto, was a most enjoyable affair. The pretty prizes were won by Miss Edna Greening, Messrs. John Gartshore and W. Greening, Toronto. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Southam, Miss Carrie Crerar, Misses Gates, Miss Kate Powis, Misses Bristol, Miss Muriel Hoodless, Misses Balfour, Miss Helen Wanzer, Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Belle MacDonald, Miss Jean Malloch, Miss Meta Bankier, Messrs. George Harvey, Stuart MacDonald, T. Crerar, Allan Young, A. Gates, W. Greening, H. Crerar, W. Harvey, W. Kelly, W. Birrell Montizambert and Dr. McGregor.

Misses Muriel and Gladys Baldwin, Toronto, have been the guests of Mrs. George F. Glassco.

Miss Muriel Jarvis, of Toronto, was the guest of Mrs. Robert Hobson for a few days last week. On Monday, Mrs. Hobson gave a young people's luncheon for her guest, and Miss Edna Greening invited some friends to meet Miss Jarvis at tea on Monday afternoon.

Miss Phyllis Hendrie has returned from Detroit, where she spent some weeks with her sister, Mrs. Ledyard.

Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. K. S. Morris and Mrs. Backus, Mr. George Gates and Mr. Harry Gates, are some of the Hamilton visitors in New York this week.

Recently at the tea hour, Mrs. F. J. Howell, of Levenside, was the hostess of a bright coterie of young people, who had been invited to meet her daughter's guest, Miss Goodeave, of Guelph, who looked very smart in pale blue moire. The table in the dining-room was prettily arranged with shaded candles and yellow 'mums. The assistants who looked after the guests were Miss Jeanette Grantham, Miss Elsie Forbes, Miss Fraser, Miss Marie Dalley, Miss Eleanor Lazier, Miss O. Howell and Miss F. Howell. Some of those present were Mrs. Langsford Robinson, Mrs. James Moodie, Mrs. Arthur Rowe, Mrs. Mark Holton, Miss Beatrice Marshall, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Alice Hope, Miss Strathmore Lindlay, Miss Gladys Gates, Miss Dorothy Gates, Miss Ruby Gallagher, Miss Zilla Myles, Miss Violet Crerar, Miss Muriel Cartwright, Miss Mamie Moodie, Miss Lena Biggar, Miss Helen Dewar, Miss Rosa Lynde Osborne, Miss Charlotte Balfour, Miss Helen Wanzer, Miss Edna Greening, Miss Reba Kittson, Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Arvilla Gurney, Miss Marjorie Hillman, Miss Mary Payne, Miss Hoodless, Miss Helen Grantham.

Mr. W. Champ, of New York, spent last week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Champ at "Undercliffe."

KATRINE.

A HIGH PRICE FOR PEARY'S STORY.

IT seems probable that many years will pass before an author receives a higher price for his literary product than Commander Robert E. Peary receives from Hampton's Magazine for his own story of the discovery of the North Pole.

This feature cost Hampton's $50,000. No rate per word is specified in the contract, but it is generally estimated that Commander Peary is receiving $1.18 cash for each word that he writes for Hampton's Magazine. Benj. B. Hampton, editor of the magazine, makes this statement:

"If you have a desire to estimate the rate per word that will be earned by Peary with his North Pole story, you would be safer in placing it at $2.50 per word than $1.20. We have bought only American and Canadian magazine rights, and Stokes' book rights cover only these countries. That leaves all the foreign rights to sell. When they are figured up, the totals should amount to $100,000 or even $150,000."

Just why Commander Peary received such an exceptional rate for his story is explained by the eager competition for it on the part of nearly all the important publishing houses in the world. Realizing the supreme importance of this, the most wonderful and last of the earth's herostories, they engaged in a bidding which made figures rise mercurially. They knew, of course, that this story had not—like most of the world romances—been told before. It was the most extraordinary and interesting story of fact to be told for the first, and last time.

It is interesting to compare the price paid Commander Peary with the rates enjoyed by the top-notch writers of the world.

Ex-President Roosevelt received for his African hunting stories a dollar a word. Rudyard Kipling is supposed to receive the highest prices paid any author of fiction. For the English and American serial rights of "Kim" he received $25,000. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle hit one of the highest marks when he received sixty cents a word for the American serial rights of his later "Sherlock Holmes" stories. This compares amusingly with the rate of $2 per thousand words—or one-fifth of a cent a word—received for his first and generally considered best stories.

"New-mown hay—a delightful perfume; we sell lots of it." "Haven't you something with a gasoline odor? I want people to think I own a motor-car, not a horse."—Life.

THE FINEST LEAVES
From Ceylon Tea Plantations are contained in

"SALADA" TEA

It is packed in sealed lead packets to preserve its fine flavor and aroma. 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per pound. At all grocers.

SUNDAY DINNER DESSERT

NEILSON'S
. . Delicious . .

COFFEE NOUGAT
FRENCH ICE
CREAM PUDDINGS

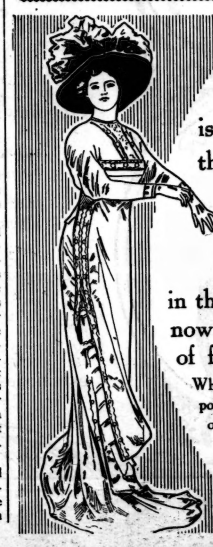
Delivered on Saturday Evenings packed ready to serve.

PRICES

4 servings	40c.	8 servings	80c.
6 servings	60c.	10 servings	$1.00

Phone PARK 294 ORDER EARLY

Watch our Announcement for Christmas Day.



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is the potent force that has placed
FOWNES GLOVES
in the proud position they now occupy in the realm of fashion.

Whether judged from the standpoint of "appearance" or that of "intrinsic worth" there can be no question as to FOWNES superiority.

A Merry Christmas

Make Christmas the day that makes home happy for a lifetime, by presenting the family with a

Nordheimer Piano

It is Canada's best—the one with the "Quality-Tone"

Communicate with us at once for terms. Our free booklet might interest you. Ask us to send it.

Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited
Fifteen King Street East, Toronto

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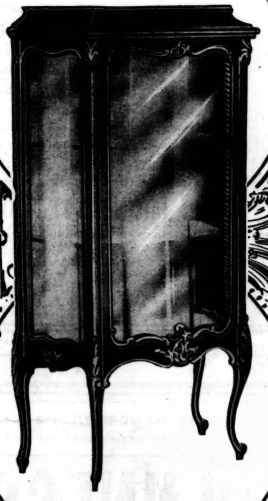

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The example we illustrate, a beautiful Louis XVI Suite, portrays the quality and correctness of our display of Period Furniture, which also includes Louis XVI Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton.

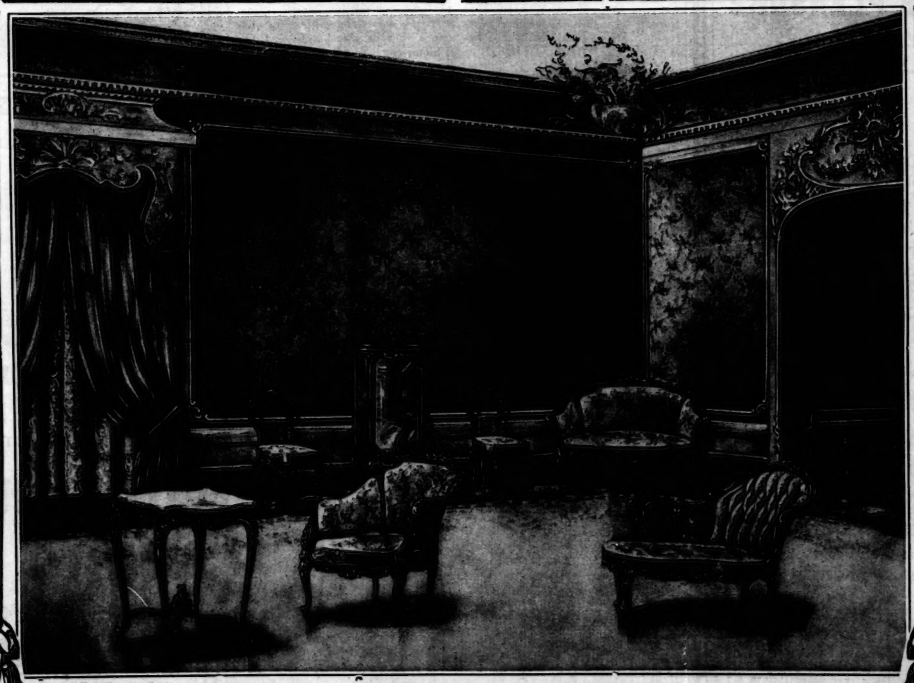
The accompanying interior shows what may be accomplished by judicious choice and correct arrangement.

The Suite will be covered to harmonize with the decorative scheme with which it is embodied.

The filling is of genuine curled hair, framework of either solid Cuban mahogany or finest genuine gold leaf.

Our Home-furnishing Sections are ready to co-operate with lovers of the Home Beautiful, submitting designs, estimates and sketches.

—Fourth Floor



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